



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

### Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

### About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

Princeton University Library



32101 065102558

Library of



Princeton University.

Presented by

*Mr. M. J. Payne*

2

Mrs Th. Taylor Pyne

With highest respects of

James H. Darlington

Xmas, 1897.









The  
**Hymnal of the Church**

*REVISED AND ENLARGED*

AS ADOPTED BY THE GENERAL CONVENTION OF THE  
PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL CHURCH IN THE UNITED  
STATES OF AMERICA IN THE YEAR OF  
OUR LORD EIGHTEEN HUNDRED  
. AND NINETY-TWO

**With Music**

EDITED BY THE

REV. JAMES H. DARLINGTON, D.D.

RECTOR OF CHRIST CHURCH, BEDFORD AVENUE, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

NEW YORK  
THOMAS WHITTAKER  
2 AND 3 BIBLE HOUSE

**COPYRIGHT, 1889, BY  
JAMES POTT & CO.**

**COPYRIGHT, 1897, BY  
THOMAS WHITTAKER.**

Y1243V10U  
Y1243U  
L.M. NOTIONNA

## Preface.

Let all the people praise thee, O God,  
Yea, let all the people praise thee.

WHILE the musical editions of the Hymnal now in use are excellent, it has seemed to the editor and to many actively engaged in the work of the Church that an edition of much smaller size and weight, with generally but one tune to a hymn, and with a selection of tunes of simpler character and smaller compass, would be gladly welcomed by those who believe in congregational singing. The English Church has found the smaller edition of "Hymns Ancient and Modern," not only popular with all classes, but of great service in spreading a knowledge of the best Church music among both rural and city populations. Though very cheap in price, and so found in the homes and hands of the poor as well as the rich, its music was not at all cheap or trashy. It was felt that the Church in this country needed such a book, but one which would contain the best American, as well as English tunes, or those taken from Italian, French, or German sources. Our nation is a composite one "of all tribes and languages," and the music which is to voice the praises of its people heavenward must be drawn from the hymnaries of all nations. It must be thoroughly Catholic in its tolerance of schools of musical composition.

Moreover, the aged like old tunes, the young like new ones. There must be some of each, but no familiar hymn should ever be divorced from the tune to which it is indissolubly joined in the popular mind. The tune may be used to other words if need be, but not the words without the expected tune.

The small size will allow the book in the pew racks without displacing the prayer-book. It will be more easily carried by boy choristers. It will last longer without breaking in the back. It will easily slip inside an overcoat pocket. It will be more generally used in Sunday-schools.

As probably many of our smaller and mission churches will find it impossible for financial reasons to supply themselves with special service books, it will be seen that this book contains an unusually large selection of chants to be sung with the Morning and Evening Canticles and Occasional Anthems.

(RECAP)

DEC - 1903

iii

177642

Digitized by Google

5948  
1-2-3  
3

## PREFACE.

We are under especial obligation for free use of copyright tunes to the St. Andrew's Brotherhood for the tune by Mr. W. S. Chester, No. 143; Mr. Peter Corning Edwards, Jr., for No. 521; Rev. William M. Geer for Nos. 61, 326, 559, 569 and 645, by the late Rev. George Jarvis Geer, D.D.; Walter Bond Gilbert, Mus. Doc., for Nos. 50 and 385; Rev. Newberry Oscar Halsted for arr. of No. 558; Rev. John S. B. Hodges, S.T.D., for No. 225; J. Albert Jefferey, Mus. Doc., for No. 311; Mr. Leo Kofler, F.G.O., for No. 606. To Mr. Hubert P. Main, for Nos. 142, 156, 245, 290, 341, 364, 398, 411, 422, 451, 453, 495, 513, 517, 532, 538 and 676, besides several arrangements of tunes of foreign composers, as well as for valuable assistance in the compilation of this book. Mr. Stacy G. Potts, for No. 586; Mr. Lewis H. Redner, for No. 58; Mr. Charles F. Roper, for No. 116; Mr. J. C. M. Shrewsbury, for No. 599; George Edward Stubbs, M.A., for No. 519; Mr. J. Benton Tipton, for No. 607; and Prof. Benjamin C. Unseld, for No. 554. Also, for use by purchase: The Biglow & Main Company, for Nos. 589, 602, 616 and 619; to the Oliver Ditson Company, for Nos. 344, 583 and 669; Mr. George F. Le Jeune for Nos. 408 and 443; Mr. Arthur H. Messiter, Mus. Doc., for No. 520; Mr. Samuel A. Ward, for No. 403, also to Mr. Daniel E. Hervey and Rev. Frederick Herbert Rowse for two chants each.

The editor also desires to acknowledge the use of Nos. 195 and 289, by the late Rev. John H. Hopkins, S.T.D., and Nos. 555 and 588, by the late Rev. William A. Muhlenberg, D.D.

Every effort has been made to discover the rightful owners of, and obtain permission to use the copyright tunes in this book, and we hope that no rights have been infringed or mistakes inadvertently made. If, however, the editor has failed to do this in any case, he hopes to be pardoned and will gladly rectify the same in future editions.

JAMES H. DARLINGTON.

NEW YORK, Advent, 1897.

*NOTE.—The copyright tunes named above must not be used in any manner without the permission of the owners being first had in writing. Applications for use may be addressed care of the Publisher.*

It was voted by both Houses of the General Convention, held in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and ninety-two, that the final report of the Joint Commission on the Hymnal, as amended by concurrent vote of the two Houses, be set forth and authorized as the Hymnal of this Church, provided that the use of the present Hymnal be allowed until the next General Convention.

### Certificate.

It is hereby certified that this edition of the Hymnal, having been compared with, and corrected by, the Standard Book, as the General Convention has directed, is permitted to be published accordingly.

On behalf of the Commission empowered to superintend the publication of the Hymnal.

WILLIAM CROSWELL DOANE, *Chairman.*  
HENRY W. NELSON, JR., *Secretary.*

---

## CANON 25 OF TITLE 1 OF THE DIGEST.

### OF CHURCH MUSIC.

1. The Hymns which are set forth by authority, and Anthems in the words of Holy Scripture, are allowed to be sung in all Congregations of this Church before and after Morning and Evening Prayer, and also before and after Sermons, at the discretion of the Minister, whose duty it shall be, by standing directions, or from time to time, to appoint such authorized Hymns or Anthems as are to be sung.

2. It shall be the duty of every Minister of this Church, with such assistance as he may see fit to employ from persons skilled in music, to give order concerning the tunes to be sung at any time in his Church ; and especially, it shall be his duty to suppress all light and unseemly music, and all indecency and irreverence in the performance, by which vain and ungodly persons profane the service of the sanctuary.



# Contents.

I. DAILY PRAYER.	HYMNS	III. THE CHURCH.	HYMNS
Morning .....	1-5	Holy Baptism .....	206-210
Evening .....	6-23	Confirmation .....	211-218
The Lord's Day .....	24-34	Holy Communion .....	219-236
II. THE CHRISTIAN YEAR.		Holy Matrimony .....	237-240
Advent .....	35-48	Burial of the Dead .....	241-248
Christmas .....	49-61	Missions .....	249-267
Epiphany .....	62-72	Almsgiving .....	268-270
Septuagesima, etc. ....	73-77	Charities .....	271-275
Lent .....	78-89	Orphans .....	276, 277
Holy Week .....	90-106	Temperance .....	278, 279
Easter Even .....	107, 108	Divinity Schools .....	280
Easter-tide .....	109-125	IV. THE HOLY SCRIPTURES....281-284	
Ascension-tide .....	126-132	V. SPECIAL OCCASIONS.	
Whitsuntide .....	133-136	Ordination .....	285-289
Trinity .....	137-142	Institution of Ministers .....	290
St. Andrew .....	143	Laying of a Corner-stone .....	291-294
St. Thomas .....	144	Consecration of Churches .....	295-298
St. Stephen .....	145	Restoration of a Church .....	299
St. John the Evangelist .....	146	Dedication of Houses, Places, and Things .....	300-304
The Holy Innocents .....	147	Travellers by Sea or Land .....	305-310
The Circumcision .....	148, 149	VI. GENERAL.....311-513	
The Conversion of St. Paul .....	150	VII. PROCESSIONALS.....514-523	
The Purification .....	151-154	VIII. LITANIES ....524-530	
St. Matthias .....	155	IX. APPENDIX.	
The Annunciation .....	156-158	For Children .....	531-578
St. Mark .....	159	Lay Helpers .....	579-586
St. Philip and St. James .....	160	Teachers .....	587
St. Barnabas .....	161, 162	Guilds or Friendly Societies .....	588
The Nativity of St. John Baptist .....	163	Parochial Missions .....	589-623
St. Peter .....	164	For the Sick and Afflicted .....	624-637
St. James .....	165	Home and Personal Use .....	638-679
The Transfiguration .....	166, 167		
St. Bartholomew .....	168		
St. Matthew .....	169		
St. Michael and All Angels .....	170, 171		
St. Luke .....	172		
St. Simon and St. Jude .....	173		
General for Saints' Days .....	174		
All Saints .....	175-181		
Ember Days .....	182-186		
Rogation Days .....	187-189		
Thanksgiving Day .....	190-193		
National Days .....	194-201		
The Old Year .....	202, 203		
The New Year .....	204, 205		

# HYMNS.

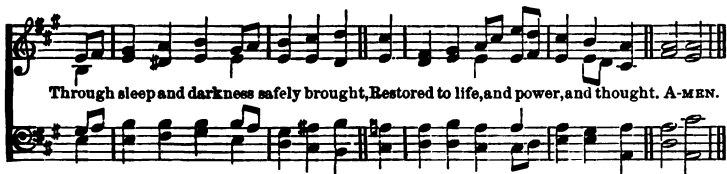
## Daily Prayer.—Morning.

1 J. KEBLE.

MORNING HYMN. L. M. F. H. BARTHELEMON.



1. New ev - ery morn - ing is the love Our waking and up - ris - ing prove;



Through sleep and darkness safely brought, Restored to life, and power, and thought. A-MEN.

2 New mercies, each returning day,  
Hover around us while we pray;  
New perils past, new sins forgiven,  
New thoughts of God, new hopes of heaven.

3 If on our daily course our mind  
Be set to hallow all we find,  
New treasures still, of countless price,  
God will provide for sacrifice.

4 Old friends, old scenes, will lovelier be,  
As more of heaven in each we see;

Some softening gleam of love and  
prayer  
Shall dawn on every cross and care.

5 The trivial round, the common task,  
Will furnish all we need to ask:  
Room to deny ourselves, a road  
To bring us daily nearer God.

6 Only, O Lord, in Thy dear love,  
Fit us for perfect rest above;  
And help us, this and every day,  
To live more nearly as we pray.

2 T. KEN.

### PART I.

1 Awake, my soul, and with the sun  
Thy daily stage of duty run;  
Shake off dull sloth, and early rise  
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

2 Redeem thy misspent time that's  
past,  
And live this day as if thy last;  
Improve thy talent with due care;  
For the great Day thyself prepare.

3 Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart,  
And with the angels bear thy part,  
Who all night long, unwearied, sing  
High praise to the eternal King.

### PART II.

4 All praise to Thee, Who safe hast  
kept,  
And hast refreshed me while I slept;

Grant, Lord, when I from death shall  
wake,  
I may of endless light partake.

5 Lord, I my vows to Thee renew;  
Scatter my sins as morning dew;  
Guard my first springs of thought  
and will,  
And with Thyself my spirit fill.

6 Direct, control, suggest, this day,  
All I design, or do, or say;  
That all my powers, with all their  
might,  
In Thy sole glory may unite.

7 Praise God, from Whom all blessings  
flow;  
Praise Him, all creatures here below;  
Praise Him above, angelic host;  
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

*The Doxology may be sung also at the end of Part I.*

3 Tr. H. J. BUCKOLL.

WILKINS. P. M.

From F. J. HAYDN.

1. Come, my soul, thou must be wak-ing, Now is break-ing O'er the  
earth an - oth - er day: Come, to Him Who made this  
splendor See thou render All thy fee - ble strength can pay. A - MEN.

- 2 Pray that He may prosper ever  
Each endeavor,  
When thine aim is good and true ;  
But that He may ever thwart thee,  
And convert thee,  
When thou evil wouldst pursue.
- 3 Think that He thy ways beholdeth ;  
He unfoldeth  
Every fault that lurks within ;  
He the hidden shame glossed over  
Can discover,  
And discern each deed of sin.
- 4 Mayest thou on life's last morrow,  
Free from sorrow,  
Pass away in slumber sweet ;  
And, released from death's dark sadness,  
Rise in gladness,  
That far brighter Sun to greet.
- 5 Only God's free gifts abuse not,  
Light refuse not,  
But His Spirit's voice obey ;  
Thou with Him shalt dwell, beholding  
Light enfolding  
All things in unclouded day.

DAILY PRAYER—MORNING.

4

G. PHILLIMORE.

ROSEFIELD 78, 6 lines.

Arr. by L. MASON.



1. { Ev - 'ry morn - ing mer - cies new Fall as fresh as morn - ing dew ; }  
 { Ev - 'ry morn - ing let us pay Tri - bute with the ear - ly day : }



For Thy mer - cies, Lord, are sure ; Thy com - pas - sion doth en - dure. A - MEN.

2 Still the greatness of Thy love  
 Daily doth our sins remove ;  
 Daily, far as east from west,  
 Lifts the burden from the breast :  
 Gives unbought, to those who pray,  
 Strength to stand in evil day.

And the tempter's power within,  
 Feed us with the Bread of Life ;  
 Fit us for our daily strife.

3 Let our prayers each morn prevail,  
 That these gifts may never fail ;  
 And, as we confess the sin

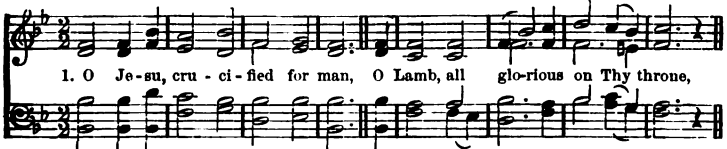
4 As the morning light returns,  
 As the sun with splendor burns,  
 Teach us still to turn to Thee,  
 Ever blessèd Trinity,  
 With our hands our hearts to raise,  
 In unfailing prayer and praise.

5

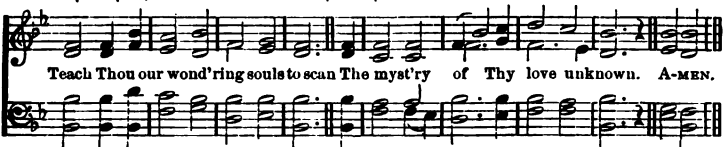
W. W. How.

WARD. L. M.

Arr. by L. MASON.



1. O Je - su, cru - ci - fied for man, O Lamb, all glo - rious on Thy throne,



Teach Thou our wond'ring souls to scan The myst'ry of Thy love unknown. A - MEN.

FRIDAY.

2 We pray Thee, grant us strength to  
 take  
 Our daily cross, whate'er it be,  
 And gladly for Thine own dear sake  
 In paths of pain to follow Thee.

4 And week by week this day we ask  
 That holy memories of Thy cross  
 May sanctify each common task,  
 And turn to gain each earthly loss.

3 As on our daily way we go,  
 Through light or shade, in calm or  
 strife,  
 Oh ! may we bear Thy marks below  
 In conquered sin and chastened  
 life.

5 Grant us, dear Lord, our cross to  
 bear  
 Till at Thy feet we lay it down,  
 Win through Thy blood our pardon  
 there,  
 And through the cross attain the  
 crown.

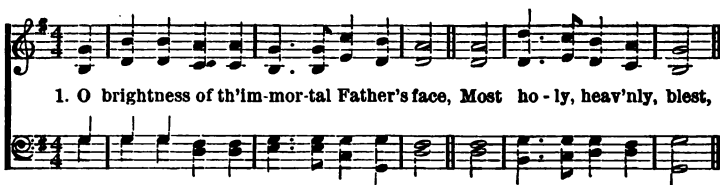
Also the following :

312.—Christ, Whose glory fills the skies.  
 383.—Holy, Holy, Holy ! Lord God Almighty.  
 640.—My Father, for another night.

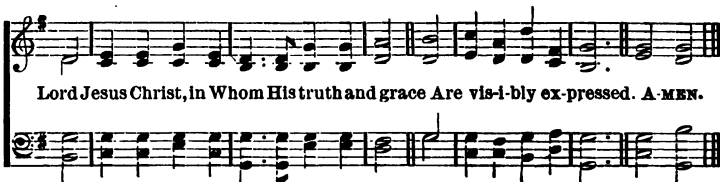
Digitized by Google

DAILY PRAYER—EVENING.

6 Tr. E. W. EDDIS. LANETON. 108, 68. D. L.



1. O brightness of th'im-mor-tal Father's face, Most ho-ly, heav'nly, blest,



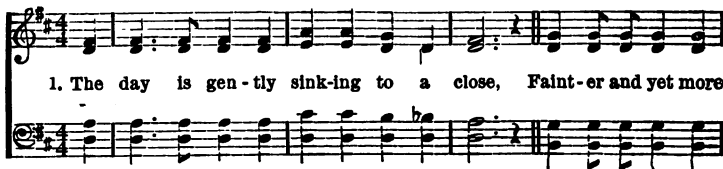
Lord Jesus Christ, in Whom His truth and grace Are vis-i-bly ex-pressed. A-MEN.

2 The sun is sinking now, and one by one  
The lamps of evening shine:  
We hymn the eternal Father, and the Son,  
And Holy Ghost divine.

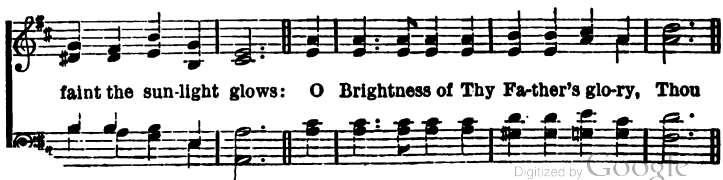
3 Worthy art Thou at all times to receive  
Our hallowed praises, Lord:  
O Son of God, be Thou, in Whom we live,  
Through all the world adored.

7 EVENING HYMN. 6-108.

C. WORDSWORTH. (SUNSET CHANT.) J. BARNEY.

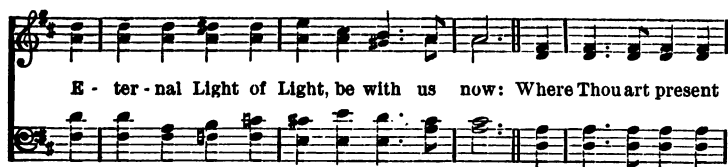


1. The day is gen-tly sink-ing to a close, Faint-er and yet more

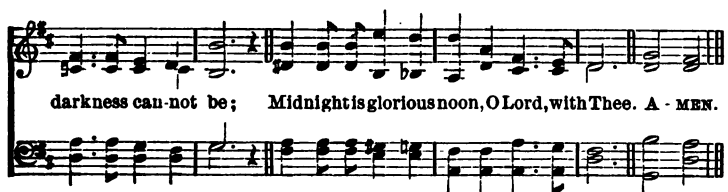


faint the sun-light glows: O Brightness of Thy Fa-ther's glo-ry, Thou

DAILY PRAYER—EVENING.



E - ter - nal Light of Light, be with us now: Where Thou art present



darkness can not be; Midnight is glorious noon, O Lord, with Thee. A - MEN.

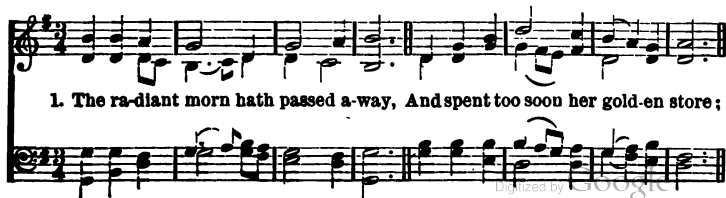
- 2 Our changeful lives are ebbing to an end:  
Onward to darkness and to death we tend:  
O Conqueror of the grave, be Thou our guide,  
Be Thou our light in death's dark eventide;  
Then in our mortal hour will be no gloom,  
No sting in death, no terror in the tomb.
- 3 Thou, Who in darkness walking didst appear  
Upon the waves, and Thy disciples cheer,  
Come, Lord, in lonesome days, when storms assail,  
And earthly hopes and human succors fail:  
When all is dark may we behold Thee nigh,  
And hear Thy voice—"Fear not, for it is I."
- 4 The weary world is mouldering to decay,  
Its glories wane, its pageants fade away;  
In that last sunset when the stars shall fall,  
May we arise awakened by Thy call,  
With Thee, O Lord, forever to abide  
In that blest day which has no eventide.

8

G. THRING.

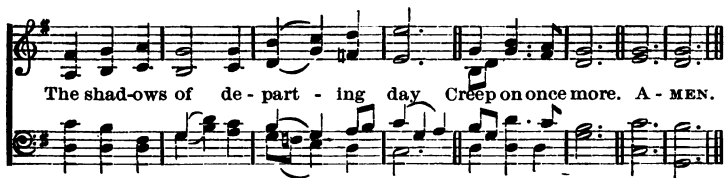
ELLIOTT. 8s, 4.

J. B. DYKES.



1. The ra-diant morn hath passed a-way, And spent too soon her gold-en store;

DAILY PRAYER—EVENING.

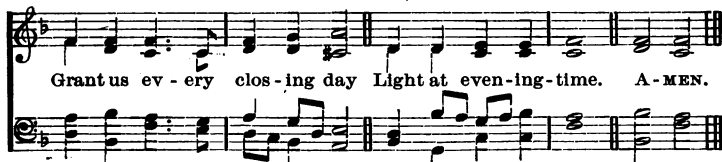
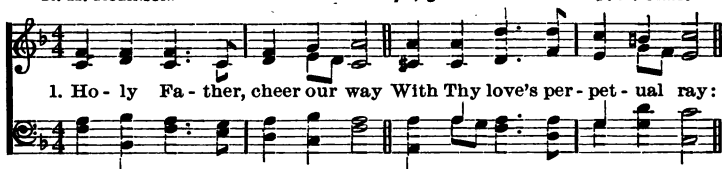


- 2 Our life is but a fading dawn,  
Its glorious noon, how quickly  
past;  
Lead us, O Christ, our life-work  
Safe home at last. [done,
- 4 Where light, and life, and joy, and  
peace  
In undivided empire reign,  
And thronging angels never cease  
Their deathless strain;
- 3 Oh, by Thy soul-inspiring grace  
Uplift our hearts to realms on  
high;  
Help us to look to that bright place  
Beyond the sky,
- 5 Where saints are clothed in spotless  
white,  
And evening shadows never fall,  
Where Thou, eternal Light of Light,  
Art Lord of all.

9 R. H. ROBINSON.

LOVE. 7s, 5.

F. R. GREY.

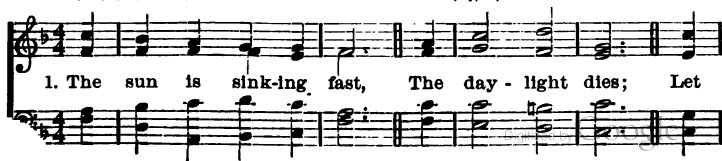


- 2 Holy Saviour, calm our fears  
When earth's brightness disappears:  
Grant us in our later years  
Light at evening-time.
- 4 Holy, blessed Trinity,  
Darkness is not dark to Thee:  
Those Thou keepest always see  
Light at evening-time.
- 3 Holy Spirit, be Thou nigh  
When in mortal pains we lie;

10 Tr. E. CASWALL.

ST. COLUMBA. 6, 4, 6, 6.

H. S. IRONS.



DAILY PRAYER—EVENING.



2 As Christ upon the cross  
His head inclined,  
And to His Father's hands  
His parting soul resigned ;

5 Save that His will be done,  
Whate'er betide ;  
Dead to herself, and dead  
In Him to all beside.

3 So now herself my soul  
Would wholly give  
Into His sacred charge,  
In Whom all spirits live ;

6 Thus would I live : yet now  
Not I, but He,  
In all His power and love,  
Henceforth alive in me.

4 So now beneath His eye  
Would calmly rest,  
Without a wish or thought  
Abiding in the breast ;

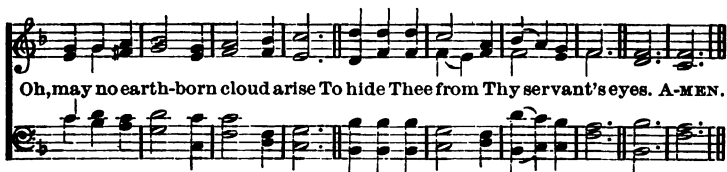
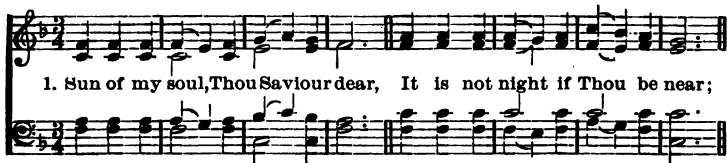
7 One Sacred Trinity,  
One Lord Divine,  
May I be ever His,  
And He forever mine.

11

J. KEBLE.

HURSLEY. L. M.

P. RITTER.



2 When the soft dews of kindly sleep  
My weary eyelids gently steep,  
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest  
Forever on my Saviour's breast.

5 Watch by the sick ; enrich the poor  
With blessings from Thy boundless  
store ;  
Be every mourner's sleep to-night,  
Like infant's slumbers, pure and  
light.

3 Abide with me from morn till eve,  
For without Thee I cannot live ;  
Abide with me when night is nigh,  
For without Thee I dare not die.

6 Come near and bless us when we  
wake,  
Ere through the world our way we  
take,  
Till in the ocean of Thy love  
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

4 If some poor wandering child of Thine  
Have spurned to-day the voice divine,  
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin ;  
Let him no more lie down in sin.



DAILY PRAYER—EVENING.

12

H. F. LYTT.

EVENTIDE. 108.

W. H. MONK.

1. A-bide with me: Fast falls the eventide; The darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide:

When other helpers fail, and comforts flee, Help of the helpless, oh, abide with me. A-MEN.

2 Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;  
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away,  
Change and decay in all around I see;  
O Thou Who changest not, abide with me.

4 I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless:  
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness,  
Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy  
victory?  
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me.

3 I need Thy presence every passing hour;  
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's  
power?  
Who, like Thyself, my guide and stay can be?  
Through cloud and sunshine, Lord, abide  
with me.

5 Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes:  
Shine through the gloom, and point me to  
the skies: [shadows flee:  
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain  
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me.

13

G. W. DOANE.

HOLLEY. 78.

G. HEWS.

1. Soft-ly now the light of day Fades up - on my sight a - way;

Free from care, from la - bor free, Lord, I would commune with Thee. A-MEN.

2 Thou. Whose all-pervading eye  
Naught escapes. without, within,  
Pardon each infirmity,  
Open fault, and secret sin.

3 Soon, for me, the light of day  
Shall forever pass away;  
Then, from sin and sorrow free,  
Take me, Lord, to dwell with Thee:

4 Thou Who. sinless. yet hast known  
All of man's infirmity:  
Then, from Thine eternal throne,  
Jesus, look with pitying eye.


Digitized by Google

DAILY PRAYER—EVENING.

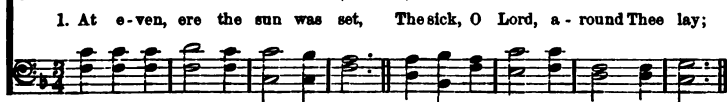
14

H. TWELLS.

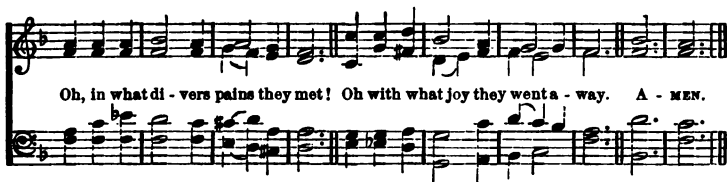
PENITENCE. L. M.



1. At e-ven, ere the sun was set,    The sick, O Lord, a-round Thee lay;



Oh, in what di-vers pains they met! Oh with what joy they went a-way.    A-MEN.



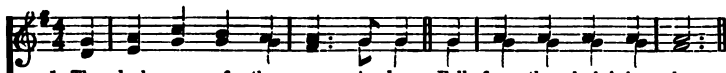
- |  |   |
|--|---|
| 2 Once more 'tis eventide, and we<br>Oppressed with various ills draw near;<br>What if Thy form we cannot see?<br>We know and feel that Thou art here.                     | 5 And none. O Lord, have perfect rest,<br>For none are wholly free from sin;<br>And they who fain would love Thee best<br>Are conscious most of wrong within.               |
| 3 O Saviour Christ, our woes dispel;<br>For some are sick and some are sad,<br>And some have never loved Thee well,<br>And some have lost the love they had,               | 6 O Saviour Christ Thou too art Man;<br>Thou hast been troubled, tempted,<br>tried;<br>Thy kind but searching glance can<br>scan [hide.<br>The very wounds that shame would |
| 4 And some have found the world is vain,<br>Yet from the world they break not free,<br>And some have friends who give them [pain,<br>Yet have not sought a friend in Thee. | 7 Thy touch has still its ancient power:<br>No word from Thee can fruitless fall;<br>Hear, in this solemn evening hour,<br>And in Thy mercy heal us all.                    |

15

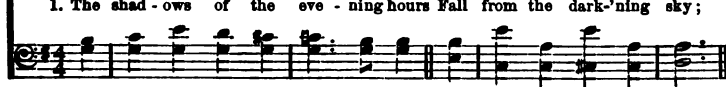
A. A. PROCTER.

ST. LEONARD. C. M. D.

H. HILES.



1. The shad-ows of the eve-ning hours Fall from the dark-'ning sky;



Up-on the fra-grance of the flowers The dew's of eve-ning lie.




DAILY PRAYER—EVENING.



2. Be-fore Thy throne, O Lord of heav'n, We kneel at close of day;  
Look on Thy children from on high, And hear us while we pray. A - MEN.

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| 3 The sorrows of Thy servants, Lord,<br>Oh, do not Thou despise,<br>But let the incense of our prayers<br>Before Thy mercy rise.  | 6 Slowly the bright stars, one by one,<br>Within the heavens shine:<br>Give us, O Lord, fresh hopes in heav-<br>And trust in things divine. [en, |
| 4 The brightness of the coming night<br>Upon the darkness rolls;<br>With hopes of future glory chase<br>The shadows on our souls. | 7 Let peace, O Lord, Thy peace, O God,<br>Upon our souls descend;<br>From midnight fears, and perils, Thou<br>Our trembling hearts defend:       |
| 5 Slowly the rays of daylight fade:<br>So fade within our heart<br>The hopes in earthly love and joy,<br>That one by one depart.  | 8 Give us a respite from our toil;<br>Calm and subdue our woes;<br>Through the long day we labor, Lord,<br>Oh, give us now repose.               |

16 Tr. J. M. NEALE. ST. ANATOLIUS. 7s, 6s, 8s. A. H. BROWN.



1. The day is past and o - ver: All thanks, O Lord, to Thee!  
I pray Thee that of - fence - less The hours of dark may be.  
O Jesu, keep me in Thy sight, And save me through the coming night! A - MEN.

DAILY PRAYER—EVENING.

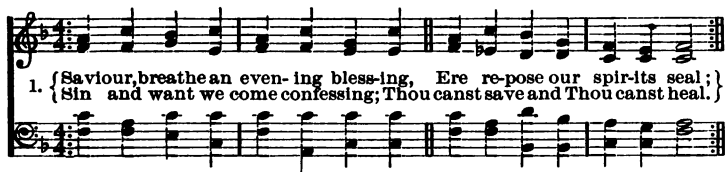
- 2 The joys of day are over :  
 I lift my heart to Thee ;  
 And call on Thee that sinless  
 The hours of gloom may be.  
 O Jesu, make their darkness light,  
 And save me through the coming  
 night!
- 3 The toils of day are over :  
 I raise the hymn to Thee,  
 And ask that free from peril  
 The hours of fear may be :  
 O Jesu, keep me in Thy sight,  
 And guard me through the coming  
 night!
- 4 Lighten mine eyes, O Saviour,  
 Or sleep in death shall I,  
 And he, my wakeful tempter,  
 Triumphantly shall cry [light,  
 "He could not make their darkness  
 Nor guard them through the hours  
 of night."
- 5 Be Thou my soul's preserver,  
 O God ! for Thou dost know  
 How many are the perils  
 Through which I have to go.  
 Lover of men, oh, hear my call,  
 And guard and save me from them  
 all!

17

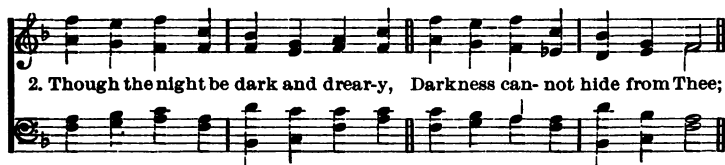
J. EDMESTON.

RUSSIA. 8s, 7s, D.

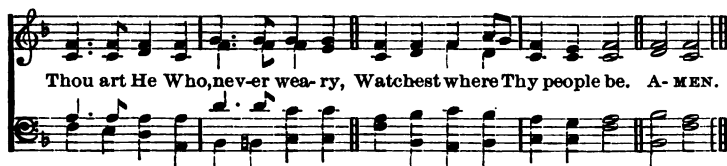
D. BORTNIANSKY.



1. { Saviour, breathe an even-ing bless-ing, Ere re- pose our spir-its seal ; }  
 { Sin and want we come confessing ; Thou canst save and Thou canst heal. }



2. Though the night be dark and drear-y, Darkness can- not hide from Thee ;



Thou art He Who, never wea- ry, Watchest where Thy people be. A- MEN.

- 3 Though destruction walk around us, 5 Father, to Thy holy keeping  
 Though the arrows past us fly, Humbly we ourselves resign ;  
 Angel-guards from Thee surround us ; Saviour, Who hast slept our sleeping,  
 We are safe, if Thou art nigh. Make our slumbers pure as Thine ;
- 4 Be Thou nigh, should death o'ertake 6 Blessed Spirit, brooding o'er us,  
 Jesu then our refuge be, [us ; Chase the darkness of our night,  
 And in Paradise awake us, Till the perfect day before us  
 There to rest in peace with Thee. Breaks in everlasting light.

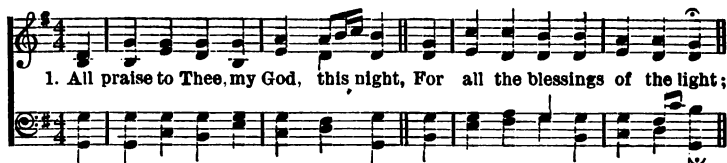
DAILY PRAYER—EVENING.

18

T. KEN.

TALLIS'S HYMN. L. M.

T. TALLIS.



1. All praise to Thee, my God, this night, For all the blessings of the light;



Keep me, oh, keep me, King of kings, Beneath Thine own almighty wings. A-MEN.

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| 2 Forgive me, Lord, for Thy dear Son,<br>The ill that I this day have done;<br>That with the world, myself, and<br>Thee,<br>I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.  | 5 When in the night I sleepless lie,<br>My soul with heavenly thoughts<br>supply;<br>Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,<br>No powers of darkness me molest.            |
| 3 Teach me to live, that I may dread<br>The grave as little as my bed;<br>Teach me to die, that so I may<br>Rise glorious at the awful day.                   | 6 Oh, when shall I, in endless day,<br>Forever chase dark sleep away,<br>And hymns divine with angels sing,<br>All praise to Thee, eternal King?                       |
| 4 Oh, may my soul on Thee repose,<br>And may sweet sleep mine eyelids<br>close;<br>Sleep that shall me more vigorous<br>make<br>To serve my God when I awake. | 7 Praise God, from Whom all blessings<br>flow;<br>Praise Him, all creatures here be-<br>low;<br>Praise Him above, angelic host:<br>Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. |

19

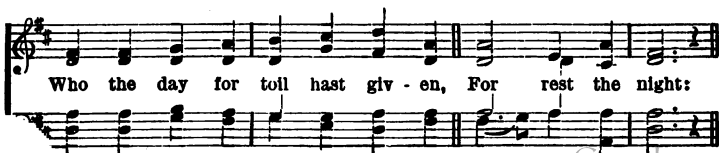
R. HEBER. *et al.*

NUTFIELD. 8s, 4s 8s, 4.

W. H. MONK.

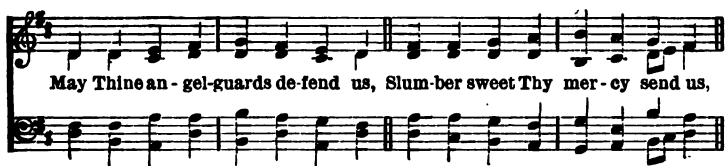


1. God, that mad - est earth and heav - en, Dark - ness and light;

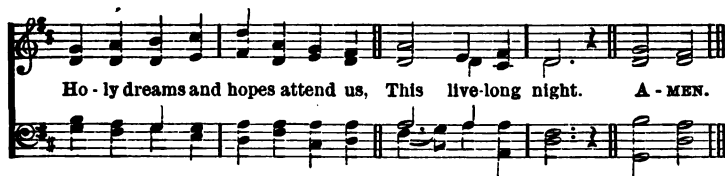


Who the day for toll hast giv - en, For rest the night:

DAILY PRAYER—EVENING.



May Thine an - gel - guards de - fend us, Slum - ber sweet Thy mer - cy send us,



Ho - ly dreams and hopes attend us, This live-long night. A - MEN.

2 Guard us waking, guard us sleeping,  
And, when we die,  
May we in Thy mighty keeping,  
All peaceful lie:  
When the last dread call shall wake us,  
Do not Thou, our God, forsake us,  
But to reign in glory take us  
With Thee on high.

20

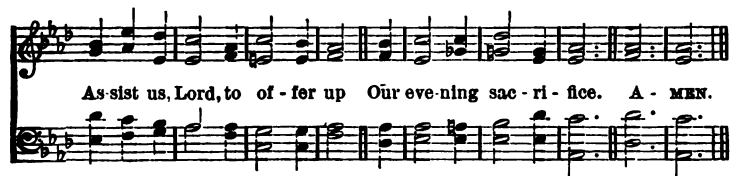
J. MASON.

BEATITUDE. C. M.

J. B. DYKES.



1. Now from the al - tar of our hearts Let flames of love a - rise;



As - sist us, Lord, to of - fer up Our eve - ning sac - ri - fice. A - MEN.

<p>2 Minutes and mercies multiplied Have made up all this day; Minutes came quick, but mercies were More swift, more free than they.</p>	<p>3 New time, new favors, and new joys Do a new song require; Till we shall praise Thee as we would, Accept our hearts' desire.</p>
--	--

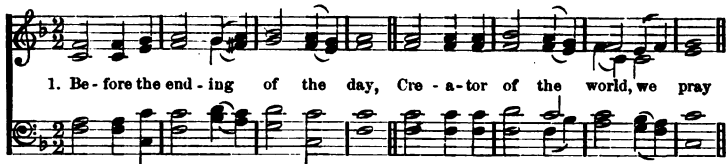
DAILY PRAYER—EVENING.

21

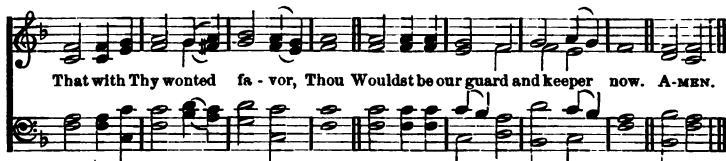
Tr. J. M. NEALE.

HAMBURG. L. M.

Arr. by L. MASON.



1. Be - fore the end - ing of the day, Cre - a - tor of the world, we pray



That with Thy wonted fa - vor, Thou Wouldst be our guard and keeper now. A - MEN.

2 From all ill dreams defend our sight,  
From fears and terrors of the night;  
Withhold from us our ghostly foe,  
That spot of sin we may not know.

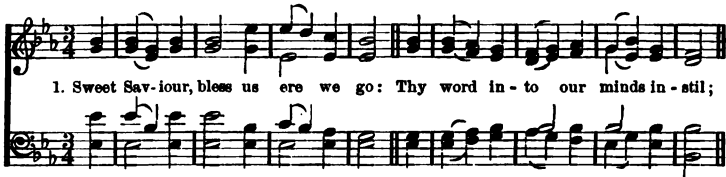
3 O Father, that we ask be done,  
Through Jesus Christ, Thine only Son;  
Who, with the Holy Ghost and Thee,  
Doth live and reign eternally.

22

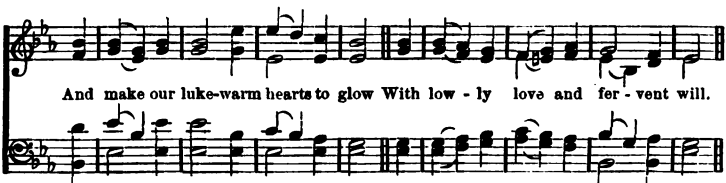
F. W. FABER.

STELLA. 6, 8s.

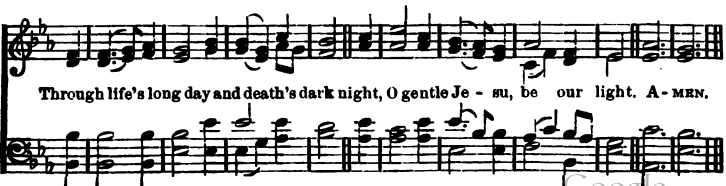
Fr. D. BORTINANSKI.



1. Sweet Sav - iour, bless us ere we go: Thy word in - to our minds in - stil;



And make our luke-warm hearts to glow With low - ly love and fer - vent will.



Through life's long day and death's dark night, O gentle Je - su, be our light. A - MEN.

# DAILY PRAYER—EVENING.

- 2 The day is gone, its hours have run,  
And Thou hast taken count of all,  
The scanty triumphs grace hath won,  
The broken vow, the frequent fall.  
Through life's long day and death's dark night,  
O gentle Jesu, be our light.
- 3 Grant us, dear Lord, from evil ways  
True absolution and release;  
And bless us, more than in past days,  
With purity and inward peace.  
Through life's long day and death's dark night,  
O gentle Jesu, be our light.
- 4 For all we love, the poor, the sad,  
The sinful, unto Thee we call,  
Oh, let Thy mercy make us glad;  
Thou art our Saviour, and our all.  
Through life's long day and death's dark night,  
O gentle Jesu, be our light.
- 5 Sweet Saviour, bless us; night is come;  
Through night and darkness near us be;  
Good angels watch about our home,  
And we are one day nearer Thee.  
Through life's long day and death's dark night,  
O gentle Jesu, be our light.

28

J. ELLERTON.

EMMAUS. S. M.

J. BARNEY.

1. Our day of praise is done; The evening shadows fall; But  
pass not from us with the sun, True Light that lightenest all. A-MEN.

- 2 Around the throne on high  
Where night can never be,  
The white-robed harpers of the sky  
Bring ceaseless hymns to Thee.
- 3 Too faint our anthems here;  
Too soon of praise we tire;  
But oh, the strains how full and clear  
Of that eternal choir!
- 4 Yet, Lord, to Thy dear will  
If Thou attune the heart,
- We in Thine angels' music still  
May bear our lower part.
- 5 'Tis Thine each soul to calm,  
Each wayward thought reclaim,  
And make our life a daily psalm  
Of glory to Thy Name.
- 6 A little while, and then  
Shall come the glorious end;  
And songs of angels and of men  
In perfect praise shall blend.

## Also the following:

- 389.—Three in One, and One in Three.  
535.—Now the day is over.  
642.—Tarry with me, O my Saviour!  
643.—Inspirer and Hearer of prayer.

- 644.—Great God, to Thee my evening song.  
645.—The day is past and gone.  
646.—Through the day Thy love has spared us.  
647.—Hear our prayer, O Heavenly Father.  
676.—One sweetly solemn thought.



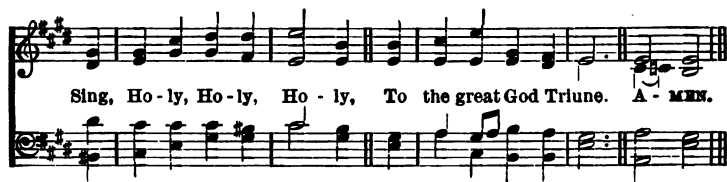
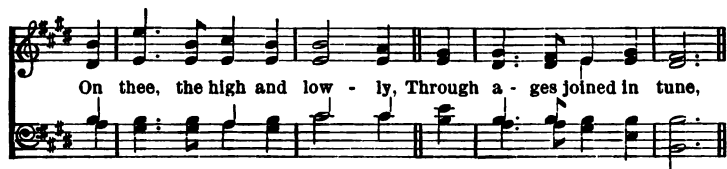
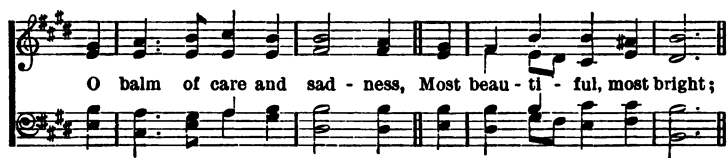
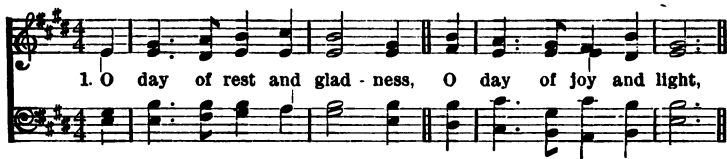
THE LORD'S DAY.

24

C. WORDSWORTH.

HODGES. 7s. 6s. D.

J. S. B. HODGES.



2 On thee, at the creation,  
The light first had its birth;  
On thee for our salvation  
Christ rose from depths of earth;  
On thee our Lord victorious  
The Spirit sent from heaven;  
And thus on thee most glorious  
A triple light was given.

3 Thou art a port protected  
From storms that round us rise;  
A garden intersected  
With streams of Paradise;  
Thou art a cooling fountain  
In life's dry, dreary sand;  
From thee, like Pisgah's mountain,  
We view our promised land.

4 To-day on weary nations  
The heavenly manna falls:  
To holy convocations  
The silver trumpet calls,  
Where Gospel light is glowing  
With pure and radiant beams,  
And living water flowing  
With soul-refreshing streams.

5 New graces ever gaining  
From this our day of rest,  
We reach the Rest remaining  
To spirits of the blest.  
To Holy Ghost be praises,  
To Father, and to Son;  
The Church her voice upraises  
To Thee, blest Three in One.

# THE LORD'S DAY.

25

G. THRING.

ST. CUTHBERT. 8. 6. 8. 4.

J. B. DYKES.



2 A holy stillness, breathing calm  
On all the world around,  
Uplifts my soul. O God, to Thee,  
Where rest is found.

3 On all I think, or say, or do,  
A ray of light divine

Is shed. O God, this day by Thee,  
For it is Thine.

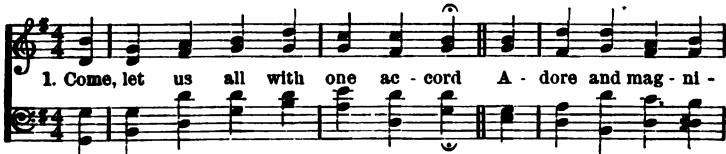
4 Accept. O God, my hymn of praise,  
That Thou, this day, hast given  
Sweet foretaste of that endless day  
Of rest in heaven.

26

Tr. H. M. CHESTER.

CHESTER. 8s. 6.

From the German.



2 On this the day that God hath blest,  
The day of peace and heavenly rest,  
The Lord's own holy day,

3 That saw primeval darkness break,  
And that more glorious life awake  
That lasteth evermore;

4 That saw hell's legions prostrate fall,  
And Christ, triumphant over all,  
His own to heaven restore.

5 This day the peace that flows from  
heaven  
Was unto the Apostles given,  
When doors were closed at night;

6 This day the Holy Spirit's flame  
Upon the Church's teachers came,  
And filled their souls with light.

7 Still on this day with trumpet sound  
The Gospel notes are ringing round,  
To call the world to pray:

8 Then on this day let us adore  
Our God, and supplication pour,  
That, when worlds pass away,

9 Through Christ's dear grace our souls  
may rest  
In peace and joy, forever blest.  
Till the great Judgment day.

THE LORD'S DAY.

27

I. WATTS.

OLMUTZ. S. M.

Arr. by L. MASON.

1. Wel-come, sweet day of rest, That saw the Lord a - rise;

Wel-come to this re - viv-ing breast, And these re-joic-ing eyes. A-MEN.

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <p>2 The King Himself comes near<br/>And feasts His saints to-day;<br/>Here may we seek, and see Him here,<br/>And love, and praise, and pray.</p> <p>3 One day of prayer and praise<br/>His sacred courts within,</p> | <p>Is sweeter than ten thousand days<br/>Of pleasurable sin.</p> <p>4 My willing soul would stay<br/>In such a frame as this,<br/>And wait to hail the brighter day<br/>Of everlasting bliss.</p> |
|--|---|

28

J. ELLERTON.

SWABIA. S. M.

German.

1. This is the day of Light: Let there be light to - day;

O Day-spring, rise up-on our night, And chase its gloom a - way. A-MEN.

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <p>2 This is the day of Rest:<br/>Our failing strength renew;<br/>On weary brain and troubled breast<br/>Shed Thou Thy freshening dew.</p> <p>3 This is the day of Peace:<br/>Thy peace our spirits fill;<br/>Bid Thou the blasts of discord cease,<br/>The waves of strife be still.</p> | <p>4 This is the day of Prayer:<br/>Let earth to heaven draw near:<br/>Lift up our hearts to seek Thee there;<br/>Come down to meet us here.</p> <p>5 This is the First of days: [breath,<br/>Send forth Thy quickening<br/>And wake dead souls to love and<br/>O Vanquisher of death! [praise,</p> |
|---|---|

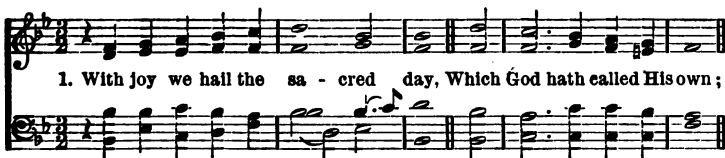
THE LORD'S DAY.

29

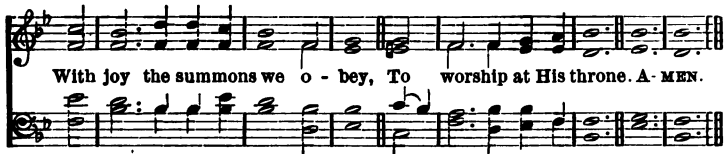
H. AUER.

MERTON. C. M.

H. K. OLIVER.



With joy the summons we o - bey, To worship at His throne. A - MEN.



2 Thy chosen temple, Lord, how fair! 4 Let peace within her walls be  
As here Thy servants throng Let all her sons unite [found;  
To breathe the humble, fervent To spread with holy zeal around  
prayer, Her clear and shining light.  
And pour the grateful song.

2 Spirit of grace, oh, deign to dwell 5 Great God, we hail the sacred day  
Within Thy Church below! Which Thou hast called Thine  
own:  
Make her in holiness excel, With joy the summons we obey  
With pure devotion glow. To worship at Thy throne.

30

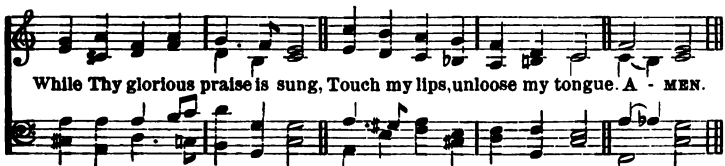
J. MONTGOMERY.

PRUEN. 78.

F. A. G. OUSELEY.



While Thy glorious praise is sung, Touch my lips, unloose my tongue. A - MEN.



2 While the prayers of saints ascend, 4 While Thy ministers proclaim  
God of love, to mine attend: Peace and pardon in Thy Name,  
Hear me, for Thy Spirit pleads; Through their voice, by faith, may I  
Hear, for Jesus intercedes. Hear Thee speaking from the sky.

3 While I hearken to Thy law, 5 From Thy house when I return,  
Fill my soul with humble awe, May my heart within me burn;  
Till Thy Gospel bring to me And at evening let me say,  
Life and immortality. "I have walked with God to-day."

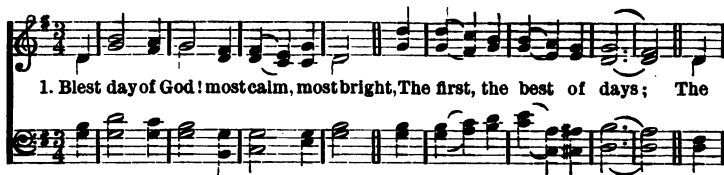
THE LORD'S DAY.

31

J. MASON.

VIGILS. C. M.

Anon.



2 My Saviour's face made thee to shine ;  
His rising thee did raise,  
And made thee heavenly and divine  
Beyond all other days.

3 The first-fruits oft a blessing prove  
To all the sheaves behind ;  
And they the day of Christ who love,  
A happy week shall find.

4 This day I must with God appear ;  
For, Lord, the day is Thine ;  
Help me to spend it in Thy fear,  
And thus to make it mine.

32

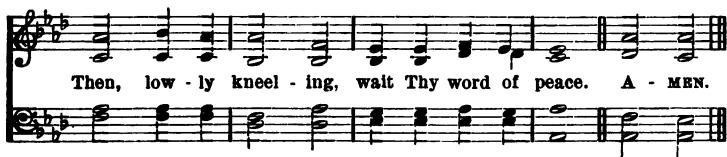
J. ELLERTON.

ELLERTON. 108.

E. J. HOPKINS.



THE LORD'S DAY.



2 Grant us Thy peace through this approaching night,  
Turn Thou for us its darkness into light;  
From harm and danger keep Thy children free,  
For dark and light are both alike to Thee.

3 Grant us Thy peace upon our homeward way;  
With Thee began, with Thee shall end the day;  
Guard Thou the lips from sin, the hearts from shame,  
That in this house have called upon Thy Name.

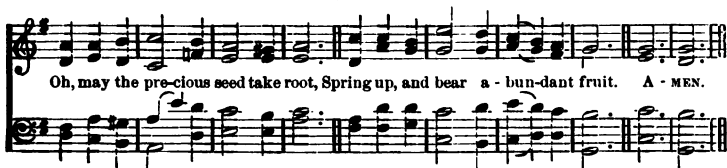
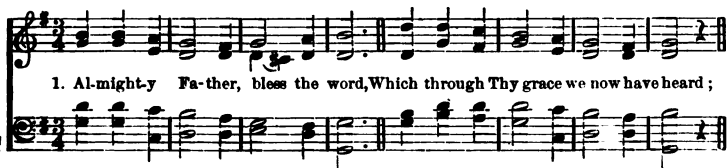
4 Grant us Thy peace throughout our earthly life,  
Our balm in sorrow, and our stay in strife;  
Then, when Thy voice shall bid our conflict cease,  
Call us, O Lord, to Thine eternal peace.

33

Anon.

GRACE CHURCH. L. M.

I. PLEVEL.



2 We praise Thee for the means of grace,  
Thus in Thy courts to seek Thy face:  
Grant, Lord, that we who worship here  
May all, at last, in heaven appear.

THE LORD'S DAY.

34

SICILIAN MARINERS. 8s, 7s, 4, 7. D.

J. FAWCETT.

M. PORTOGALLO.



1. { Lord, dis - miss us with Thy bless - ing; Fill our hearts with joy and peace; }  
 { Let us each, Thy love pos - sess - ing, Tri - umph in re - deem - ing grace: }



Oh, re - fresh us, Oh, re - fresh us, Trav'ling thro' this wil - der - ness. A - MEN.

2 Thanks we give and adoration  
 For Thy Gospel's joyful sound :  
 May the fruits of Thy salvation  
 In our hearts and lives abound :  
 May Thy presence  
 With us evermore be found ;

3 So that when Thy love shall call us,  
 Saviour, from the world away,  
 Fear of death shall not appall us,  
 Glad Thy summons to obey.  
 May we ever  
 Reign with Thee in endless day.

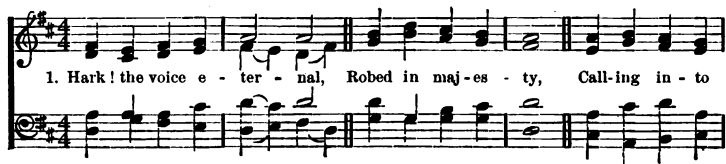
The Christian Year.—Advent.

35

J. JULIAN.

DEVA. 6s, 5s. D.

E. J. HOPKINS.

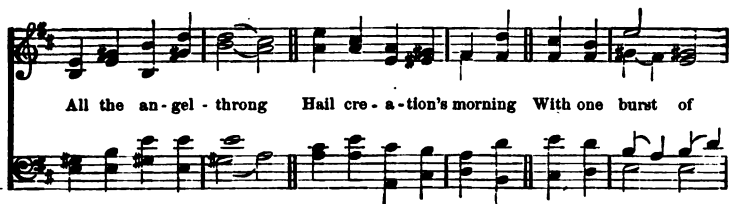


1. Hark ! the voice e - ter - nal, Robed in maj - es - ty, Call - ing in - to



be - ing Earth and sea and sky ; Hark ! in countless num - bers

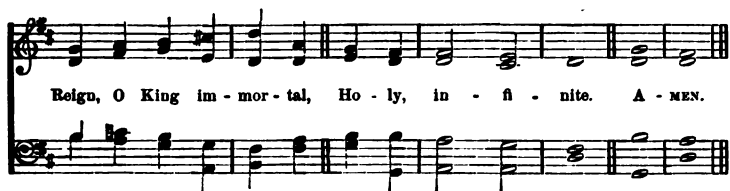
THE CHRISTIAN YEAR—ADVENT.



All the an-gel - thron'g Hail cre-a-tion's morning With one burst of



song. High in re-gal glo-ry, 'Mid e-ter-nal light,



Reign, O King im-mor-tal, Ho-ly, in-fi-nite. A-MEN.

2 Bright the world and glorious,  
Calm both earth and sea,  
Noble in its grandeur  
Stood man's purity;  
Came the great transgression,  
Came the sadd'ning fall,  
Death and desolation  
Breathing over all.  
Still in regal glory,  
'Mid eternal light,  
Reigned the King immortal,  
Holy, infinite.

3 Long the nations waited,  
Through the troubled night,  
Looking, longing, yearning,  
For the promised light.  
Prophets saw the morning  
Breaking far away,

Minstrels sang the splendor  
Of that opening day.  
Whilst in regal glory,  
'Mid eternal light,  
Reigned the King immortal,  
Holy, infinite.

4. Brightly drawned the Advent  
Of the new-born King,  
Joyously the watchers  
Heard the angels sing.  
Sadly closed the evening  
Of His hallowed life,  
As the noontide darkness  
Veiled the last dread strife.  
Lo! again in glory,  
'Mid eternal light,  
Reigns the King immortal,  
Holy, infinite.



THE CHRISTIAN YEAR—ADVENT.

5 Lo! again He cometh,  
Robed in clouds of light,  
As the Judge eternal,  
Armed with power and might.  
Nations to His footstool  
Gathered then shall be;  
Earth shall yield her treasures,  
And her dead, the sea.  
Till the trumpet soundeth,  
'Mid eternal light  
Reign, Thou King immortal,  
Holy, infinite.

6 Jesu! Lord, and Master,  
Prophet, Priest and King,  
To Thy feet, triumphant,  
Hallowed praise we bring.  
Thine the pain and weeping,  
Thine the victory;  
Power, and praise, and honor,  
Be, O Lord, to Thee.  
High in regal glory,  
'Mid eternal light,  
Reign, O King immortal,  
Holy, infinite.

This hymn may be sung with or without the refrain, as desired.

86

Tr. W. J. IRONS.

DIES IRAE. 3-8s.

J. B. DYKES.

1. Day of wrath! oh, day of mourn-ing! See ful-filled the prophets' warn-ing,  
Heaven and earth in ash-es burn-ing! 2. Oh, what fear man's bo-som rend-eth,  
When from heaven the Judge descendeth, On Whose sentence all de-pend-eth.

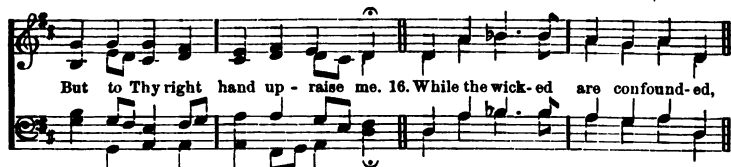
- 3 Wondrous sound the trumpet flingeth;  
Through earth's sepulchres it ringeth;  
All before the throne it bringeth.
- 4 Death is struck, and nature quaking,  
All creation is awaking,  
To its Judge an answer making.
- 5 Lo! the Book exactly worded,  
Wherein all hath been recorded;  
Thence shall judgment be awarded.
- 6 When the Judge His seat attaineth,  
And each hidden deed arraigneth,  
Nothing unavenged remaineth.
- 7 What shall I, frail man, be pleading?  
Who for me be interceding,  
When the just are mercy needing?
- 8 King of majesty tremendous,  
Who dost free salvation send us,  
Fount of pity, then befriend us!
- 9 Think, good Jesu, my salvation  
Cost Thy wondrous Incarnation;  
Leave me not to reprobation!

# THE CHRISTIAN YEAR—ADVENT.

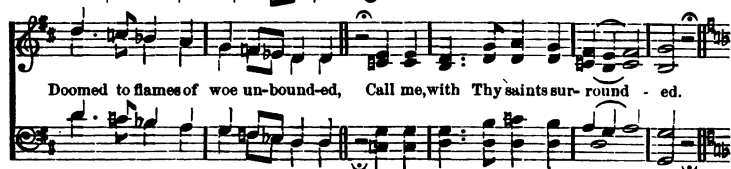
- 10 Faint and weary Thou hast sought me,  
On the cross of suffering bought me.  
Shall such grace be vainly brought me?
- 11 Righteous Judge! for sin's pollution  
Grant Thy gift of absolution,  
Ere that day of retribution,
- 12 Guilty, now I pour my moaning,  
All my shame with anguish owing;  
Spare, oh, God, Thy suppliant groaning!
- 13 Thou the sinful woman saved'st;  
Thou the dying thief forgavest;  
And to me a hope vouchsafest.
- 14 Worthless are my prayers and sighing,  
Yet, good Lord, in grace complying,  
Rescue me from fires undying!



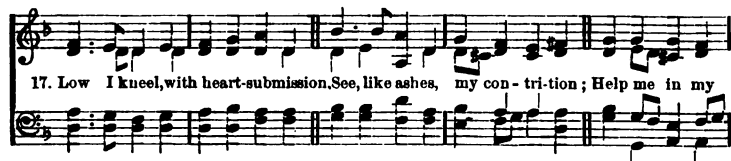
15. With Thy fa-vored sheep oh, place me! Nor a-mong the goats a-base me;



But to Thy right hand up-raise me. 16. While the wick-ed are confound-ed,



Doomed to flames of woe un-bound-ed, Call me, with Thy saints sur-round-ed.

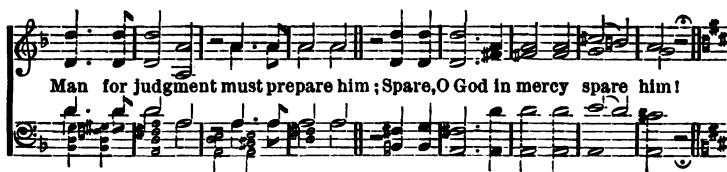


17. Low I kneel, with heart-submission, See, like ashes, my con-tri-tion; Help me in my



last con-di-tion. 18. Ah! that day of tears and mourning! From the dust of earth returning

THE CHRISTIAN YEAR—ADVENT.



Man for judgment must prepare him; Spare, O God in mercy spare him!

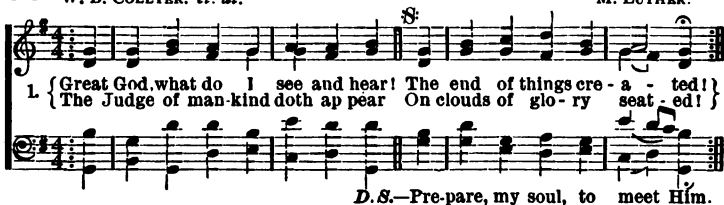


19. Lord, all pity-ing, Je- su blest, Grant us Thine e- ter - nal rest. A-MEN.

**37** MONMOUTH. 8s, 7s, 8, 8, 7.

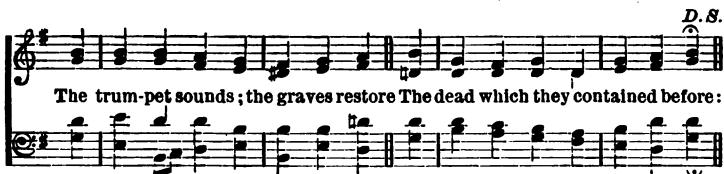
W. B. COLLYER. *et. al.*

M. LUTHER.



1. { Great God, what do I see and hear! The end of things cre - a - ted! }  
 { The Judge of man-kind doth ap pear On clouds of glo - ry seat - ed! }

*D.S.*—Pre-pare, my soul, to meet Him.



*D.S.*  
 The trum-pet sounds; the graves restore The dead which they contained before:

2 The dead in Christ shall first arise  
 At the last trumpet's sounding,  
 Caught up to meet Him in the skies,  
 With joy their Lord surrounding:  
 No gloomy fears their souls dismay,  
 His presence sheds eternal day  
 On those prepared to meet Him.

4 Great God, to Thee my spirit clings,  
 Thy boundless love declaring;  
 One wondrous sight my comfort  
 brings,  
 The Judge my nature wearing.  
 Beneath His cross I view the day  
 When heaven and earth shall pass  
 away,  
 And thus prepare to meet Him.

3 But sinners, filled with guilty fears,  
 Behold His wrath prevailing;  
 For they shall rise and find their  
 And sighs are unavailing: [tears  
 The day of grace is past and gone;  
 Trembling, they stand before the  
 throne,  
 All unprepared to meet Him.



A - MEN.

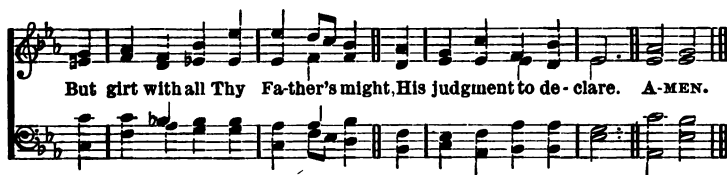
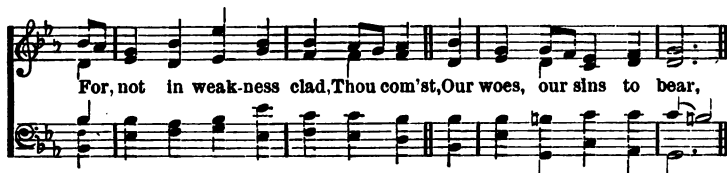
THE CHRISTIAN YEAR—ADVENT.

88

G. W. DOANE.

FLENSBURG. C. M. D.

From L. SPOHE.



2 The terrors of that awful day  
 Oh, who can understand?  
 Or who abide, when Thou in wrath  
 Shalt lift Thy holy hand?  
 The earth shall quake, the sea shall roar,  
 The sun in heaven grow pale;  
 But Thou hast sworn, and wilt not change,  
 Thy faithful shall not fail.

3 Then grant us, Saviour, so to pass  
 Our time in trembling here,  
 That when upon the clouds of heaven  
 Thy glory shall appear,  
 Uplifting high our joyful heads,  
 In triumph we may rise,  
 And enter, with Thine angel train,  
 Thy palace in the skies.

Digitized by Google

THE CHRISTIAN YEAR—ADVENT.

39

J. CENNICK. *et al.*

REDHEAD. 8s, 7s, 4, 7.

R. REDHEAD.



2 Every eye shall now behold Him,  
Robed in dreadful majesty;  
Those who set at naught and sold  
Him,  
Pierced, and nailed Him to the  
tree,  
Deeply wailing,  
Shall the true Messiah see.

3 Now redemption, long expected,  
See in solemn pomp appear:  
All His saints, by men rejected,

Now shall meet Him in the air:  
Alleluia!  
See the day of God appear.

4 Yea, Amen; let all adore Thee,  
High on Thine eternal throne;  
Saviour, take the power and glory;  
Claim the kingdoms for Thine  
own:

Alleluia!  
Thou shalt reign, and Thou  
alone.

40

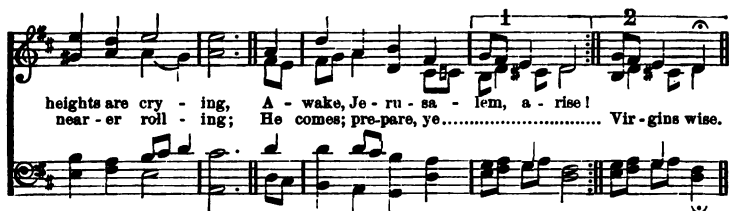
P. NICOLAI.

SLEEPERS WAKE. P. M.

P. NICOLAI.



THE CHRISTIAN YEAR—ADVENT.



heights are cry - ing, A - wake, Je - ru - sa - lem, a - rise!  
near - er roll - ing; He comes; pre-pare, ye..... Vir - gins wise.



Rise up; with will - ing feet Go forth, the Bridegroom meet: Al - le - lu - ia!



Bear through the night your well-trimm'd light, Speed forth to join the marriage rite. AMEN.

- 2 Sion hears the watchmen singing,  
Her heart with deep delight is springing,  
She wakes, she rises from her gloom :  
Forth her Bridegroom comes, all-glorious,  
In grace arrayed, by truth victorious ;  
Her Star is risen, her Light is come!  
All hail, Incarnate Lord !  
Our crown, and our reward !  
Alleluia!  
We haste along, in pomp of song,  
And gladsome join the marriage throng.
- 3 Lamb of God, the heavens adore Thee,  
And men and angels sing before Thee,  
With harp and cymbal's clearest tone.  
By the pearly gates in wonder  
We stand, and swell the voice of thunder,  
That echoes round Thy dazzling throne.  
No vision ever brought,  
No ear hath ever caught,  
Such bliss and joy:  
We raise the song, we swell the throng,  
To praise Thee ages all along.

THE CHRISTIAN YEAR—ADVENT.

41

Tr. E. CASWALL.

WILMOT. 8s, 7s.

C. M. VON WEBER.



1. Hark! a thrill-ing voice is sounding; "Christ is nigh," it seems to say;  
 "Cast a-way the works of darkness, O ye children of the day!" A-MEN.


- 2 Wakened by the solemn warning,  
 Let the earth-bound soul arise;  
 Christ, her Sun, all sloth dispelling,  
 Shines upon the morning skies.
- 3 Lo! the Lamb, so long expected,  
 Comes with pardon down from heaven;  
 Let us haste, with tears of sorrow,  
 One and all to be forgiven;
- 4 So when next He comes with glory,  
 Wrapping all the world in fear,  
 May He with His mercy shield us,  
 And with words of love draw near.

42

L. TUTTIETT.

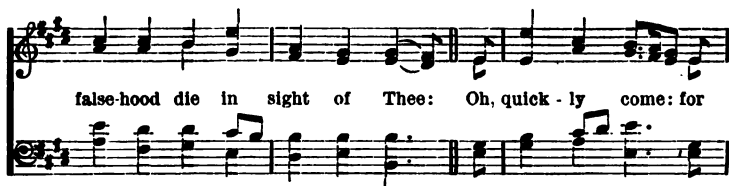
EATON. 6-8s.

Z. WYVILL.

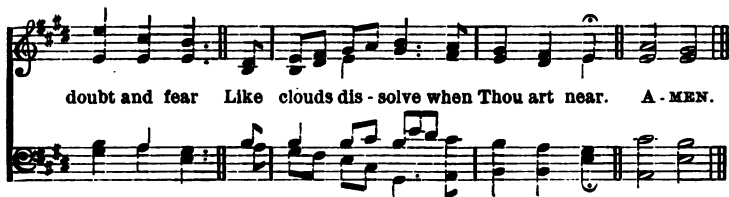


1. Oh, quick - ly come, dread Judge of all; For, aw - ful though Thine  
 Ad - vent be, All shad - ows from the truth will fall, And

THE CHRISTIAN YEAR—ADVENT.



false-hood die in sight of Thee: Oh, quick - ly come: for



doubt and fear Like clouds dis - solve when Thou art near. A - MEN.

2 Oh, quickly come, great King of all;  
Reign all around us, and within;  
Let sin no more our souls enthrall,  
Let pain and sorrow die with  
sin;  
Oh, quickly come: for Thou alone  
Canst make Thy scattered people  
one.

3 Oh, quickly come, true Life of all;  
For death is mighty all around;  
On every home his shadows fall,

On every heart his mark is found:  
Oh, quickly come: for grief and pain  
Can never cloud Thy glorious reign.

4 Oh, quickly come, sure Light of all,  
For gloomy night broods o'er  
our way;  
And fainting souls begin to fall  
With weary watching for the day:  
Come, quickly come: for round  
Thy throne  
No eye is blind, no night is known.

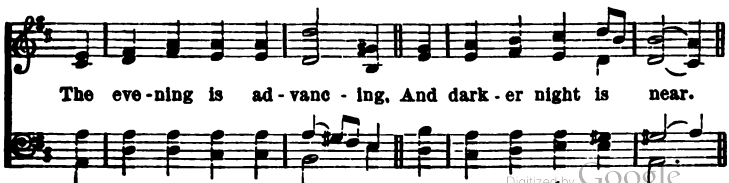
48

L. LAURENTI.

LAUSANNE. 7s, 6s. D.



1. Re-joice, re-joice, be - liev - ers! And let your lights ap - pear;



The eve-ning is ad - vanc - ing, And dark - er night is near.



THE CHRISTIAN YEAR—ADVENT.



The Bridegroom is a - ris - ing, And soon He will draw nigh;  
Up! pray, and watch, and wres - tle! At midnight comes the cry. A - MEN.

2 See that your lamps are burning;  
Replenish them with oil;  
Look now for your salvation,  
The end of sin and toil.  
The watchers on the mountain  
Proclaim the Bridegroom near,  
Go meet Him as He cometh,  
With alleluias clear.

3 Oh wise and holy virgins,  
Now raise your voices higher,  
Until in songs of triumph  
Ye meet the angel choir.

The marriage-feast is waiting,  
The gates wide open stand;  
Up, up, ye heirs of glory!  
The Bridegroom is at hand.

4 Our hope and expectation,  
Oh Jesu, now appear;  
Arise, Thou Sun so longed for,  
O'er this benighted sphere!  
With hearts and hands uplifted,  
We plead, oh Lord, to see  
The day of earth's redemption,  
And ever be with Thee!

44 C. COFFIN.

WINCHESTER. L. M.

B CRASSELLUS.



1. On Jordan's bank the Bap - tists cry An - nounc-ces that the Lord is nigh;  
A - wake, and hearken, for he brings Glad ti-dings of the King of kings. AMEN.

2 Then cleansed be every Christian  
breast,  
And furnished for so great a guest;  
Yea, let us each our hearts prepare  
For Christ to come and enter there.

3 For Thou art our salvation, Lord,  
Our refuge and our great reward;  
Without Thy grace we waste away,  
Like flowers that wither and  
decay.

THE CHRISTIAN YEAR—ADVENT.

- 4 To heal the sick stretch out Thine hand,  
And bid the fallen sinner stand;  
Once more upon Thy people shine,  
And fill the world with love divine.
- 5 All praise, eternal Son, to Thee,  
Whose Advent set Thy people free;  
Whom with the Father we adore,  
And Holy Ghost for evermore.

45 Tr. J. M. NEALE. VENI EMMANUEL. 6-8s. Ancient Plain Song.

1. Oh come, oh come, Em-man - u - el, And ran-som cap-tive Is - ra - el;

That mourns in lone-ly ex - ile here, Un-till the Son of God ap-pear.

Re-joice! Re-joice! Em-man - u - el Shall come to thee, oh Is - ra - el! A-MEN.

- 2 Oh come, Thou Rod of Jesse, free  
Thine own from Satan's tyranny;  
From depths of hell Thy people  
save,  
And give them victory o'er the  
grave.  
Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel  
Shall come to thee, oh Israel!
- 4 Oh come, Thou Key of David,  
come,  
And open wide our heavenly home;  
Make safe the way that leads on  
high,  
And close the path to misery.  
Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel  
Shall come to thee, oh Israel!
- 3 Oh come, Thou Day-spring, come  
and cheer  
Our spirits by Thine Advent here;  
Disperse the gloomy clouds of  
night,  
And death's dark shadows put to  
flight.  
Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel  
Shall come to thee, oh Israel!
- 5 Oh come, oh come, Thou Lord of  
might!  
Who to Thy tribes, on Sinai's  
height,  
In ancient times didst give the  
law,  
In cloud, and majesty, and awe.  
Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel  
Shall come to thee, oh Israel!

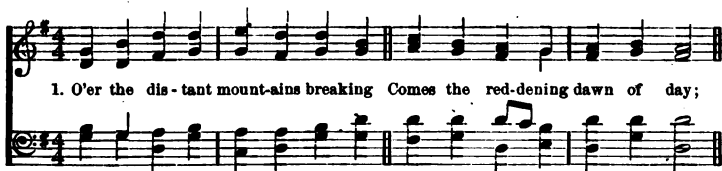
THE CHRISTIAN YEAR—ADVENT

46

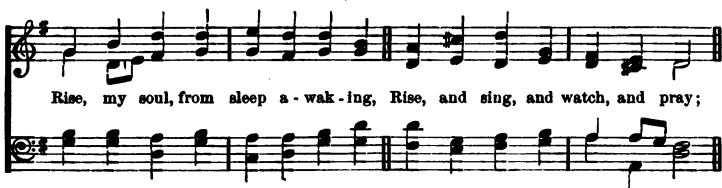
J. S. B. MONSELL.

HIRST. 8s, 7s, 4, 7.

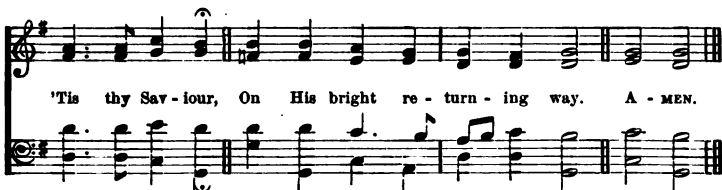
G. HIRST.



1. O'er the dis-tant mount-ains breaking Comes the red-dening dawn of day;



Rise, my soul, from sleep a-wak-ing, Rise, and sing, and watch, and pray;



'Tis thy Sav-iour, On His bright re-turn-ing way. A-MEN.

2 O Thou long-expected! weary  
Waits my anxious soul for Thee,  
Life is dark, and earth is dreary,  
Where Thy light I do not see;  
O my Saviour,  
When wilt Thou return to me?

3 Nearer is my soul's salvation,  
Spent the night, the day at  
hand;  
Keep me in my lowly station,

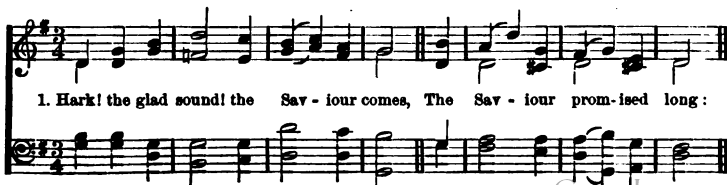
Watching for Thee, till I stand,  
O my Saviour,  
In Thy bright, Thy promised land.  
4 With my lamp well trimmed and  
burning,  
Swift to hear and slow to roam,  
Watching for Thy glad returning,  
To restore me to my home.  
Come, my Saviour,  
Thou hast promised: quickly come.

47

P. DODDRIDGE.

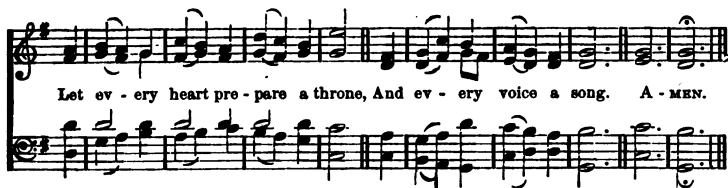
CHESTERFIELD. C. M.

T. HAWES.



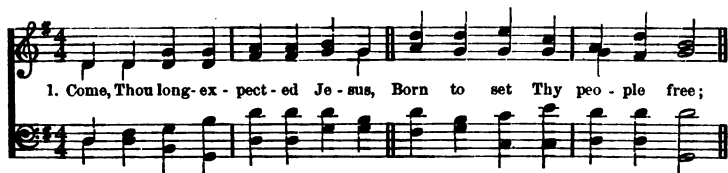
1. Hark! the glad sound! the Sav-iour comes, The Sav-iour prom-ised long:

THE CHRISTIAN YEAR—ADVENT.



- 2 He comes, the prisoners to release,  
In Satan's bondage held:  
The gates of brass before Him  
burst,  
The iron fetters yield.
- 3 He comes, from thickest films of  
vice  
To clear the mental ray,  
And on the eyes oppressed with  
night  
To pour celestial day.
- 4 He comes, the broken heart to  
bind,  
The bleeding soul to cure:  
And with the treasures of His  
grace  
To enrich the humble poor.
- 5 Our glad hosannas, Prince of  
Peace,  
Thy welcome shall proclaim:  
And heaven's eternal arches ring  
With Thy beloved Name.

48 C. WESLEY. STUTTGART. 8s, 7s. Arr. by H. J. GAUNTLETT.



- 2 Israel's strength and consolation,  
Hope of all the earth Thou art;  
Dear desire of every nation,  
Joy of every longing heart.
- 3 Born Thy people to deliver,  
Born a child, and yet a King,
- Born to reign in us forever,  
Now Thy gracious kingdom bring.
- 4 By Thine own eternal Spirit,  
Rule in all our hearts alone:  
By Thine all-sufficient merit,  
Raise us to Thy glorious throne.

Also the following:

317.—Thou art coming, O my Saviour.  
318.—Jesus came, the heavens adoring.

405.—The world is very evil.  
406.—Brief life is here our portion.

THE CHRISTIAN YEAR—CHRISTMAS.

49

Tr. F. OAKELEY.

ADESTE FIDELES. P. M.

M. PORTOGALLO.

2d and other verses.

1. Oh come, all ye faith-ful, joy-ful and tri-umph-ant; Oh come ye, oh

come ye to Beth - le - hem; Come and be - hold Him born the King of

an - gels; Oh come, let us a - dore Him, Oh come, let us a -

dore Him, Oh come, let us a - dore Him, Christ the Lord. A - MEN.

2 God of God, Light of Light,  
Lo! He abhors not the Virgin's womb;  
Very God, begotten, not created;  
Oh come, let us adore Him, etc.

3 Sing, choirs of angels, sing in exultation,  
Sing, all ye citizens of heaven above,  
Glory to God in the highest;  
Oh come, let us adore Him, etc.

4 Yea, Lord, we greet Thee, born this happy morning;  
Jesu, to Thee be glory given;  
Word of the Father, now in flesh appearing;  
Oh come, let us adore Him. etc.

Digitized by Google

THE CHRISTIAN YEAR—CHRISTMAS.

50

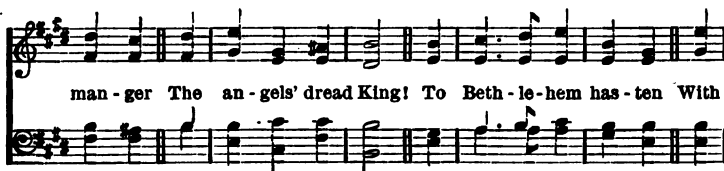
Tr. E. CASWALL.

NORCOTT. 6s, 5s, D.

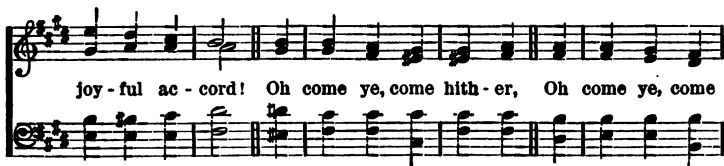
W. B. GILBERT.



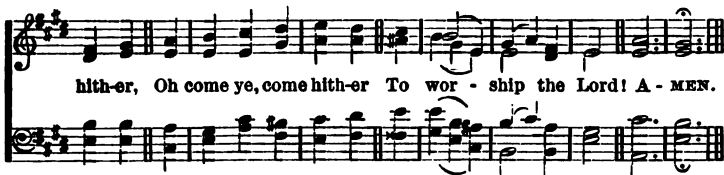
1. Come hith-er, ye faith-ful, Tri-umph-ant-ly sing! Come, see in the



man-ger The an-gels' dread King! To Beth-le-hem has-ten With



joy-ful ac-cord! Oh come ye, come hith-er, Oh come ye, come



hith-er, Oh come ye, come hith-er To wor-ship the Lord! A-MEN.

2 True Son of the Father,  
He comes from the skies;  
To be born of a Virgin  
He doth not despise.  
To Bethlehem hasten, etc.

3 Hark, hark to the angels!  
All singing in heaven,  
"To God in the highest  
All glory be given!"  
To Bethlehem hasten, etc.

4 To Thee, then, Oh Jesu,  
This day of Thy birth,  
Be glory and honor  
Through heaven and earth;  
True Godhead incarnate!  
Omnipotent Word!  
Oh come, let us hasten  
To worship the Lord!

Digitized by Google

THE CHRISTIAN YEAR—CHRISTMAS.

51

C. WESLEY.

MENDELSSOHN. 78, D.

F. MENDELSSOHN.

1. Hark! the her-ald an-gels sing Glo-ry, to the new-born King; Peace on earth, and  
mer-cy mild, God and sin-ners rec-on-ciled! 2. Joy-ful, all ye na-tions, rise,  
Join the tri-umph of the skies; With th'angel-ic host pro-claim, Christ is born in  
Beth-le-hem! Hark! the her-ald an-gels sing Glo-ry to the new-born King. A - MEN.

- 3 Christ, by highest heaven adored;  
Christ, the everlasting Lord;  
Late in time behold Him come,  
Offspring of the Virgin's womb.
- 4 Veiled in flesh the Godhead see;  
Hail the Incarnate Deity,  
Pleased as Man with man to dwell;  
Jesus, our Emmanuel!
- 5 Mild He lays His glory by,  
Born that man no more may die,  
Born to raise the sons of earth,  
Born to give them second birth.
- 6 Risen with healing in His wings,  
Light and life to all He brings,  
Hail, the Sun of Righteousness!  
Hail, the heaven-born Prince of Peace!

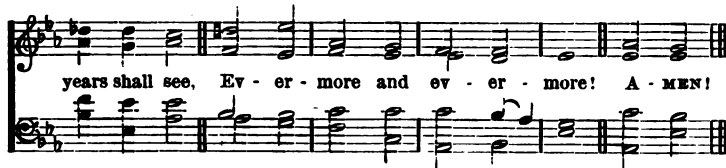
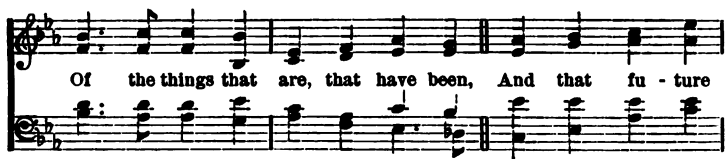
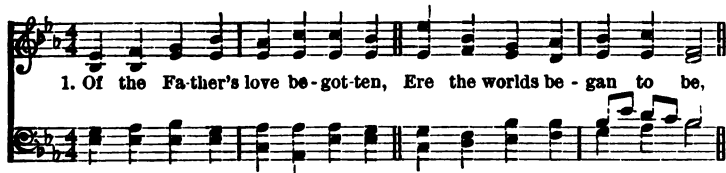
THE CHRISTIAN YEAR—CHRISTMAS.

52

Tr. J. M. NEALE.

CORDE NATUS. 8s, 7s, 7.

H. SMART.



2 Oh, that ever-blessed birthday,  
When the Virgin, full of grace,  
By the Holy Ghost conceiving,  
Bare the Saviour of our race;  
And that Child, the world's Re-  
deemer,  
First displayed His sacred face,  
Evermore and evermore!

4 Thee let age, and Thee let man-  
hood,  
Thee let choirs of infants sing;  
Thee the matrons and the virgins,  
And the children answering:  
Let their guileless song re-echo,  
And their heart its praises bring,  
Evermore and evermore!

3 Praise Him, oh, ye heaven of heav-  
ens!  
Praise Him, angels in the height!  
Every power and every virtue  
Sing the praise of God aright:  
Let no tongue of man be silent,  
Let each heart and voice unite,  
Evermore and evermore!

5 Christ, to Thee with God the Father,  
And, oh, Holy Ghost, to Thee,  
Hymn and chant and high thanks-  
giving,  
And unwearied praises be:  
Honor, glory, and dominion,  
And eternal victory,  
Evermore and evermore!



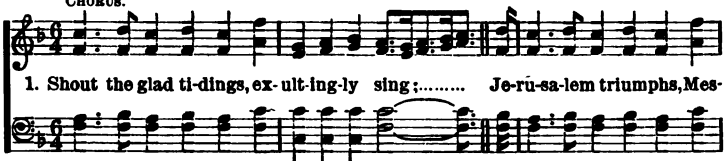
THE CHRISTIAN YEAR—CHRISTMAS.

58

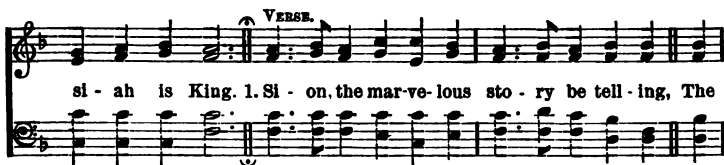
W. A. MUHLENBERG.  
CHORUS.

AVISON. P. M.

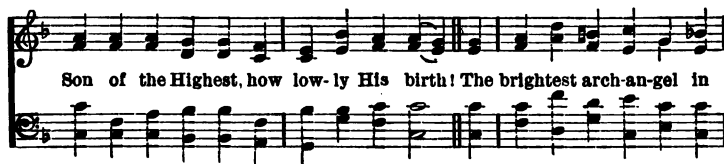
C. AVISON.



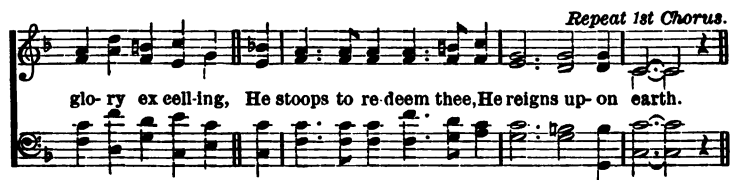
1. Shout the glad ti-dings, ex-ult-ing-ly sing;..... Je-ru-sa-lem triumphs, Mes-



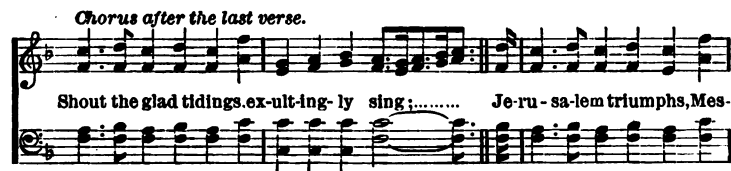
si - ah is King. 1. Si - on, the mar-ve-lous sto - ry be tell - ing, The



Son of the Highest, how low-ly His birth! The brightest arch-an-gel in



glo-ry ex-cell-ing, He stoops to re-deem thee, He reigns up-on earth.



Shout the glad tidings. ex-ult-ing-ly sing;..... Je-ru-sa-lem triumphs, Mes-



si - ah is King, Mes - si - ah is King, Mes - si - ah is King. A - MEN.

# THE CHRISTIAN YEAR—CHRISTMAS.

2 Tell how He cometh; from nation to nation  
The heart-cheering news let the earth echo round:  
How free to the faithful He offers salvation,  
How His people with joy everlasting are crowned:  
Shout the glad tidings, etc.

3 Mortals, your homage be gratefully bringing,  
And sweet let the gladsome hosanna arise:  
Ye angels, the full alleluia be singing;  
One chorus resound through the earth and the skies:  
Shout the glad tidings, etc.

54

N. TATE.

ZERAH. C. M.

L. MASON.

1. While Shepherds watched their flocks by night, All seat - ed on the ground,  
The an - gel of the Lord came down, And glo - ry shone a - round.  
The an - gel of the Lord came down. And glo - ry shone a - round. A - MEN.

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <p>2 "Fear not," said he, for mighty<br/>dread<br/>Had seized their troubled mind;<br/>"Glad tidings of great joy I bring<br/>To you and all mankind.</p> <p>3 "To you, in David's town, this day<br/>Is born of David's line,<br/>The Saviour, Who is Christ the<br/>Lord;<br/>And this shall be the sign:</p> <p>4 "The heavenly Babe you there shall<br/>find<br/>To human view displayed,</p> | <p>All meanly wrapt in swathing<br/>bands,<br/>And in a manger laid."</p> <p>5 Thus spake the seraph; and forth-<br/>with<br/>Appeared a shining throng<br/>Of angels praising God, who thus<br/>Addressed their joyful song:</p> <p>6 "All glory be to God on high,<br/>And to the earth be peace;<br/>Good-will henceforth from heaven<br/>to men<br/>Begin and never cease."</p> |
|---|---|

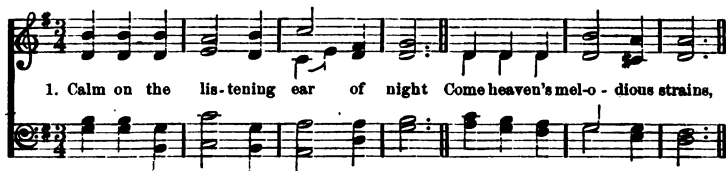
THE CHRISTIAN YEAR—CHRISTMAS.

55

E. H. SEARS.

ST. AGNES. C.M.

J. B. DYKES.



2 Celestial ehoirs from courts above  
Shed sacred glories there;  
And angels, with their sparkling  
lyres,  
Make music on the air.

3 The answering hills of Palestine  
Send back the glad reply;  
And greet, from all their holy  
heights,  
The Day-Spring from on high.

4 O'er the blue depths of Galilee  
There comes a holier calm,

And Sharon waves, in solemn praise,  
Her silent groves of palm.

5 "Glory to God!" the sounding skies  
Loud with their anthems ring,  
"Peace to the earth, good-will to  
men,  
From heaven's eternal King!"

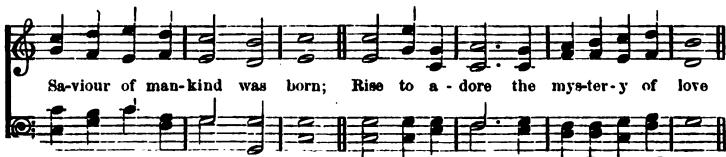
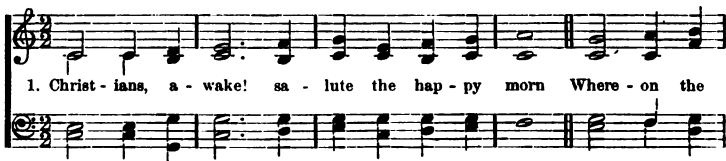
6 Light on thy hills, Jerusalem!  
The Saviour now is born:  
More bright on Bethlehem's joy-  
ous plains  
Breaks the first Christmas morn.

56

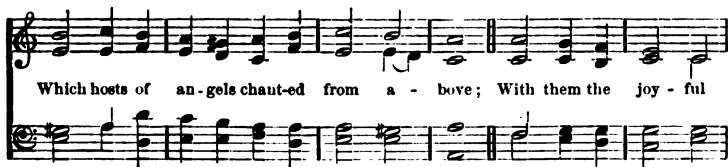
J. BYROM.

YORKSHIRE. 6-108.

J. WAINWRIGHT.



THE CHRISTIAN YEAR—CHRISTMAS.



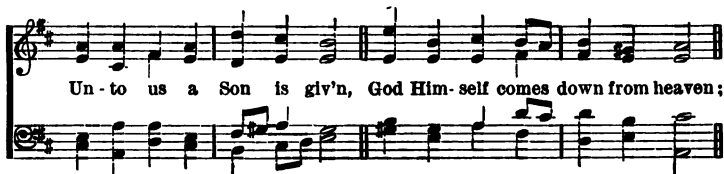
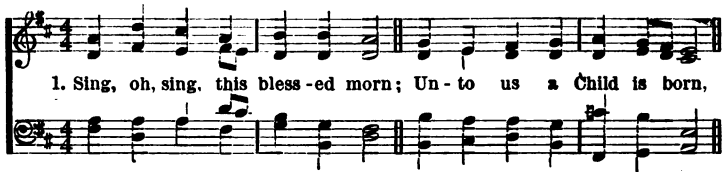
- 2 Then to the watchful shepherds it was told,  
Who heard the angelic herald's voice: "Behold,  
I bring good tidings of a Saviour's birth  
To you and all the nations upon earth:  
This day hath God fulfilled His promised word,  
This day is born a Saviour, Christ the Lord."
- 3 He spake; and straightway the celestial choir  
In hymns of joy, unknown before, conspire:  
The praises of redeeming love they sang,  
And heaven's whole arch with alleluias rang:  
God's highest glory was their anthem still,  
Peace upon earth, and unto men good-will.
- 4 To Bethlehem straight the happy shepherds ran,  
To see the wonder God had wrought for man:  
And found, with Joseph and the blessed maid,  
Her Son, the Saviour, in a manger laid;  
Amazed the wondrous story they proclaim,  
The earliest heralds of the Saviour's name.
- 5 Let us, like these good shepherds, then employ  
Our grateful voices to proclaim the joy;  
Trace we the Babe, Who hath retrieved our loss,  
From His poor manger to His bitter cross;  
Treading His steps, assisted by His grace,  
Till man's first heavenly state again takes place.
- 6 Then may we hope, the angelic thrones among,  
To sing, redeemed, a glad triumphal song;  
He, that was born upon this joyful day,  
Around us all His glory shall display;  
Saved by His love, incessant we shall sing  
Of angels and of angel-men the King.

THE CHRISTIAN YEAR—CHRISTMAS.

57

C. WORDSWORTH. HEATHLANDS. 7s, 6 lines.

H. SMART.



2 God of God, and Light of Light,  
Comes with mercies infinite,  
Joining in a wondrous plan  
Heaven to earth, and God to man.  
Sing, oh, sing, etc.

3 God with us, Emmanuel,  
Deigns forever now to dwell;  
He on Adam's fallen race  
Sheds the fullness of His grace.  
Sing, oh, sing, etc.

4 God comes down that man may rise,  
Lifted by Him to the skies;  
Christ is Son of Man that we  
Sons of God in Him may be.  
Sing, oh, sing, etc.

5 Oh, renew us, Lord, we pray,  
With Thy Spirit day by day,  
That we ever one may be  
With the Father and with Thee.  
Sing, oh, sing, etc.

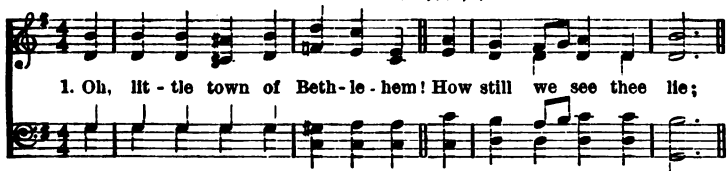
THE CHRISTIAN YEAR—CHRISTMAS.

58

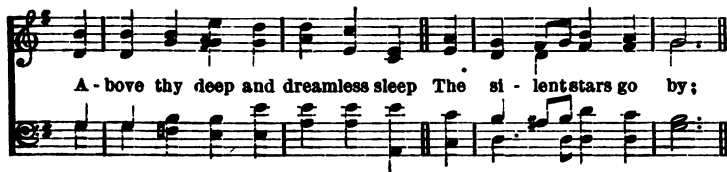
P. BROOKS.

ST. LOUIS. 8s,6s,7,6,8,6.

L. H. REDNER.



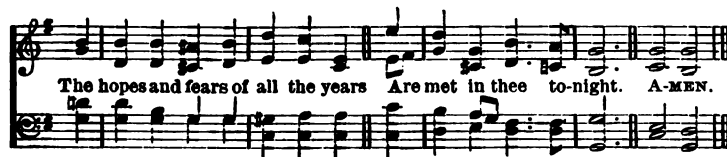
1. Oh, lit - tle town of Beth - le - hem! How still we see thee lie;



A - bove thy deep and dreamless sleep The si - lent stars go by;



Yet in thy dark streets shin - eth The ev - er - last - ing Light;



The hopes and fears of all the years Are met in thee to - night. A - MEN.

2 For Christ is born of Mary,  
And gathered all above,  
While mortals sleep, the angels  
keep  
Their watch of wondering love.  
Oh, morning stars, together  
Proclaim the holy birth!  
And praises sing to God the King  
And peace to men on earth.

3 How silently, how silently,  
The wondrous gift is given!  
So God imparts to human hearts  
The blessings of His heaven.  
No ear may hear His coming,  
But in this world of sin,  
Where meek souls will receive  
Him still,  
The dear Christ enters in.

4 Oh, holy Child of Bethlehem!  
Descend to us, we pray;  
Cast out our sin, and enter in,  
Be born in us to-day.  
We hear the Christmas angels  
The great glad tidings tell;  
Oh come to us, abide with us,  
Our Lord Emmanuel!

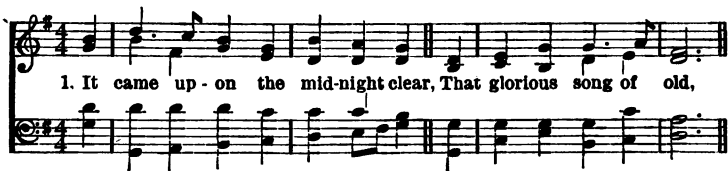
THE CHRISTIAN YEAR—CHRISTMAS.

59

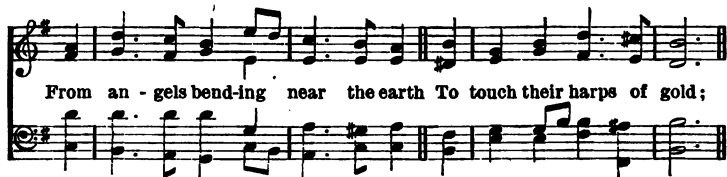
E. H. SEARS,

WESTLAKE. C. M. D.

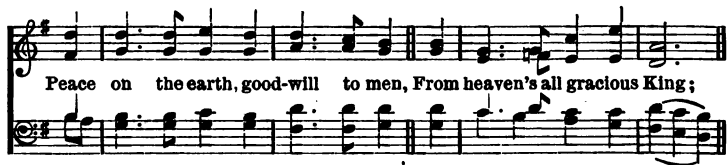
F. WESTLAKE.



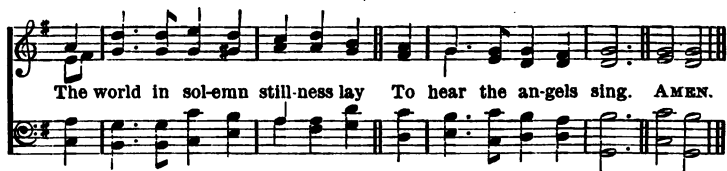
1. It came up - on the mid-night clear, That glorious song of old,



From an - gels bend-ing near the earth To touch their harps of gold;



Peace on the earth, good-will to men, From heaven's all gracious King;



The world in sol-ern still-ness lay To hear the an-gels sing. AMEN.

2 Still through the cloven skies they come,  
3 Oh ye, beneath life's crushing load,

With peaceful wings unfurled;  
And still their heavenly music floats  
O'er all the weary world:

Above its sad and lonely plains  
They bend on hovering wing,  
And ever o'er its Babel sounds  
The blessed angels sing.

Whose forms are bending low,  
Who toil along the climbing way  
With painful steps and slow!  
Look now, for glad and golden  
hours

Come swiftly on the wing.  
Oh, rest beside the weary road,  
And hear the angels sing.

4 For lo, the days are hastening on,  
By prophets seen of old,  
When with the ever-circling years,  
Shall come the time foretold,  
When the new heaven and earth shall own  
The Prince of Peace their King,  
And the whole world send back the song  
Which now the angels sing.

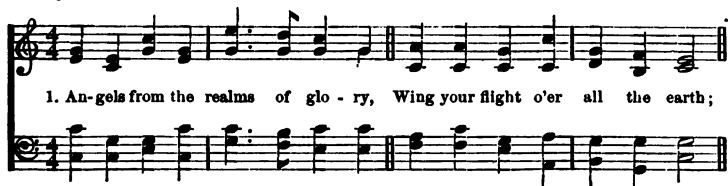
THE CHRISTIAN YEAR—CHRISTMAS.

60

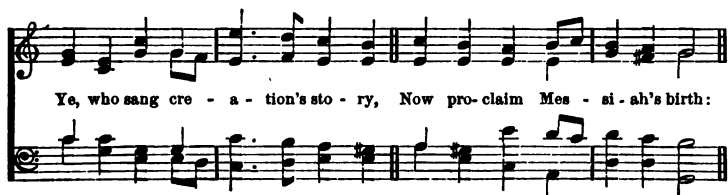
REGENT SQUARE. 8s, 7s, 4, 7.

J. MONTGOMERY.

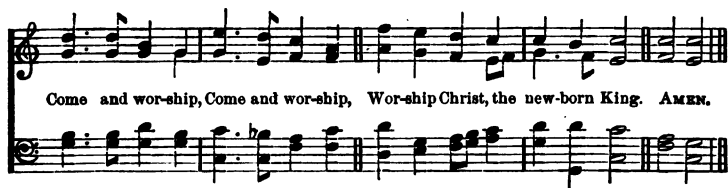
H. SMART.



1. An-gels from the realms of glo - ry, Wing your flight o'er all the earth;



Ye, who sang cre - a - tion's sto - ry, Now pro-claim Mes - si - ah's birth:



Come and wor-ship, Come and wor-ship, Wor-ship Christ, the new-born King. AMEN.

2 Shepherds in the field abiding,  
Watching o'er your flocks by night;  
God with man is now residing,  
Yonder shines the infant-light:  
Come and worship,  
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

3 Sages, leave your contemplations;  
Brighter visions beam afar:  
Seek the great Desire of nations,  
Ye have seen His natal star:  
Come and worship,  
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

4 Saints before the altar bending,  
Watching long in hope and fear,  
Suddenly the Lord, descending,  
In His temple shall appear:  
Come and worship,  
Worship Christ, the new-born King.



THE CHRISTIAN YEAR—CHRISTMAS.

61

J. CAWOOD.

HOLY VOICES. 8s, 7s.

G. J. GEER.

1. Hark! what mean those Ho - ly voice - es Sweet - ly sounding through the skies?

Lo! the an-gelic host re-joic-es, Heavenly al-le-lu-ias rise. A-MEN.

2 Listen to the wondrous story,  
Which they chant in hymns of joy—  
“Glory in the highest, glory!  
Glory be to God most high!

4 “Christ is born; the great Anointed!  
Heaven and earth His praises sing!  
Oh, receive Whom God appointed  
For your Prophet, Priest, and King!

3 “Peace on earth, good-will from  
heaven,  
Reaching far as man is found;  
Souls redeemed and sins forgiven,  
Loud our golden harps shall sound.

5 Hasten, mortals, to adore Him;  
Learn His name to magnify,  
Till in heaven ye sing before Him,  
Glory be to God most high!”

Also the following:

319.—Thou didst leave Thy throne and Thy  
kingly crown.  
320.—All praise to Thee, eternal Lord.

538.—All my heart this night rejoices.  
539.—Joy fills our inmost hearts to-day.  
540.—Once in royal David's city.

The Christian Year.—Epiphany.

62

NEW YEAR. 6s, 5s. D. With Refrain.

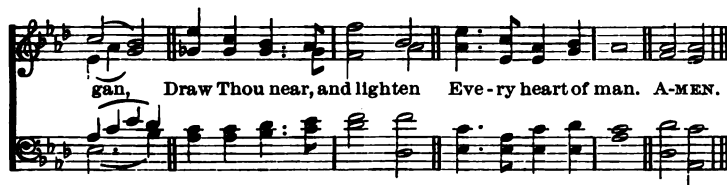
G. THRING.

A. H. MANN.

1. From the east-ern moun-tains, Press-ing on they come,

Wise men in their wis-dom To His hum-ble home; Stirr'd by deep de-

THE CHRISTIAN YEAR—EPIPHANY.



2 There their Lord and Saviour  
Meek and lowly lay,  
Wondrous Light that led them  
Onward on their way,  
Ever now to lighten  
Nations from afar,  
As they journey homeward  
By that guiding Star.  
Light of Light, etc.

3 Thou Who in a manger,  
Once hast lowly lain,  
Who dost now in glory  
O'er all kingdoms reign,  
Gather in the heathen,  
Who in lands afar  
Ne'er have seen the brightness  
Of Thy guiding Star.  
Light of Light, etc.

4 Gather in the outcasts,  
All who've gone astray,  
Throw Thy radiance o'er them,  
Guide them on their way,  
Those who never knew Thee,  
Those who've wandered far,  
Lead them by the brightness  
Of Thy guiding Star.  
Light of Light, etc.

5 Onward through the darkness  
Of the lonely night,  
Shining still before them  
With Thy kindly light,  
Guide them, Jew and Gentile,  
Homeward from afar,  
Young and old together,  
By Thy guiding Star;—  
Light of Light, etc.

6 Until every nation,  
Whether bond or free,  
'Neath Thy starlit banner,  
Jesu, follows Thee  
O'er the distant mountains  
To that heavenly home,  
Where no sin nor sorrow  
Evermore shall come.

**REFRAIN.**—Light of Light that shineth  
Ere the worlds began,  
Draw Thou near, and lighten  
Every heart of man.

This hymn may be sung either with or without the refrain, as desired.

THE CHRISTIAN YEAR—EPIPHANY.

63

Tr. E. CASWALL.

RATHBUN. 8s, 7s.

I. CONKEY.

1. Earth has many a no-ble cit- y; Bethlehem, thou dost all ex- cel:

Out of thee the Lord from heaven Came to rule His Is- ra- el. A-MEN.

2 Fairer than the sun at morning  
Was the star that told His birth,  
To the world its God announcing  
Seen in fleshly form on earth.

3 Eastern sages at His cradle  
Make oblations rich and rare;  
See them give, in deep devotion,  
Gold, and frankincense, and  
myrrh.

4 Sacred gifts of mystic meaning:  
Incense doth their God disclose,  
Gold the King of kings proclaim-  
eth,

Myrrh His sepulchre foreshows.  
5 Jesu, Whom the Gentiles wor-  
At Thy glad Epiphany, [shipped  
Unto Thee, with God the Father  
And the Spirit, glory be.

64

J. H. HOPKINS.

WAREHAM. L. M.

W. KNAPP.

1. When from the East the wise men came, Led by the Star of Beth- le- hem,

The gifts they brought to Je- sus were Of gold and frankincense and myrrh. A - MEN.

2 Bright gold of Ophir, passing fine,  
Proclaims a King of royal line;  
For David's son in David's town,  
Is born the heir of David's crown.

3 The incense-clouds, with fragrance  
rare,  
The presence of a God declare;  
Lo! kings in adoration fall,  
For Mary's Son is Lord of all.

4 The myrrh, with bitter taste, fore-  
shows [woes;—  
A life of sorrows, wounds and  
The deadly cup, that overran  
With anguish for the Son of Man.

5 Our gold upon Thine altar lies;  
Our prayers to Thee, as incense, rise;  
Accept as myrrh our tears and sighs:  
O King, O God, O Sacrifice!

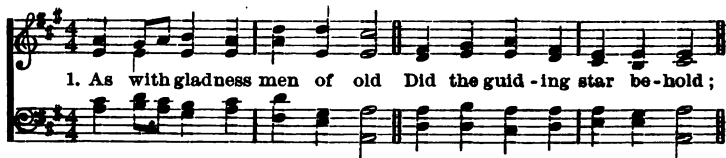
THE CHRISTIAN YEAR—EPIPHANY.

65

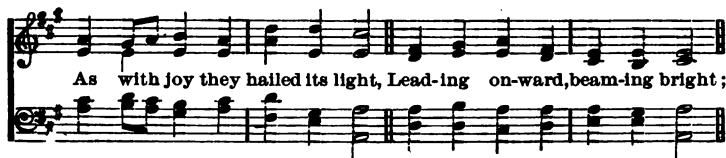
W. C. DIX.

DIX. 7s. 6 lines.

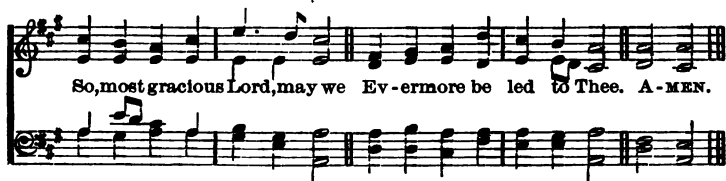
C. KOCHER.



1. As with gladness men of old Did the guid-ing star be-hold ;



As with joy they hailed its light, Lead-ing on-ward, beam-ing bright ;



So, most gracious Lord, may we Ev-er-more be led to Thee. A-MEN.

2 As with joyful steps they sped  
To that lowly manger-bed ;  
There to bend the knee before  
Him Whom heaven and earth adore ;  
So may we with willing feet  
Ever seek the mercy-seat.

3 As they offered gifts most rare  
At that manger rude and bare ;  
So may we with holy joy,  
Pure and free from sin's alloy,  
All our costliest treasures bring,  
Christ! to Thee our heavenly King.

4 Holy Jesus! every day  
Keeps us in the narrow way ;  
And, when earthly things are past,  
Bring our ransomed souls at last  
Where they need no star to guide,  
Where no clouds Thy glory hide.

5 In the heavenly country bright,  
Need they no created light,  
Thou its Light, its Joy, its Crown,  
Thou its Sun which goes not down,  
There forever may we sing  
Alleluias to our King.

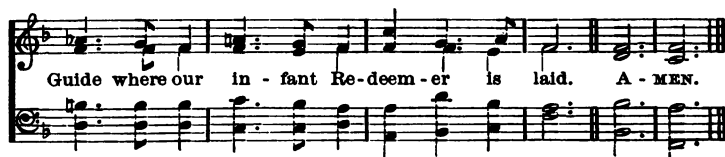
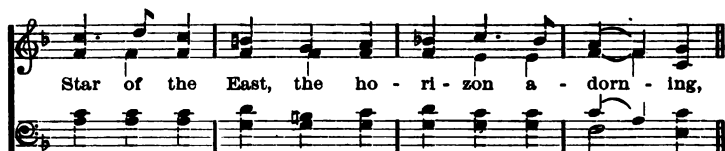
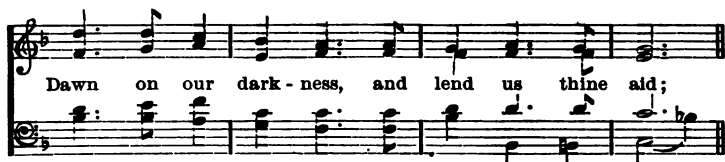
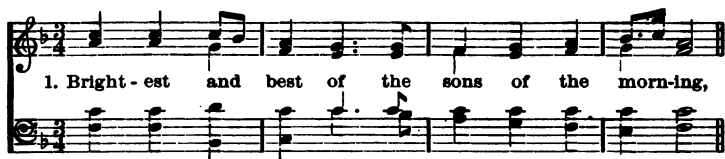
THE CHRISTIAN YEAR—EPIPHANY.

86

R. HEBER.

SANTA LAURA. 118.

W. A. BARRETT.



- 2 Cold on His cradle the dew-drops are shining,  
Low lies His head with the beasts of the stall;  
Angels adore Him in slumber reclining,  
Maker and Monarch and Saviour of all.
- 3 Shall we not yield Him, in costly devotion,  
Odors of Edom, and offerings divine,  
Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,  
Myrrh from the forest, and gold from the mine?
- 4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation,  
Vainly with gifts would His favor secure;  
Richer by far is the heart's adoration,  
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.
- 5 Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,  
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid;  
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,  
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

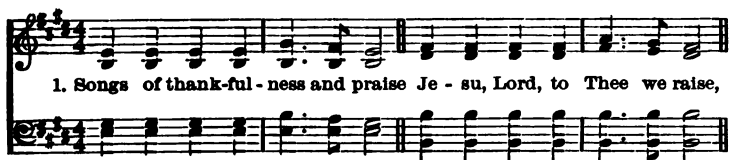
THE CHRISTIAN YEAR—EPIPHANY.

67

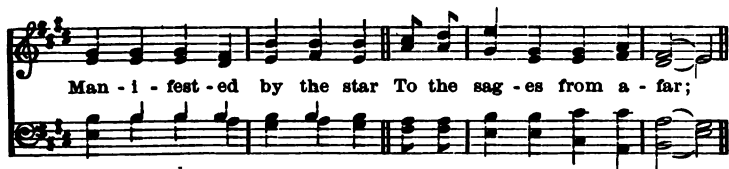
C. WORDSWORTH.

BENEVENTO. 7s, D.

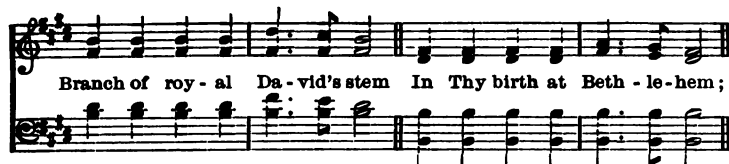
S. WEBER.



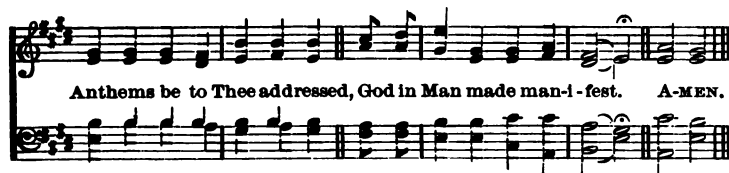
1. Songs of thank-ful-ness and praise Je - su, Lord, to Thee we raise,



Man - i - fest - ed by the star To the sag - es from a - far;



Branch of roy - al Da - vid's stem In Thy birth at Beth - le - hem;



Anthems be to Thee addressed, God in Man made man-i - fest. A-MEN.

2 Manifest at Jordan's stream,  
Prophet, Priest, and King supreme;  
And at Cana, wedding-guest,  
In Thy Godhead manifest;  
Manifest in power divine,  
Changing water into wine;  
Anthems be to Thee addressed,  
God in Man made manifest.

4 Sun and moon shall darkened be,  
Stars shall fall, the heavens shall flee;  
Christ will then like lightningshine,  
All will see His glorious sign:  
All will then the trumpet hear;  
All will see the Judge appear;  
Thou by all wilt be confessed,  
God in man made manifest.

3 Manifest in making whole  
Palsied limbs and fainting soul;  
Manifest in valiant fight,  
Quelling all the devil's might;  
Manifest in gracious will,  
Ever bringing good from ill;  
Anthems be to Thee addressed,  
God in Man made manifest.

5 Grant us grace to see Thee, Lord,  
Present in Thy holy Word;  
May we imitate Thee now,  
And be pure, as pure art Thou;  
That we like to Thee may be  
At Thy great Epiphany;  
And may praise Thee, ever blest,  
God in Man made manifest.

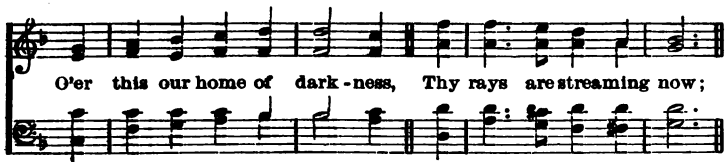
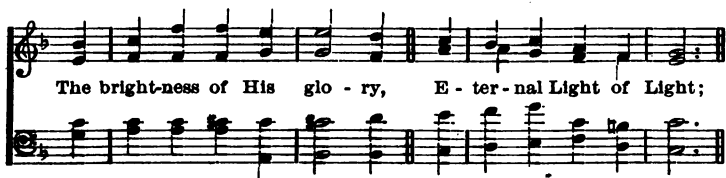
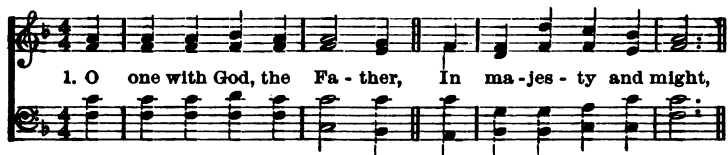
THE CHRISTIAN YEAR—EPIPHANY.

68

W. W. How.

AURELIA. 7s, 6s. D.

S. S. WESLEY.



2 Yet, Lord, we see but darkly:  
 O heavenly Light, arise!  
 Dispel these mists that shroud us,  
 And hide Thee from our eyes!  
 We long to track the footprints  
 That Thou Thyself hast trod:  
 We long to see the pathway  
 That leads to Thee our God.

3 O Jesu, shine around us  
 With radiance of Thy grace;  
 O Jesu, turn upon us  
 The brightness of Thy face.  
 We need no star to guide us,  
 As on our way we press,  
 If Thou Thy light vouchsafest,  
 O Sun of Righteousness.

THE CHRISTIAN YEAR—EPIPHANY.

69

J. R. WOODFORD.

DOVER. S. M.

Unknown.

1. With - in the Fa - ther's house The Son hath found His home;  
And to His tem - ple suddenly The Lord of Life hath come. A-MEN.

2 The doctors of the law  
Gaze on the wondrous child,  
And marvel at His gracious words  
Of wisdom undefiled.

3 Yet not to them is given  
The mighty truth to know,  
To lift the earthly veil which hides  
Incarnate God below.

4 The secret of the Lord  
Escapes each human eye,  
And faithful pondering hearts await  
The full Epiphany.

5 Lord, visit Thou our souls  
And teach us by Thy grace,  
Each dim revealing of Thyself  
With loving awe to trace;

6 Till from our darkened sight  
The cloud shall pass away,  
And on the cleansed soul shall burst  
The everlasting day;

7 Till we behold Thy face  
And know, as we are known,  
Thee, Father, Son and Holy Ghost,  
Co-equal Three in One.

70

H. W. BRADON.

SHIRLAND. S. M.

S. STANLEY.

1. Glo - ry to Thee, O Lord, Who by Thy mighty power  
Didst man-i - fest Thy glo-ry forth In Ca-na's marriage hour. A-MEN.

2 Thou spakest: it was done:  
Obedient to Thy word,  
The water reddening into wine  
Proclaimed the present Lord.

3 Blest were the eyes which saw  
That wondrous mystery,  
The great beginning of Thy works,  
That kindled faith in Thee.

4 And blessed they who know  
Thine unseen presence true,  
When in the kingdom of Thy grace  
Thou makest all things new.

5 For by Thy loving hand  
Thy people still are fed;  
Thine is the Cup of blessing, Lord,  
And Thou the heavenly Bread.

6 Oh, may that grace be ours,  
Ever in Thee to live, (streams,  
And drink of those refreshing  
Which Thou alone canst give:

7 So, led from strength to strength,  
Grant us, O Lord, to see  
The marriage supper of the Lamb,  
Thy great Epiphany.



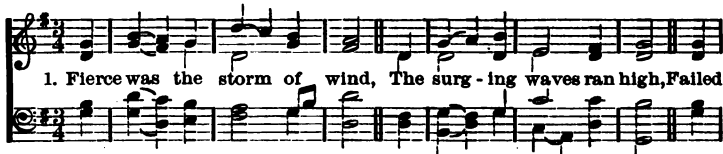
THE CHRISTIAN YEAR—EPIPHANY.

71

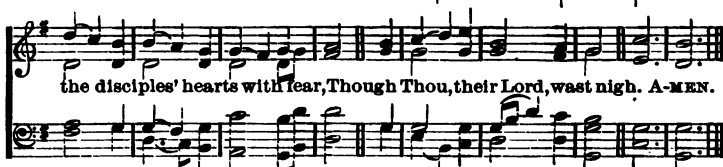
H. W. BRADON.

THACHER. S. M.

G. F. HANDEL.



1. Fierce was the storm of wind, The surging waves ran high, Failed



the disciples' hearts with fear, Though Thou, their Lord, wast nigh. A-MEN.

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <p>2 But at the stern rebuke<br/>Of Thy almighty word, [ceased,<br/>The wind was hushed, the billows<br/>And owned Thee God and Lord.</p> <p>3 So, now, when depths of sin<br/>Our souls with terrors fill,<br/>Arise, and be our helper, Lord,<br/>And speak Thy "Peace, be still."</p> <p>4 When death's dark sea we cross,<br/>Be with us in Thy power,</p> | <p>Nor let the water-floods prevail<br/>In that dread trial-hour.</p> <p>5 And, when amid the signs,<br/>Which speak Thine Advent near,<br/>The roaring of the sea and waves,<br/>Fills faithless hearts with fear;</p> <p>6 May we all undismayed<br/>The raging tempest see,<br/>Lift up our heads and hail with joy<br/>Thy great Epiphany.</p> |
|--|--|

72

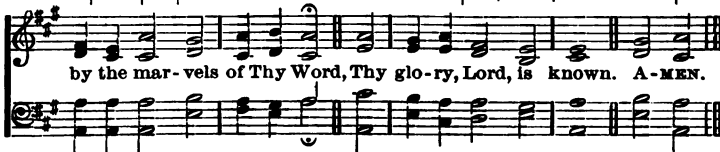
J. R. WOODFORD.

OLMUTZ. S. M.

Arr. by L. MASON.



1. Not by Thy mighty hand, Thy wondrous works alone, But



by the marvels of Thy Word, Thy glory, Lord, is known. A-MEN.

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <p>2 Forth from the eternal gates,<br/>Thine everlasting home,<br/>To sow the seed of truth below,<br/>Thou didst vouchsafe to come.</p> <p>3 And still from age to age,<br/>Thou, gracious Lord, hast been<br/>The bearer forth of goodly seed,<br/>The sower still unseen.</p> <p>4 And Thou wilt come again,<br/>And heaven beneath Thee bow,</p> | <p>To reap the harvest Thou hast sown,<br/>Sower and reaper Thou.</p> <p>5 Watch, Lord, Thy harvest-field,<br/>With Thine unsleeping eye,<br/>The children of the kingdom keep<br/>To Thy Epiphany;</p> <p>6 That, when in Thy great day<br/>The tares shall severed be,<br/>We may be surely gathered in<br/>With all Thy saints to Thee.</p> |
|--|--|

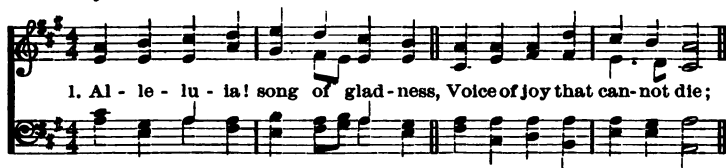
# The Christian Year—Septuagesima.

78

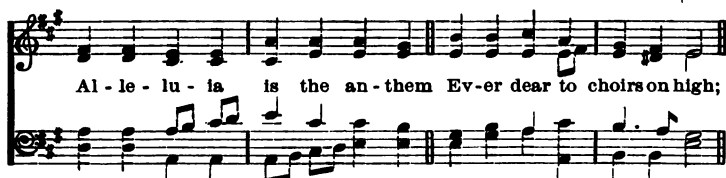
Tr. J. M. NEALE.

ALLELUIA. 8s, 7s. 6 lines.

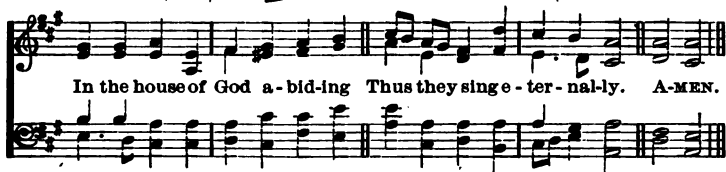
M. HAYDN.



1. Al - le - lu - ia! song of glad - ness, Voice of joy that can - not die;



Al - le - lu - ia is the an - them Ev - er dear to choirs on high;



In the house of God a - bid - ing Thus they singe - ter - nal - ly. A - MEN.

2 Alleluia thou resoundest,  
True Jerusalem and free;  
Alleluia joyful mother,  
All thy children sing with thee;  
But by Babylon's sad waters  
Mourning exiles now are we.

3 Alleluia cannot always  
Be our song while here below;  
Alleluia our transgressions  
Make us for a while forego:  
For the solemn time is coming  
When our tears for sin must flow.

4 Therefore in our hymns we pray Thee,  
Grant us blessed Trinity,  
At the last to keep Thine Easter  
In our home beyond the sky;  
There to Thee forever singing  
Alleluia joyfully.

Also the following, to follow hymn 72.

323.—Hail the Lord's Anointed.

324.—Joy to the world, the Lord is come,

325. Light of those whose dreary dwelling.

331.—Watchman, tell us of the night.

332.—God of mercy, God of grace.

342.—Saw you never in the twilight.

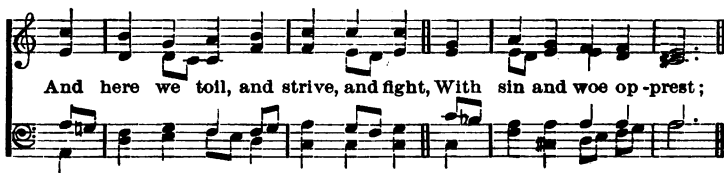
74

W. COOKE. PASSION CHORALE. 7s, 6s, 8s, 6s.

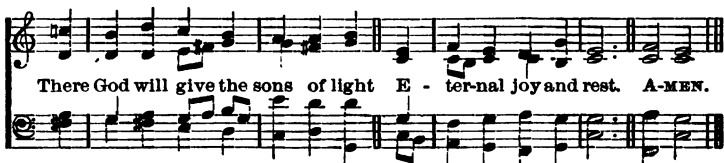
J. S. BACH.



1. { In ex - ile here we wan - der: In heaven is our a - bode,—  
The cit - y of the an - gels, The cit - y of our God. }



And here we toll, and strive, and fight, With sin and woe op - prest ;



There God will give the sons of light E - ter - nal joy and rest. A - MEN.

2 Through many sore temptations,  
By many sorrows torn,  
We strive to win the glory ;  
Our many falls we mourn.  
But faith holds out the vision bright  
Of our eternal home ;  
And hope assures that realm of light,  
When we have overcome.

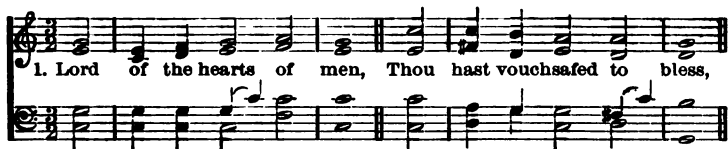
3 Jesu, our joy and gladness,  
To Thee for aid we flee :  
Give tears of true contrition ;  
Our souls from guilt set free :—  
And we shall rise in that great day,  
In bodies like to Thine,  
And with Thy saints, in bright array,  
Shall in Thy glory shine.

4 There we, as children dwelling,  
Who here as exiles groan,  
God's praises shall be telling  
Before His glorious throne :  
There in our endless home shall rest,  
From strife and sorrow free,  
And join the anthem of the blest,  
Forever, Lord, to Thee.

75

Tr. J. R. WOODFORD. BOYLSTON. S. M.

L. MASON.



From age to age, Thy cho-sen saints With fruits of ho - li - ness. A-MEN.

2 Here faith, and hope and love  
Reign in sweet bond allied;  
There, when this little day is  
o'er,  
Shall love alone abide.

There, with rejoicing hearts, we  
bring  
Our harvest-treasures home.

3 Here, bearing the good seed,  
'Mid cares and tears we come;

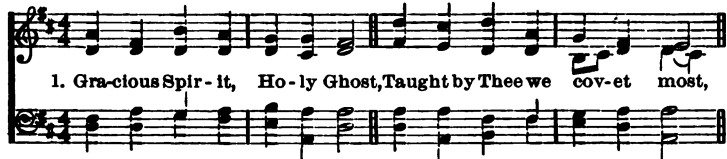
4 Oh, give us, mighty Lord,  
The fruits Thyself dost love; [seat  
Soon shalt Thou from Thy judgment  
Crown Thine own gifts above.

76

C. WORDSWORTH.

CAPETOWN. 78, 5.

F. FILITZ.



Of Thy gifts at Pen - te - cost, Ho - ly, heavenly love. A-MEN.

2 Love is kind, and suffers long,  
Love is meek, and thinks no wrong,  
Love than death itself more strong;  
Therefore, give us love.

Love in heaven will shine more  
Therefore, give us love. [bright;

3 Prophecy will fade away,  
Melting in the light of day;  
Love will ever with us stay;  
Therefore, give us love.

5 Faith and hope and love we see,  
Joining hand in hand, agree,  
But the greatest of the three,  
And the best, is love.

4 Faith will vanish into sight;  
Hope be emptied in delight;

6 From the overshadowing  
Of Thy gold and silver wing,  
Shed on us, who to Thee sing,  
Holy, heavenly love.

THE CHRISTIAN YEAR—SEPTUAGESIMA.

77

H. ALFORD.

STERULA. 8s, 5s.

F. C. MAKER, *alt.*



- 2 Thou, Who that dread cup of suf - 4 Send us faith, that trusts Thy prom -  
fering ise;  
Didst not put from Thee; Hope, with upward eye;  
O most loving of the loving, But more blest than both, and greater,  
Give us charity! Send us charity!
- 3 Thou, Who reignest, bright in glory,  
On God's throne on high,  
Oh, that we may share Thy triumph,  
Grant us charity!

*Also the following :*  
592.—Jesus Christ is passing by.

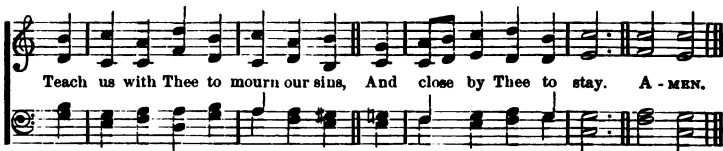
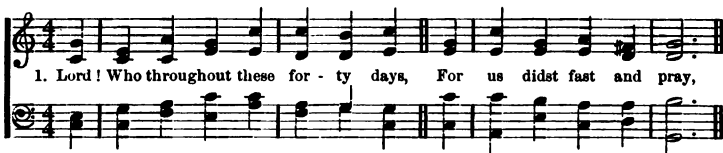
The Christian Year.—Lent.

78

C. F. HERNAMAN.

ST. ANN'S. C. M.

W. CROFT.



- 2 As Thou with Satan didst contend, 4 And through these days of penitence,  
And didst the victory win, And through Thy Passion-tide,  
Oh, give us strength in Thee to fight, Yea, evermore, in life and death,  
In Thee to conquer sin. Jesu! with us abide.
- 3 As Thou didst hunger bear and thirst, 5 Abide with us, that so, this life  
So teach us, gracious Lord, Of suffering overpast,  
To die to self, and chiefly live An Easter of unending joy  
By Thy most holy Word. We may attain at last!

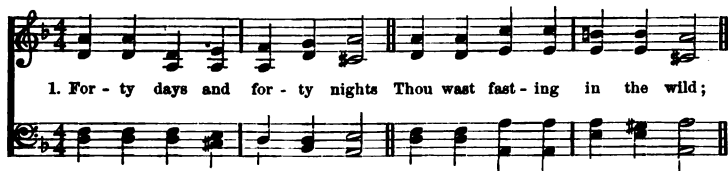
THE CHRISTIAN YEAR—LENT.

79

G. H. SMYTTAN.

HEINLEIN. 78.

P. HEINLEIN.



1. For - ty days and for - ty nights Thou wast fast - ing in the wild;



For - ty days and for - ty nights Tempted, and yet un - de - filed. A - MEN.

2 Shall not we Thy sorrow share,  
And from earthly joys abstain,  
Fasting with unceasing prayer,  
Glad with Thee to suffer pain?

4 So shall we have peace divine:  
Holler gladness ours shall be:  
Round us, too, shall angels shine,  
Such as ministered to Thee.

3 And if Satan, vexing sore,  
Flesh or spirit should assail,  
Thou, his Vanquisher before,  
Grant we may not faint or fail.

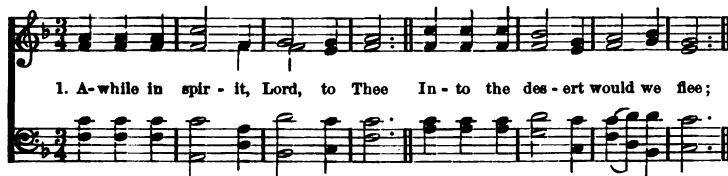
5 Keep, oh keep us, Saviour dear,  
Ever constant by Thy side;  
That with Thee we may appear  
At the eternal Easter-tide.

80

J. F. THRUPP.

HESPERUS. L. M.

H. BAKER.



1. A-while in spir - it, Lord, to Thee In - to the des - ert would we flee;



Awhile up - on the bar - ren steep Our fast with Thee in spir - it keep: A - MEN.

2 Awhile from Thy temptation learn  
False Satan's wileful lures to spurn,  
And in our hearts to feel and own  
"Man liveth not by bread alone."

Be Thou our helper in the strife,  
Be thou our true, our inward life.

3 Oh Thou once tempted like as we,  
Thou knowest our infirmity;

4 And while at Thy command we pray  
"Give us our bread from day to day,"  
May we with Thee, O Christ, be fed,  
Thou Word of God, Thou living Bread.

THE CHRISTIAN YEAR—LENT.

81

Tr. J. M. NEALE.

ST. ANDREW. 6s, 5s. D.

J. B. DYKES.

1. Chris-tian! dost thou see them On the ho - ly ground, How the powers of  
dark - ness Rage thy steps a - round? Chris-tian! up and smite them.  
Counting gain but loss; In the strength that com-eth By the ho - ly cross. A-MEN.

- 2 Christian! dost thou feel them,  
How they work within,  
Striving, tempting, luring,  
Goaded into sin?  
Christian! never tremble;  
Never be downcast:  
Gird thee for the battle,  
Watch and pray and fast.
- 3 Christian! dost thou hear them,  
How they speak thee fair?  
"Always fast and vigil?  
Always watch and prayer?"  
Christian! answer boldly:  
"While I breathe I pray!"  
Peace shall follow battle,  
Night shall end in day.
- 4 "Well I know thy trouble,  
Oh My servant true;  
Thou art very weary,  
I was weary too;  
But that toil shall make thee  
Some day all Mine own,  
And the end of sorrow  
Shall be near My throne."

THE CHRISTIAN YEAR—LENT.

82

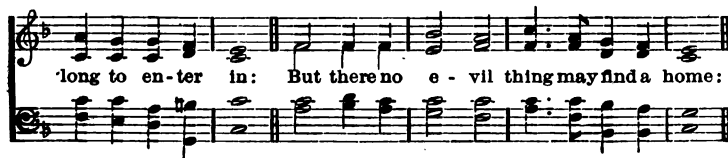
S. J. STONE.

LANGRAN. 108.

J. LANGRAN.



1. Wea-ry of earth, and la-den with my sin, I look at heaven and



long to en-ter in: But there no e-vil thing may find a home:



And yet I hear a voice that bids me "Come." A-MEN.

- 2 So vile I am, how dare I hope to stand  
In the pure glory of that holy land?  
Before the whiteness of that throne appear?  
Yet there are hands stretched out to draw me near.
- 3 The while I fain would tread the heavenly way,  
Evil is ever with me day by day;  
Yet on mine ears the gracious tidings fall,  
"Repent, confess, thou shalt be loosed from all."
- 4 It is the voice of Jesus that I hear;  
His are the hands stretched out to draw me near,  
And His the blood that can for all atone,  
And set me faultless there before the throne.
- 5 'Twas He Who found me on the deathly wild,  
And made me heir of heaven, the Father's child,  
And day by day, whereby my soul may live,  
Gives me His grace of pardon, and will give.
- 6 O great Absolver, grant my soul may wear  
The lowliest garb of penitence and prayer,  
That in the Father's courts my glorious dress  
May be the garment of Thy righteousness.
- 7 Yea, Thou wilt answer for me, righteous Lord;  
Thine all the merits, mine the great reward;  
Thine the sharp thorns, and mine the golden crown:  
Mine the life won, and Thine the life laid down.



THE CHRISTIAN YEAR—LENT.

83

C. WESLEY.

WAVERTREE. 6-8s.

W. SHORE.

1. { Wea-ry of wandering from my God, And now made will-ing to re-turn, }  
 { I hear and bow me to the rod, For Thee, not with-out hope, I mourn; }

I have an Ad - vo - cate a - bove, A Friend before the throne of love. A - MEN.

2 O Jesu, full of pardoning grace,  
 More full of grace than I of sin;  
 Yet once again I seek Thy face:  
 Open Thine arms and take me in;  
 And freely my backslidings heal,  
 And love the faithless sinner still.

3 Thou knowest the way to bring me  
 My fallen spirit to restore; [back,  
 Oh, for Thy truth and mercy's sake,  
 Forgive, and bid me sin no more:  
 The ruins of my soul repair,  
 And make my heart a house of prayer.

84

C. ELLIOTT.

PASCAL. 8s.-6.

E. J. HOPKINS.

1. O Thou, the con-trite sin - ners' friend, Who, lov - ing, lov'st them to the end,

On this a - lone my hopes de - pend, That Thou wilt plead for me. A-MEN.

2 When, weary in the Christian race,  
 Far off appears my resting place,  
 And, fainting, I mistrust Thy grace,  
 Then, Saviour, plead for me.

4 When Satan, by my sins made bold,  
 Strives from Thy cross to loose my  
 hold,  
 Then with Thy pitying arms enfold,  
 And plead, oh, plead for me!

3 When I have erred and gone astray  
 Afar from Thine and wisdom's way,  
 And see no glimmering guiding  
 ray,  
 Still, Saviour, plead for me.

5 And when my dying hour draws near,  
 Darkened with sorrow, pain, and fear,  
 Then to my fainting sight appear,  
 Pleading in heaven for me.

THE CHRISTIAN YEAR—LENT.

85

E. H. BICKERSTETH.

MANOAH. C. M.

From F. J. HAYDN.

1. O Je - su, Sav - iour of the lost, My rock and hid - ing - place,

By storms of sin and sor - row tost, I seek Thy sheltering grace. A - MEN.

2 Gully, forgive me, Lord, I cry;  
Pursued by foes, I come;  
A sinner, save me, or I die;  
An outcast, take me home.

There danger never, never harms;  
There death itself is gain.

3 Once safe in Thine almighty arms,  
Let storms come on amain;

4 And when I stand before Thy throne,  
And all Thy glory see,  
Still be my righteousness alone  
To hide myself in Thee.

86

I. WATTS.

RETREAT. L. M.

T. HASTINGS.

1. O Thou that hear - est sin - ners cry, Though all my sins be - fore Thee lie,

Behold them not with angry look, But blot their memory from Thy book. A - MEN.

2 Create my nature pure within,  
And form my soul averse to sin:  
Let Thy good Spirit ne'er depart,  
Nor hide Thy presence from my heart.

4 A broken heart, my God, my King,  
Is all the sacrifice I bring;  
The God of grace will ne'er despise  
A broken heart for sacrifice.

3 I cannot live without Thy light,  
Cast out and banished from my sight:  
Thy holy joys, my God, restore,  
And guard me that I fall no more.

5 Oh, may Thy love inspire my tongue!  
Salvation shall be all my song:  
And all my powers shall join to bless  
The Lord, my strength and righteous -  
ness.

87

C. ELVEN.

MIGDOL. L. M.

L. MASON.

1. With broken heart and con-trite sigh, A trem-bling sin-ner, Lord, I cry:

Thy pardoning grace is rich and free: O God, be mer-ci-ful to me. A - MEN.

2 I smite upon my troubled breast,  
With deep and conscious guilt  
oppressed;  
Christ and His cross my only plea:  
O God, be merciful to me.

4 Nor alms, nor deeds that I have done,  
Can for a single sin atone;  
To Calvary alone I flee:  
O God, be merciful to me.

3 Far off I stand with tearful eyes,  
Nor dare uplift them to the skies;  
But Thou dost all my anguish see:  
O God, be merciful to me.

5 And when, redeemed from sin and  
hell,  
With all the ransomed throng I dwell,  
My raptured song shall ever be,  
God has been merciful to me.

88

I. WILLIAMS.

ST. PHILIP. 3-7s.

W. H. MONK.

1. Lord, in this Thy mer-cy's day, Ere the time shall

pass a - way, On our knees we fall and pray. A - MEN.

2 Holy Jesu, grant us tears,  
Fill us with heart-searching fears,  
Ere that day of doom appears.

5 By Thy tears of bitter woe  
For Jerusalem below,  
Let us not Thy love forego.

3 Lord, on us Thy Spirit pour,  
Kneeling lowly at Thy door,  
Ere it close for evermore.

6 Judge and Saviour of our race,  
Grant us, when we see Thy face,  
With Thy ransomed ones a place.

4 By Thy night of agony,  
By Thy supplicating cry,  
By Thy willingness to die,

7 On Thy love we rest alone,  
And that love shall then be known  
By the pardoned, round Thy throne.

THE CHRISTIAN YEAR—LENT.

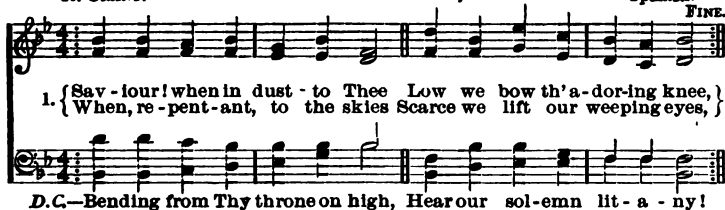
89

R. GRANT.

SPANISH CHANT. 78. D.

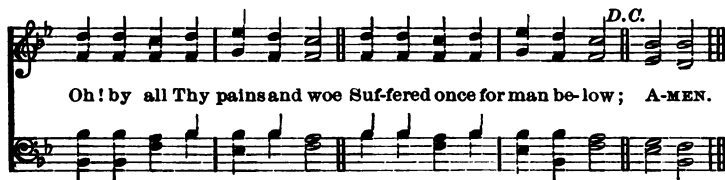
Spanish.

FINE.



1. { Sav - iour! when in dust - to Thee Low we bow th' a - dor - ing knee, }  
 { When, re - pent - ant, to the skies Scarce we lift our weeping eyes, }

D.C.—Bending from Thy throne on high, Hear our sol - emn lit - a - ny!



Oh! by all Thy pains and woe Suffered once for man be - low; A - MEN.

2 By Thy helpless infant years,  
 By Thy life of want and tears,  
 By Thy days of sore distress  
 In the savage wilderness,  
 By the dread permitted hour  
 Of the mighty tempter's power:  
 Turn, oh turn a favoring eye,  
 Hear our solemn litany!

3 By the sacred grief that wept  
 O'er the grave where Lazarus slept;  
 By the boding tears that flowed  
 Over Salem's loved abode;  
 By the anguished sigh that told  
 Treachery lurked within Thy fold;  
 From Thy seat above the sky,  
 Hear our solemn litany!

4 By the burthen Thou didst bear,  
 By Thine agony of prayer,  
 By the cross, the nail, the thorn,  
 Piercing spear, and torturing scorn;  
 By the gloom that veiled the skies  
 O'er the dreadful sacrifice;  
 Listen to our humble cry,  
 Hear our solemn litany!

5 By Thy deep expiring groan;  
 By the sealed sepulchral stone;  
 By the vault, whose dark abode  
 Held in vain the rising God:  
 Oh! from earth to heaven restored,  
 Mighty, re-ascended Lord,  
 Listen, listen to the cry  
 Of our solemn litany!

Also the following:

338.—O gracious God, in Whom I live.

340.—In the hour of trial.

347.—Sinful, sighing to be blest.

349.—Out of the deep I call.

350.—Jesus, Lord of life and glory.

351.—Have mercy, Lord, on me.

354.—Lord, when we bend before Thy throne.

356.—Heal me, oh my Saviour, heal.

357.—O Jesus, Thou art standing.

359.—In the cross of Christ I glory.

620.—Onward, Christian! though the region.

384.—God, my Father, hear me pray.

528.—God the Father, God the Son. Litany.

529.—Father, hear Thy children's call. Litany.

590.—To-day Thy mercy calls us.

591.—When at Thy footstool, Lord, I bend.

604.—Thy life was given for me!

607.—Love of Jesus, all divine.

608.—Lo! the voice of Jesus.

612.—Oh, the bitter shame and sorrow.

614.—Lord Jesus, think on me.

THE CHRISTIAN YEAR—HOLY WEEK.

90

Tr. J. M. NEALE. ST. THEODULPH. 78, 68, D. M. TESCHNER.


CHORUS.




1. All glo - ry, laud, and hon - or, To Thee, Re-deem-er, King!



To Whom the lips of chil - dren Made sweet ho-san-nas ring.



2. Thou art the King of Is - rael, Thou Da-vid's roy-al Son,  
3. The com - pa - ny, etc.  
4. The peo - ple of, etc.



Who in the Lord's name com-est, The King and blessed One. A-MEN.

3 The company of angels  
Are praising Thee on high;  
And mortal men, and all things  
Created, make reply.  
All glory, etc.

5 To Thee before Thy Passion  
They sang their hymns of praise.  
To Thee, now high exalted,  
Our melody we raise.  
All glory, etc.

4 The people of the Hebrews  
With palms before Thee went:  
Our praise and prayers and anthems  
Before Thee we present.  
All glory, etc.

6 Thou didst accept their praises;  
Accept the prayers we bring,  
Who in all good delightest,  
Thou good and gracious King.  
All glory, etc.

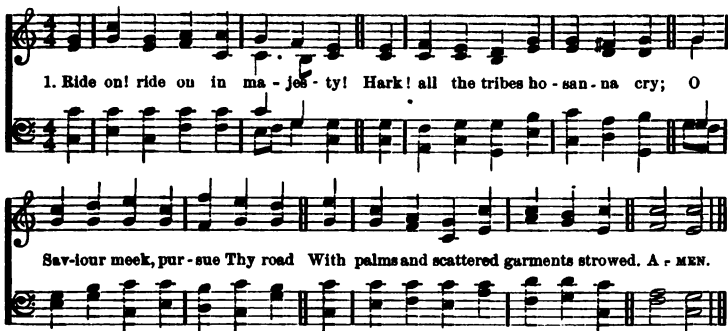
THE CHRISTIAN YEAR—HOLY WEEK.

91

H. H. MILMAN.

CRASSELLIUS. L. M.

B. CRASSELLIUS.



1. Ride on! ride on in ma - jes - ty! Hark! all the tribes ho - san - na cry; O

Sav - iour meek, pur - sue Thy road With palms and scattered garments strowed. A - MEN.

2 Ride on! ride on in majesty!  
In lowly pomp ride on to die:  
O Christ, Thy triumphs now begin  
O'er captive death and conquered sin.

4 Ride on! ride on in majesty!  
Thy last and fiercest strife is nigh;  
The Father on His sapphire throne  
Expects His own anointed Son.

3 Ride on! ride on in majesty!  
The angel armies of the sky  
Look down with sad and wondering  
eyes  
To see the approaching sacrifice.

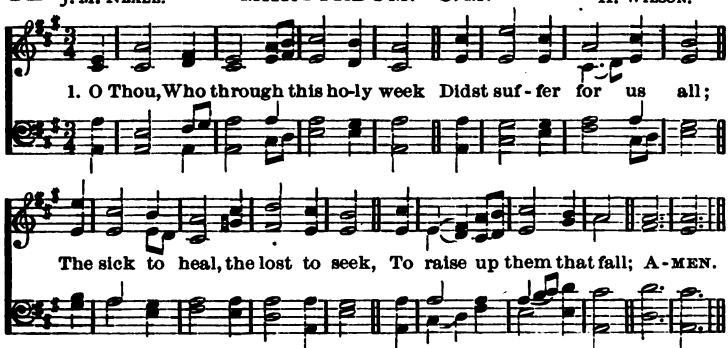
5 Ride on! ride on in majesty!  
In lowly pomp ride on to die;  
Bow Thy meek head to mortal pain,  
Then take, O God, Thy power, and  
reign.

92

J. M. NEALE.

MARTYRDOM. C. M.

H. WILSON.



1. O Thou, Who through this ho - ly week Didst suf - fer for us all;

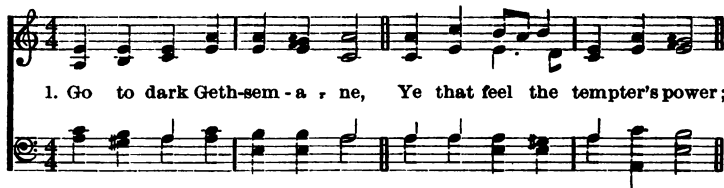
The sick to heal, the lost to seek, To raise up them that fall; A - MEN.

2 We cannot understand the woe  
Thy love was pleased to bear:  
Oh Lamb of God, we only know  
That all our hopes are there.

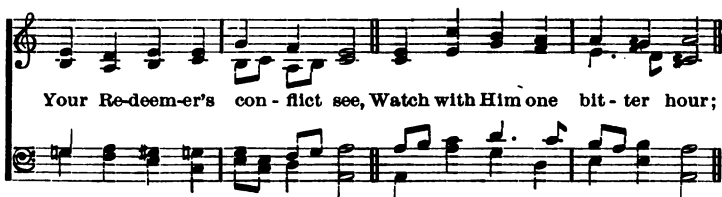
What shall we render to our God  
For all that He hath done?

3 Thy feet the path of suffering trod,  
Thy hand the victory won:

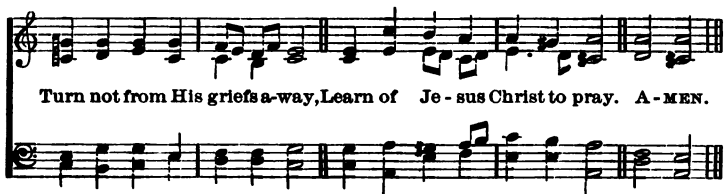
4 To God, the blessed Three in One,  
All praise and glory be:  
Crown, Lord, Thy servants who have  
The victory through Thee. [won



1. Go to dark Geth-sem-a-ne, Ye that feel the tempter's power;



Your Re-deem-er's con-flict see, Watch with Him one bit-ter hour;



Turn not from His griefs a-way, Learn of Je-sus Christ to pray. A-MEN.

2 Follow to the judgment-hall;  
View the Lord of life arraigned;  
Oh the wormwood and the gall!  
Oh the pangs His soul sustained!  
Shun not suffering, shame, or loss;  
Learn of Him to bear the cross.

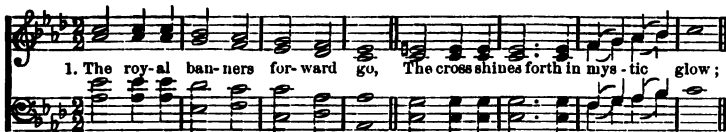
3 Calvary's mournful mountain climb;  
There, adoring at His feet,  
Mark the miracle of time,  
God's own sacrifice complete;  
"It is finished!" hear Him cry;  
Learn of Jesus Christ to die.

94

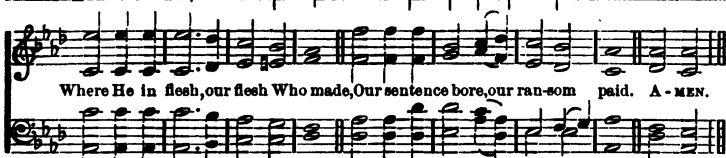
Tr. J. M. NEALE.

GROSTETE. L. M.

H. W. GREATOREX.



1. The roy-al ban-ners for-ward go, The cross shines forth in mys-tic glow;



Where He in flesh, our flesh Who made, Our sentence bore, our ran-som paid. A - MEN.

- 2 There whilst He hung, His sacred side  
By soldiers' spear was opened wide,  
To cleanse us in the precious flood  
Of water mingled with His blood.
- 3 Fulfilled is now what David told  
In true prophetic song of old,  
How God the heathen's King  
should be;  
For God is reigning from the tree.
- 4 O tree of glory, tree most fair,  
Ordained those holy limbs to bear,
- How bright in purple robe it stood,  
The purple of a Saviour's blood!
- 5 Upon its arms, like balance true,  
He weighed the price for sinners due.  
The price which none but He could  
And spoiled the spoiler of his prey.
- 6 To Thee, eternal Three in One,  
Let homage meet by all be done:  
As by the cross Thou dost restore,  
So rule and guide us evermore.

95

W. W. How.

WAREHAM. L. M.

W. KNAPP.



1. Lord Je - sus! when we stand a - far, And gaze up - on Thy ho - ly cross,



In love of Thee, and scorn of self, Oh, may we count the world as loss! A - MEN.

- 2 When we behold Thy bleeding wounds, (trod,  
And the rough way that Thou hast  
Make us to hate the load of sin  
That lay so heavy on our God.
- 3 O holy Lord, uplifted high, [woe  
With outstretched arms, in mortal
- Embracing in Thy wondrous love  
The sinful world that lies below;
- 4 Give us an ever-living faith  
To gaze beyond the things we  
see:  
And in the mystery of Thy death  
Draw us and all men unto Thee.



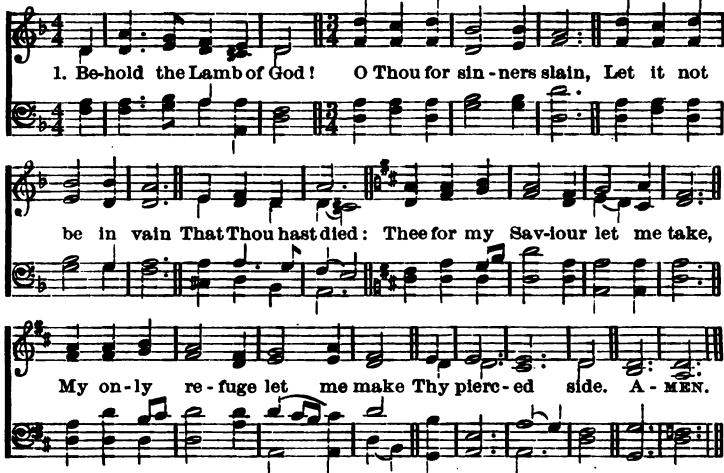
THE CHRISTIAN YEAR—HOLY WEEK.

96

M. BRIDGES.

BRIDGES. 6s, 4, 8s, 4.

J. B. DYKES.



1. Be-hold the Lamb of God! O Thou for sin-ners slain, Let it not  
be in vain That Thou hast died: Thee for my Sav-iour let me take,  
My on-ly re-fuge let me make Thy pierc-ed side. A - MEN.

2 Behold the Lamb of God!  
Into the sacred flood  
Of Thy most precious blood  
My soul I cast:

Wash me and make me clean  
within,  
And keep me pure from every sin,  
Till life be past.

3 Behold the Lamb of God!  
All hail, incarnate Word,  
Thou everlasting Lord,

Saviour most blest;  
Fill us with love that never faints,  
Grant us with all Thy blessed saints,  
Eternal rest.

4 Behold the Lamb of God!  
Worthy is He alone,  
That sitteth on the throne  
Of God above;  
One with the Ancient of all days,  
One with the Comforter in praise,  
All light and love.

97

R. MANT.

MANT. 7s.

R. REDHEAD.



A - MEN.

1 See the destined day arise!  
See a willing sacrifice!  
Jesus, to redeem our loss,  
Hangs upon the shameful cross.

2 Jesu, who but Thou had borne,  
Lifted on that tree of scorn  
Every pang and bitter throe,  
Finishing Thy life of woe?

3 Who but Thou had dared to drain  
Steeped in gall the cup of pain,

And with tender body bear  
Thorns, and nails, and piercing spear?

4 Thence the cleansing water flowed,  
Mingled from Thy side with blood;  
Sign to all attesting eyes  
Of the finished sacrifice.

5 Holy Jesu, grant us grace  
In that sacrifice to place  
All our trust for life renewed,  
Pardoned sin and promised good.

THE CHRISTIAN YEAR—HOLY WEEK.

98

Tr. E. CASWALL.

ORIEL. 8s, 7s. 6 lines.

W. H. MONK.

1. Sing, my tongue, the Saviour's battle, Tell His triumph far and wide;  
Tell a-loud the wondrous story Of His Body crucified;  
How up on the cross a victim, Vanquishing in death, He died. A-MEN.

2

Eating of the tree forbidden,  
Man had sunk in Satan's snare,  
When our pitying Creator  
Did this second tree prepare,  
Destined, many ages later,  
That first evil to repair.

3

So, when now at length the fullness  
Of the time foretold drew nigh,  
God the Son, the world's Creator,  
Left His Father's throne on high,  
From the Virgin's womb appearing  
Clothed in our humanity.

4

Thus did Christ to perfect manhood  
In our mortal flesh attain;  
Then of His free choice He goeth  
To a death of bitter pain;  
He, the Lamb upon the altar  
Of the cross, for us was slain.

5

Lo, with gall His thirst He quenches,  
See the thorns upon His brow;  
Nails His tender flesh are rending;  
See, His side is pierced now;  
Whence, to cleanse the whole creation,  
Streams of blood and water flow.

6


Christ, to Thee with God the Father,  
And, O Holy Ghost, to Thee,  
Hymn and chant and high thanksgiving,  
And unwearied praises be:  
Honor, glory and dominion  
And eternal victory.

THE CHRISTIAN YEAR—HOLY WEEK.


99

Tr. H. W. BAKER. **DISMISSAL.** 8s, 7s. 6 lines.

W. L. VINER.



1. Now, my soul, thy voice up - rais - ing, Tell in sweet and mourn - ful strain



How the Cru - ci - fled, en - dur - ing Grief, and wounds, and dy - ing pain,



Free - ly of His love was of - fered, Sin - less was for sinners slain. A - MEN.

- 2 Scourged with unrelenting fury,  
For the sins which we deplore,  
By His livid stripes He heals us,  
Raising us to fall no more;  
All our bruises gently soothing,  
Binding up the bleeding sore.
- 3 See! His hands and feet are fastened;  
So He makes His people free;  
Not a wound whence blood is flowing  
But a fount of grace shall be;  
Yea, the very nails which nail Him  
Nail us also to the tree.
- 4 Through His heart the spear is piercing,  
Though His foes have seen Him die;  
Blood and water thence are streaming  
In a tide of mystery;  
Water from our guilt to cleanse us,  
Blood to win us crowns on high.
- 5 Jesu, may those precious fountains  
Drink to thirsting souls afford:  
Let them be our present healing,  
And at length our great reward;  
So a ransomed world shall ever  
Praise Thee, its redeeming Lord.

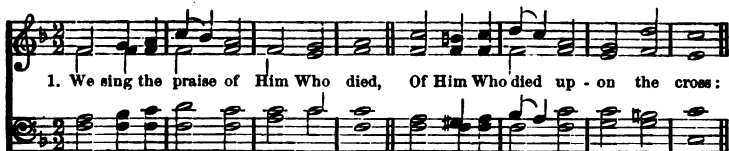
THE CHRISTIAN YEAR—HOLY WEEK.

100

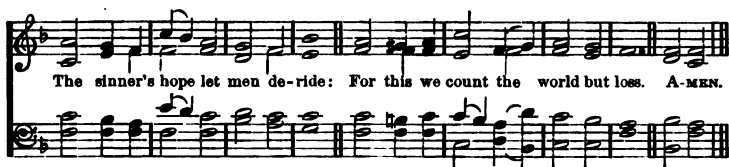
T. KELLY.

HUMILITY. L. M.

S. P. TUCKERMAN.



1. We sing the praise of Him Who died, Of Him Who died up - on the cross:



The sinner's hope let men de-ride: For this we count the world but loss. A-MEN.

2 Inscribed upon the cross we see  
In shining letters, God is love:  
He bears our sins upon the tree:  
He brings us mercy from above.

4 It makes the coward spirit brave,  
And nerves the feeble arm for fight;  
It takes its terror from the grave,  
And gilds the bed of death with light.

3 The cross—it takes our guilt away;  
It holds the fainting spirit up;  
It cheers with hope the gloomy day,  
And sweetens every bitter cup.

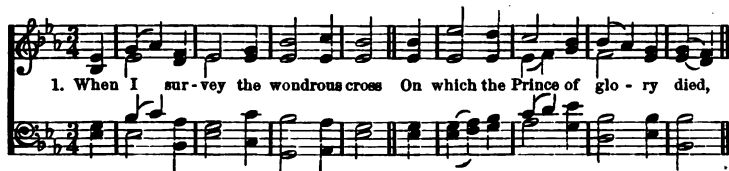
5 The balm of life, the cure of woe,  
The measure and the pledge of love,  
The sinner's refuge here below,  
The angels' theme in heaven above.

101

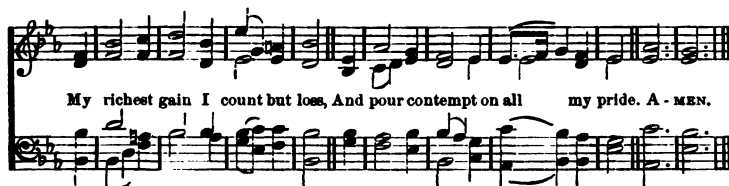
I. WATTS.

ROCKINGHAM. L. M.

E. MILLER.



1. When I sur-vey the wondrous cross On which the Prince of glo - ry died,



My richest gain I count but loss, And pour contempt on all my pride. A - MEN.

2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,  
Save in the cross of Christ, my God:  
All the vain things that charm me  
most,  
I sacrifice them to His blood.

3 See, from His head, His hands, His  
feet,  
Sorrow and love flow mingled down!  
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet?  
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,  
That were a tribute far too small;  
Love so amazing, so divine,  
Demands my soul, my life, my all.


THE CHRISTIAN YEAR—HOLY WEEK.

102

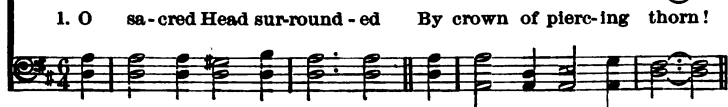

Tr. H. W. BAKER.

THALBERG. 78, 6s. D.

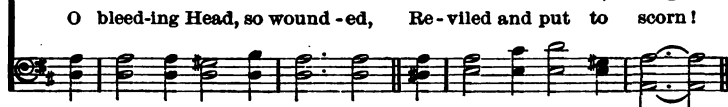

S. THALBERG.



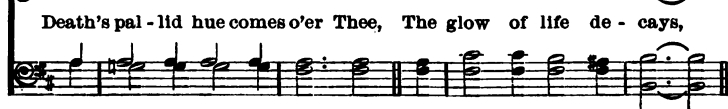

1. O sa-cred Head sur-round - ed By crown of pierc-ing thorn!

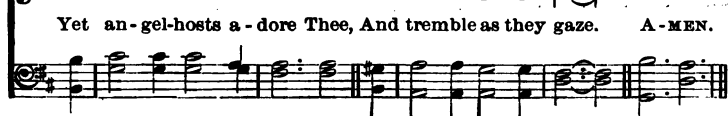
O bleed-ing Head, so wound - ed, Re-viled and put to scorn!

Death's pal - lid hue comes o'er Thee, The glow of life de - cays,

Yet an-gel-hosts a - dore Thee, And tremble as they gaze. A - MEN.



2 I see Thy strength and vigor,  
All fading in the strife,  
And death with cruel rigor,  
Bereaving Thee of life;  
O agony and dying!  
O love to sinners free!  
Jesu, all grace supplying,  
Oh, turn Thy face on me.

3 In this, Thy bitter Passion,  
Good Shepherd, think of me,  
With Thy most sweet compassion,  
Unworthy though I be:

Beneath Thy cross abiding  
Forever would I rest,  
In Thy dear love confiding,  
And with Thy presence blest.

4 Be near when I am dying;  
Oh, show Thy cross to me:  
And to my succor flying,  
Come, Lord, and set me free.  
These eyes, new faith receiving,  
From Jesus shall not move;  
For he, who dies believing,  
Dies safely through Thy love.

THE CHRISTIAN YEAR—HOLY WEEK.

108

STABAT MATER. 8, 8, 7. D.

Tr. MANT & CASWALL.

J. B. DYKES.



1. At the cross her sta-tion keep-ing Stood the mourn-ful moth-er weep-ing,  
Where He hung, the dy-ing Lord; For her soul of joy be-reav-ed, Bowed with  
an-guish deep-ly griev-ed, Felt the sharp and pierc-ing sword. A-MEN.

- 2 Oh, how sad and sore distressed  
Now was she, that mother blessed  
Of the sole-begotten One;  
Deep the woe of her affliction,  
When she saw the crucifixion  
Of her ever-glorious Son.
- 3 Who, on Christ's dear mother gazing,  
Pierced by anguish so amazing,  
Born of woman, would not weep?  
Who, on Christ's dear mother thinking,  
Such a cup of sorrow drinking,  
Would not share her sorrows deep?
- 4 For His people's sins chastised,  
She beheld her Son despised,  
Scourged, and crowned with thorns entwined;  
Saw Him then from judgment taken,  
And in death by all forsaken,  
Till His spirit He resigned.
- 5 Jesu, may her deep devotion  
Stir in me the same emotion,  
Fount of love, Redeemer kind;  
That my heart fresh ardor gaining,  
And a purer love attaining,  
May with Thee acceptance find.

Digitized by Google

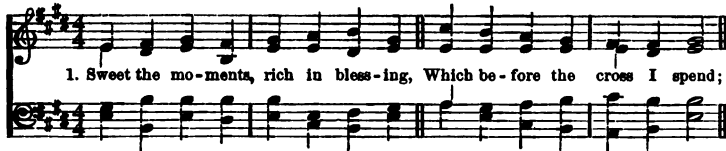
THE CHRISTIAN YEAR—HOLY WEEK.

104

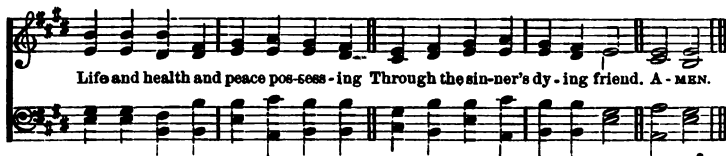
W. SHIRLEY.

BATTY. 8s, 7s.

Gnadauer Choralbuch.



1. Sweet the mo-ments, rich in bless-ing, Which be-fore the cross I spend;



Life and health and peace pos-sess-ing Through the sin-ner's dy-ing friend. A - MEN.

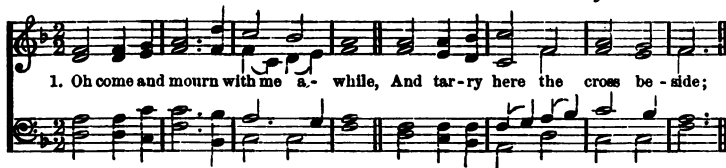
- 2 Here I kneel in wonder, viewing  
Mercy poured in streams of blood;  
Precious drops, for pardon suing,  
Make and plead my peace with God.
- 3 Truly blessed is the station,  
Low before His cross to lie,  
While I see divine compassion  
Pleading in His dying eye.
- 4 Here I find my hope of heaven,  
While upon the Lamb I gaze;
- 5 Lord, in loving contemplation  
Fix my heart and eyes on Thee,  
Till I taste Thy full salvation,  
And Thine unveiled glories see.
- 6 For Thy sorrows I adore Thee,  
For the gifts that wrought our peace;  
Gracious Saviour, I implore Thee,  
In my heart Thy love increase.

105

F. W. FABER.

ST. CROSS. L. M.

J. B. DYKES.



1. Oh come and mourn with me a- while, And tar-ry here the cross be- side;



Oh come, to-gether let us mourn; Je-sus, our Lord, is cru-ci-fied. A - MEN.

- 2 Have we no tears to shed for Him,  
While soldiers scoff and Jews de-  
ride?  
Ah! look how patiently He hangs;  
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.
- 3 Seven times He spake, seven words  
of love;  
And all three hours His silence cried  
For mercy on the souls of men;  
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.
- 4 O love of God! O sin of man!  
In this dread act your strength is tried;  
And victory remains with love;  
For Thou, our Lord, art crucified!

THE CHRISTIAN YEAR—HOLY WEEK.

106

THE STORY OF THE CROSS.

E. MONRO.  
*Voices in unison.*

I. THE QUESTION.

A. REDHEAD.



1 In His own raiment clad,  
With His blood dyed;  
Women walk sorrowing  
By His side.

- 3 See! they are travelling  
On the same road;  
Simon is sharing with  
Him the load.]

2 [Heavy that cross to Him,  
Weary the weight;  
One who will help Him waits  
At the gate.

4 Oh, whither wandering,  
Bear they that tree?  
He Who first carries it,  
Who is He?

II. THE ANSWER.

A. REDHEAD.



5 Follow to Calvary;  
Tread where He trod,  
He Who forever was  
Son of God.

7 As the swift moments fly  
Through the blest week,  
Read the great story the  
Cross will teach.]

6 [You who would love Him stand,  
Gaze at His face:  
Tarry awhile on your  
Earthly race.

8 Is there no beauty to  
You who pass by,  
In that lone figure which  
Marks that sky?

III. THE STORY OF THE CROSS.

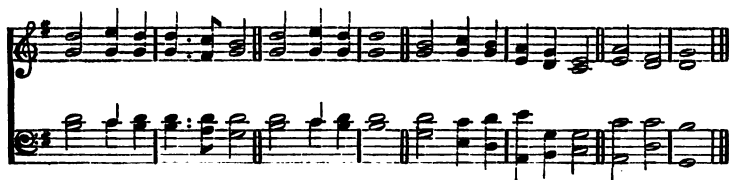
A. REDHEAD.

*Very slow, with feeling.*





THE CHRISTIAN YEAR—HOLY WEEK.



9 On the cross lifted  
Thy face we scan,  
Bearing that cross for us,  
Son of Man.

14 Loud is Thy bitter cry ;  
Sunk on Thy breast  
Hangeth Thy bleeding head  
Without rest.

10 Thorns form Thy diadem,  
Rough wood Thy throne ;  
For us Thy blood is shed,  
Us alone.

15 Loud scoffs the dying thief,  
Who mocks at Thee :  
Can it, my Saviour, be  
All for me?

11 No pillow under Thee  
To rest Thy head ;  
Only the splintered cross  
Is Thy bed.

16 Gazing, afar from Thee,  
Silent and lone,  
Stand those few weepers Thou  
Callest Thine own.

12 [Nails pierced Thy hands and feet,  
Thy side the spear ;  
No voice is nigh to say  
Help is near.

17 I see Thy title, Lord,  
Inscribed above ;  
"Jesus of Nazareth,"  
King of Love.]

13 Shadows of midnight fall,  
Though it is day :  
Thy friends and kinsfolk stand  
Far away.

18 What, O my Saviour,  
Here didst Thou see,  
Which made Thee suffer and  
Die for me?

IV. THE APPEAL FROM THE CROSS.

A. REDHEAD.



THE CHRISTIAN YEAR—HOLY WEEK.

19 Child of My grief and pain, Watched by My love; I came to call thee to Realms above.	21 For thee My blood I shed, For thee alone; I came to purchase thee, For Mine own.
--	--

20 I saw thee wandering Far off from Me: In love I seek for thee; Do not flee.	22 Weep thou not for My grief, Child of My love; Strive to be with Me in Heaven above.]
---	--

V. OUR CRY TO JESUS.

A. REDHEAD.



23 Oh, I will follow Thee, Star of my soul, Through the deep shades of life To the goal.	25 Lord, if Thou only wilt, Make us Thine own, Give no companion, save Thee alone.
24 Yea, let Thy cross be borne Each day by me; Mind not how heavy, if But with Thee.	26 Grant through each day of life To stand by Thee; With Thee, when morning breaks Ever to be.

The hymn can be shortened by omitting the bracketed verses.

Also the following:

360.—O Jesu, Lord most merciful.  
361.—Christ, the Life of all the living.  
362.—Glory be to Jesus.  
364.—O Jesu, we adore Thee.

365.—Hail, Thou once despised Jesus.  
530.—Jesus, in Thy dying woes.  
544.—There is a green hill far away.

# The Christian Year.—Easter Even.

107

REDHEAD No. 76. 7s, 6 lines.

F. WHYTEHEAD.

R. REDHEAD.

1. Rest-ing from His work to-day, In the tomb the Sav-our lay;  
Still He slept, from head to feet Shrouded in the wind-ing sheet,  
Ly-ing in the rock a-lone, Hid-den by the seal-ed stone. A-MEN.

- 2 Late at even there was seen  
Watching long the Magdalene;  
Early, ere the break of day,  
Sorrowful she took her way  
To the holy garden glade,  
Where her buried Lord was laid.
- 3 So with Thee, till life shall end,  
I would solemn vigil spend:  
Let me hew Thee, Lord, a shrine  
In this rocky heart of mine,  
Where in pure embalmèd cell  
None but Thou may ever dwell.
- 4 Myrrh and spices will I bring,  
True affection's offering;  
Close the door from sight and sound  
Of the busy world around;  
And in patient watch remain  
Till my Lord appear again.

THE CHRISTIAN YEAR—EASTEREVEN.

108

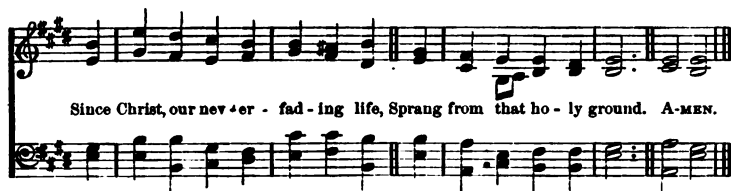
C. WORDSWORTH.

DUNDEE. C. M.

Este's Psalter.



1. The grave it - self a gar - den is, Where love - liest flowers a - bound ;



Since Christ, our nev - er - fad - ing life, Sprang from that ho - ly ground. A-MEN.

2 Oh, give us grace to die to sin,  
That we, O Lord, may have  
A holy, happy rest in Thee,  
A Sabbath in the grave.

4 Baptized into Thy death we died,  
And buried were with Thee,  
That we might live with Thee to  
And ever blest might be. [God,

3 Thou, Lord, baptized in Thine own  
blood,  
And buried in the grave,  
Didst raise Thyself to endless life,  
Omnipotent to save.

5 Lord, through the grave and gate  
of death  
May we, with Thee, arise  
To an eternal Easter-day  
Of glory in the skies!

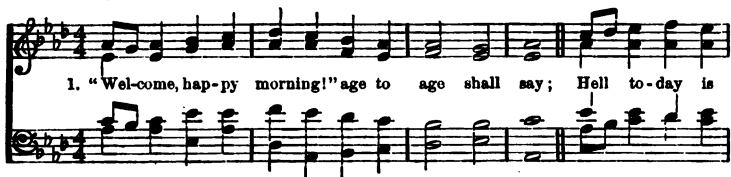
Easter-tide.

109

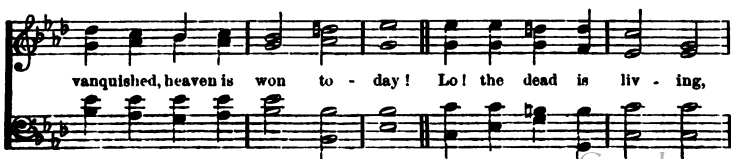
Tr. J. ELLERTON.

SULLIVAN. IIS.

A. S. SULLIVAN.



1. "Wel-come, hap-py morning!" age to age shall say; Hell to-day is



vanquished, heaven is won to - day! Lo! the dead is liv - ing,

THE CHRISTIAN YEAR—EASTERTIDE.



God for - ev - er - more! Him, their true Cre - a - tor, all His  
works a - dore! "Welcome, happy morning!" age to age shall say. AMEN.

- 2 Earth her joy confesses, clothing her for spring,  
All fresh gifts returned with her returning King:  
Bloom in every meadow, leaves on every bough,  
Speak His sorrow ended, hail His triumph now.  
Hell to-day is vanquished, heaven is won to-day.
- 3 Months in due succession, days of lengthening light,  
Hours and passing moments praise Thee in their flight;  
Brightness of the morning, sky and fields and sea,  
Vanquisher of darkness, bring their praise to Thee!  
"Welcome, happy morning!" age to age shall say.
- 4 Maker and Redeemer, life and health of all,  
Thou from heaven beholding human nature's fall,  
Of the Father's Godhead true and only Son,  
Manhood to deliver, manhood didst put on.  
Hell to-day is vanquished, heaven is won to-day.
- 5 Thou, of life the author, death didst undergo,  
Tread the path of darkness, saving strength to show;  
Come then, True and Faithful, now fulfill Thy word;  
'Tis Thine own third morning: rise O buried Lord!  
"Welcome, happy morning!" age to age shall say.
- 6 Loose the souls long prisoned, bound with Satan's chain;  
All that now is fallen raise to life again;  
Show Thy face in brightness, bid the nations see;  
Bring again our daylight: day returns with Thee!  
Hell to-day is vanquished, heaven is won to-day!

Both the first and second lines of verse 1 may be sung as a refrain after each verse, if desired.

110

Tr. J. M. NEALE.

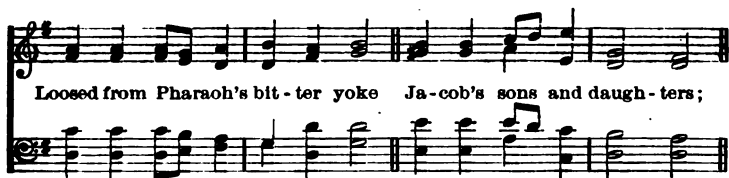
ST. KEVIN. 7s, 6s. D.

A. S. SULLIVAN.

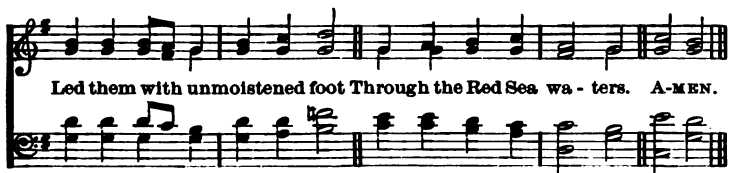


1. Come, ye faith - ful, raise the strain Of tri - umphant glad - ness;  
God hath brought His Is - ra - el In - to joy from sad - ness;

THE CHRISTIAN YEAR—EASTERTIDE.



Loosed from Pharaoh's bit - ter yoke Ja - cob's sons and daugh - ters;



Led them with unmoistened foot Through the Red Sea wa - ters. A-MEN.

2 'Tis the spring of souls to-day;  
Christ hath burst His prison,  
And from three days, sleep in death  
As a sun hath risen;  
All the winter of our sins,  
Long and dark, is flying  
From His light, to Whom we give  
Laud and praise undying.

3 Now the Queen of seasons, bright  
With the day of splendor,  
With the royal feast of feasts,  
Comes its joy to render;

Comes to glad Jerusalem,  
Who with true affection  
Welcomes in unwearied strains  
Jesus' resurrection.

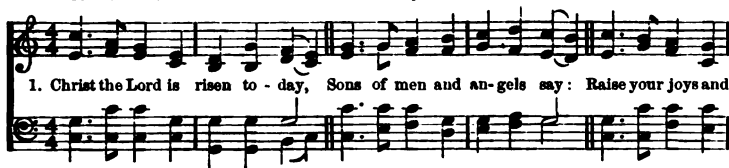
4 Neither might the gates of death,  
Nor the tomb's dark portal,  
Nor the watchers, nor the seal,  
Hold Thee as a mortal:  
But to-day amidst Thine own  
Thou didst stand, bestowing  
That Thy peace which evermore  
Passeth human knowing.

111

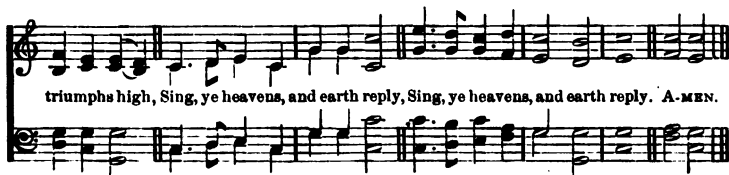
C. WESLEY.

ESSEX. 78.

T. CLARK.



1. Christ the Lord is risen to - day, Sons of men and an - gels say: Raise your joys and



triumphs high, Sing, ye heavens, and earth reply, Sing, ye heavens, and earth reply. A-MEN.

2 Love's redeeming work is done,  
Fought the fight, the victory won:  
Jesus' agony is o'er,  
Darkness vells the earth no more.

3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal,  
Christ hath burst the gates of hell;

Death in vain forbids Him rise,  
Christ hath opened Paradise.

4 Soar we now where Christ hath led,  
Following our exalted Head;  
Made like Him, like Him we rise;  
Ours the cross, the grave, the skie

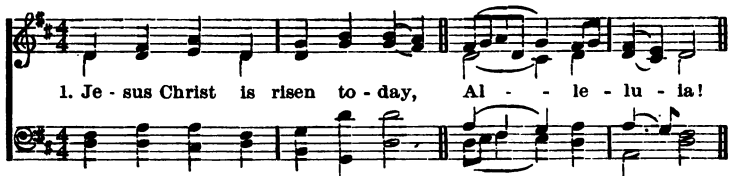
THE CHRISTIAN YEAR—EASTERTIDE.

112

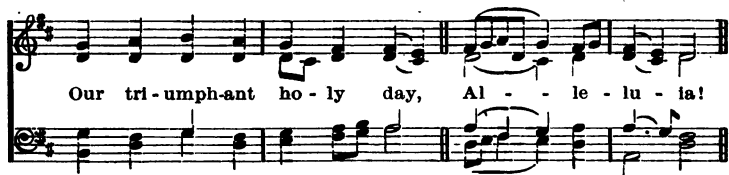
WORGAN'S. 78. With Alleluias.

TATE & BRADY.

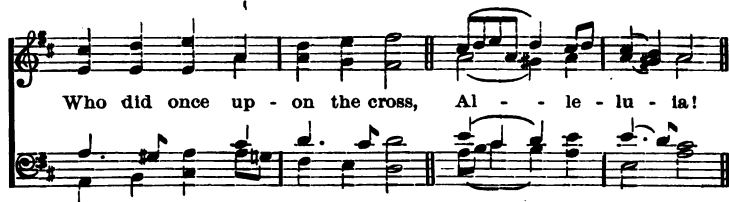
LYRA DAVIDICA 1708.



1. Je - sus Christ is risen to - day, Al - - le - lu - ia!



Our tri - umphant ho - ly day, Al - - le - lu - ia!



Who did once up - on the cross, Al - - le - lu - ia!



Suf - fer to re - deem our loss. Al - - le - lu - ia! A-MEN.

2 Hymns of praise then let us sing  
Unto Christ, our heavenly King,  
Who endured the cross and grave,  
Sinners to redeem and save.  
Alleluia!

3 But the pains which He endured,  
Our salvation have procured;  
Now above the sky He's King,  
Where the angels ever sing,  
Alleluia!

4 Sing we to our God above  
Praise eternal as His love;  
Praise Him, all ye heavenly host,  
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost;  
Alleluia!

THE CHRISTIAN YEAR—EASTERTIDE.

118


A. T. GURNEY.

RESURREXIT. P.M.



A. S. SULLIVAN.



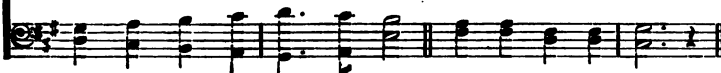

1. Christ is ris - en! Christ is ris - en! He hath burst His bonds in twain;



Christ is ris - en! Christ is ris - en! Al - le - lu - ia! swell the strain!


For our gain He suf - fer'd loss By di - vine de - cree.

He hath died up - on the cross, But our God is He.

Christ is ris - en! Christ is ris - en! He hath burst His bonds in twain;





THE CHRISTIAN YEAR—EASTERTIDE.



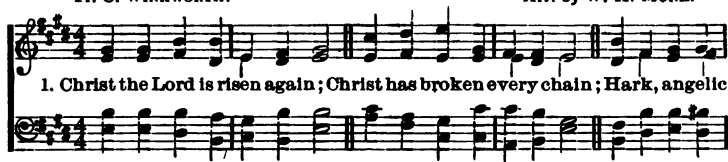
- 2 See, the chains of death are broken;  
Earth below and heaven above  
Joy in each amazing token  
Of His rising, Lord of love;  
He for evermore shall reign  
By the Father's side,  
Till He comes to earth again,  
Comes to claim His bride.  
Christ is risen! Christ is risen!  
He hath burst His bonds in twain;  
Christ is risen! Christ is risen!  
Alleluia! swell the strain!
- 3 Glorious angels downward thronging  
Hail the Lord of all the skies;  
Heaven, with joy and holy longing  
For the Word incarnate, cries,  
"Christ is risen! Earth, rejoice!  
Gleam, ye starry train!  
All creation, find a voice:  
He o'er all shall reign."  
Christ is risen! Christ is risen!  
He hath burst His bonds in twain!  
Christ is risen! Christ is risen!  
O'er the universe to reign.

114

WIRTEMBERG. 78. With Alleluia.

Tr. C. WINKWORTH.

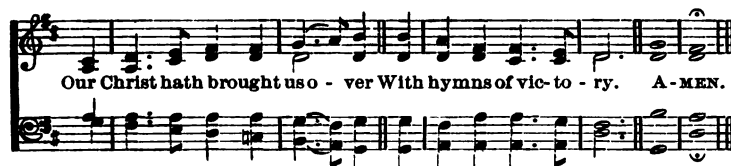
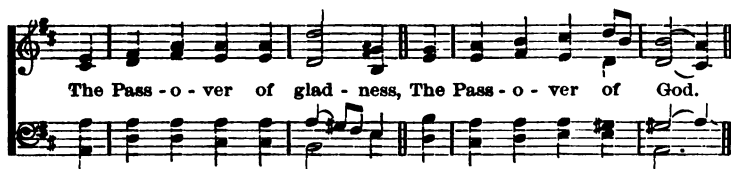
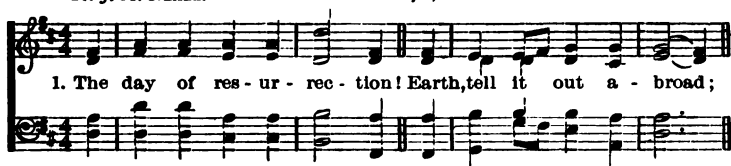
Arr. by W. H. MONK.



- 2 He Who gave for us His life,  
Who for us endured the strife,  
Is our Paschal Lamb to-day;  
We too sing for joy, and say  
Alleluia!
- 3 He Who bore all pain and loss  
Comfortless upon the cross,  
Lives in glory now on high,  
Pleads for us and hears our cry;  
Alleluia!
- 4 He Who slumbered in the grave  
Is exalted now to save;  
Now through Christendom it rings  
That the Lamb is King of kings.  
Alleluia!
- 5 Now He bids us tell abroad  
How the lost may be restored,  
How the penitent forgiven,  
How we too may enter heaven.  
Alleluia!
- 6 Thou, our Paschal Lamb indeed,  
Christ, Thy ransomed people feed:  
Take our sins and guilt away,  
Let us sing, by night and day,  
Alleluia!

115

Tr. J. M. NEALE. LAUSANNE. 78, 68. D.



2 Our hearts be pure from evil,  
That we may see aright  
The Lord in rays eternal  
Of resurrection-light;  
And, listening to His accents,  
May hear so calm and plain  
His own "All hail," and hearing,  
May raise the victor strain.

3 Now let the heavens be joyful,  
Let earth her song begin,  
The round world keep high triumph,  
And all that is therein;  
Let all things seen and unseen  
Their notes together blend,  
For Christ the Lord is risen,  
Our joy that hath no end.

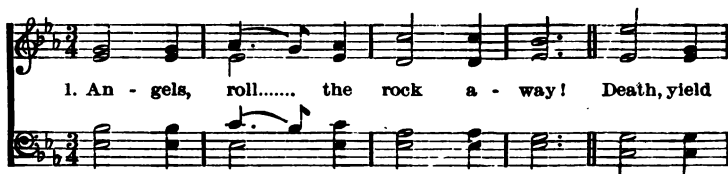
THE CHRISTIAN YEAR—EASTERTIDE.

116

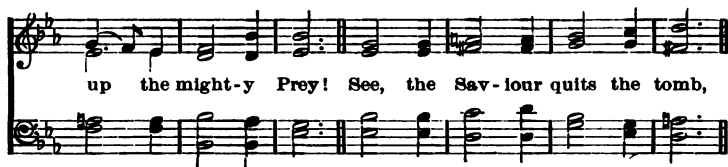
SCOTT & GIBBONS.

ARIMATHEA. 78, 4, 7.

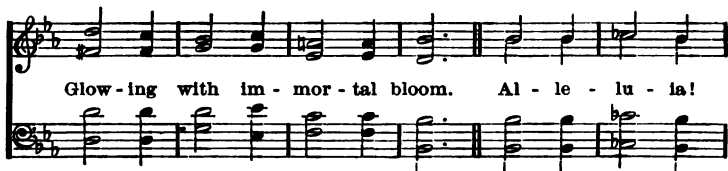
C. F. ROPER.



1. An - gels, roll..... the rock a - way! Death, yield



up the might-y Prey! See, the Sav-iour quits the tomb,



Glow-ing with im-mor-tal bloom. Al-le-lu-ia!



al-le-lu-ia! Christ the Lord is risen to-day. A-MEN.

2 Shout, ye seraphs; angels, raise  
Your eternal song of praise;  
Let the earth's remotest bound  
Echo to the blissful sound.  
Alleluia! alleluia!  
Christ the Lord is risen to-day.

3 Holy Father, Holy Son,  
Holy Spirit, Three in One,  
Glory as of old to Thee,  
Now and evermore, shall be.  
Alleluia! alleluia!  
Christ the Lord is risen to-day.

117

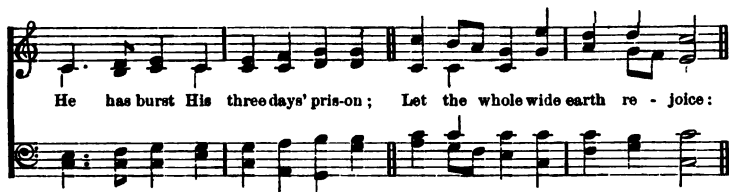
UNSER HERRSCHER. 8s, 7s, 7, 7.

C. F. ALEXANDER.

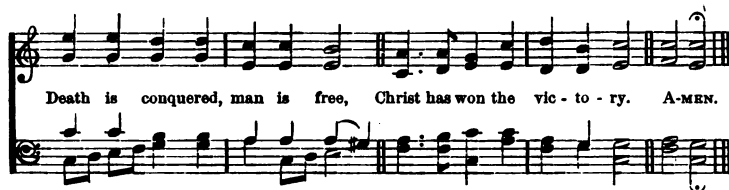
Arr. by W. H. MONK.



1. He is ris - en, He is ris - en; Tell it out with joy - ful voice:



He has burst His threedays' pris-on; Let the whole wide earth re - joice:



Death is conquered, man is free, Christ has won the vic - to - ry. A-MEN.

2 Come, ye sad and fearful-hearted,  
With glad smile and radiant brow:  
Lent's long shadows have departed;  
All His woes are over now,  
And the passion that He bore:  
Sin and pain can vex no more.

3 Come, with high and holy hymning,  
Chant our Lord's triumphant lay;  
Not one dark some cloud is dimming

Yonder glorious morning ray,  
Breaking o'er the purple East,  
Symbol of our Easter feast.

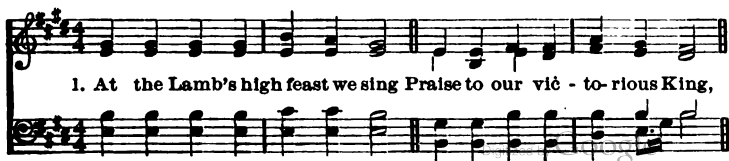
4 He is risen, He is risen;  
He hath opened heaven's gate:  
We are free from sin's dark prison,  
Risen to a holier state;  
And a brighter Easter beam  
On our longing eyes shall stream.

118

Tr. R. CAMPBELL.

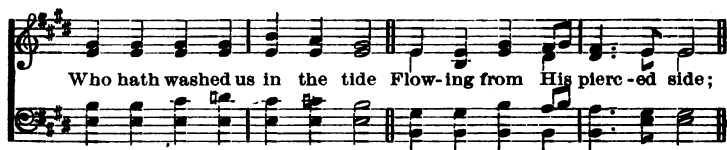
BLUMENTHAL. 7s. D.

J. BLUMENTHAL.

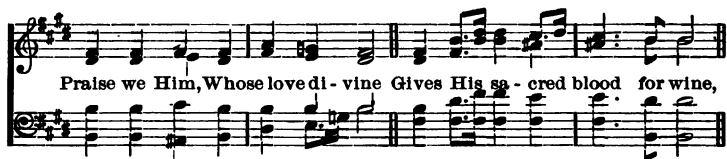


1. At the Lamb's high feast we sing Praise to our vic - to - rious King,

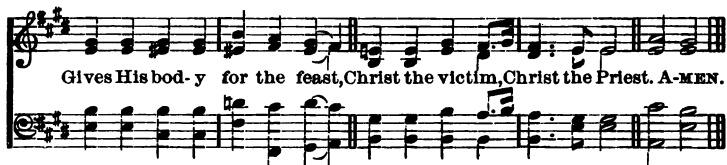
THE CHRISTIAN YEAR—EASTERTIDE.



Who hath washed us in the tide Flow-ing from His pierc-ed side;



Praise we Him, Whose love di-vine Gives His sa-cred blood for wine,



Gives His bod-y for the feast, Christ the victim, Christ the Priest. A-MEN.

2

Where the Paschal blood is poured,  
Death's dark angel sheathes his sword;  
Israel's hosts triumphant go  
Through the wave that drowns the foe.  
Praise we Christ, Whose blood was  
Paschal victim, Paschal bread; [shed,  
With sincerity and love  
Eat we manna from above.

3

Mighty victim from the sky,  
Hell's fierce powers beneath Thee lie;  
Thou hast conquered in the fight,  
Thou hast brought us life and light:  
Now no more can death appal,  
Now no more the grave enthrall;  
Thou hast opened Paradise,  
And in Thee Thy saints shall rise.

4

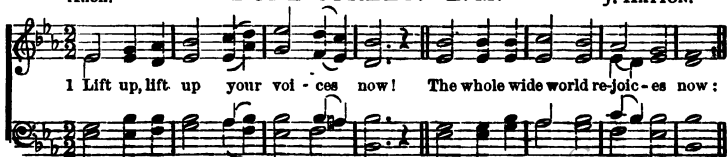
Easter triumph, Easter joy,  
Sin alone can this destroy;  
From sin's power do Thou set free  
Souls new-born, O Lord, in Thee.  
Hymns of glory and of praise,  
Risen Lord, to Thee we raise;  
Holy Father, praise to Thee,  
With the Spirit, ever be.

119

Anon.

DUKE STREET. L. M.

J. HATTON.



1 Lift up, lift up your voi - ces now! The whole wide world re-joic-es now:

THE CHRISTIAN YEAR—EASTERTIDE.



The Lord hath triumphed glorious-ly, The Lord shall reign vic-to-rious - ly. A-MEN.

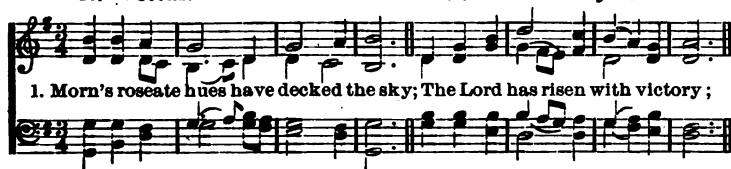
- 2 In vain with stone the cave they barred; [guard;  
In vain the watch kept ward and  
Majestic from the spoilt tomb,  
In pomp of triumph Christ is come!
- 3 He binds in chains the ancient foe;  
A countless host He frees from woe,  
And heaven's high portal open  
flies, [rise.  
For Christ has risen, and man shall
- 4 And all He did, and all He bare,  
He gives us as our own to share;
- And hope and joy and peace begin,  
For Christ has won, and man shall win.
- 5 O Victor, aid us in the fight,  
And lead through death to realms  
of light; [trod;  
We safely pass where Thou hast  
In Thee we die to rise to God.
- 6 Thy flock, from sin and death set  
Glad Alleluias raise to Thee; [free,  
And ever with the heavenly host  
Praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

120

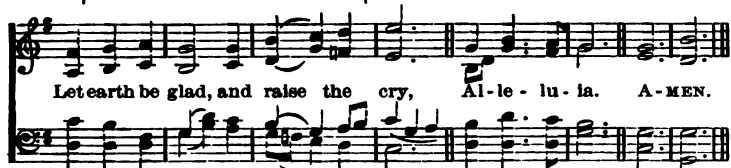
Tr. W. COOKE.

ELLIOTT. 8s, 4.

J. B. DYKES.



1. Morn's roseate hues have decked the sky; The Lord has risen with victory;



Let earth be glad, and raise the cry, Al-le-lu-lu-lu. A-MEN.

- 2 The Prince of Life with death has striven, [given,  
To cleanse the earth His blood has  
Has rent the veil, and opened heaven:  
Alleluia.
- 3 And He, the wheat-corn, sown in earth,  
Has given a glorious harvest birth:  
Rejoice, and sing with holy mirth  
Alleluia.
- 4 Our bodies, mouldering to decay,  
Are sown to rise to heavenly day;  
For He by rising burst the way:  
Alleluia.
- 5 And he, dear Lord, that with Thee dies,  
And fleshly passions crucifies,  
In body, like to Thine, shall rise:  
Alleluia.
- 6 Oh grant us, then, with Thee to die,  
To spurn earth's fleeting vanity,  
And love the things above the sky:  
Alleluia.
- 7 Oh, praise the Father and the Son,  
Who has for us the triumph won,  
And Holy Ghost,—the Three in One:  
Alleluia.

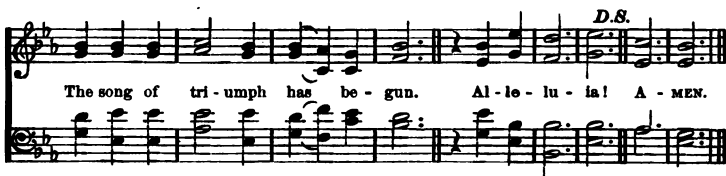
THE CHRISTIAN YEAR—EASTERTIDE:

121

Tr. F. POTT. VICTORY. 3-8s. With Alleluia. G. PALESTRINA.



1. The strife is o'er, the bat - tle done; The vic - to - ry of life is won;
2. The pow - ers, etc.



- 2 The powers of death have done their worst,  
But Christ their legions hath dispersed;  
Let shout of holy joy outburst.

Alleluia!

- 3 The three sad days are quickly sped;  
He rises glorious from the dead:  
All glory to our risen Head!

Alleluia!

- 4 He closed the yawning gates of hell;  
The bars from heaven's high portals fell;  
Let hymns of praise His triumphs tell!

Alleluia!

- 5 Lord! by the stripes which wounded Thee,  
From death's dread sting Thy servants free,  
That we may live, and sing to Thee.

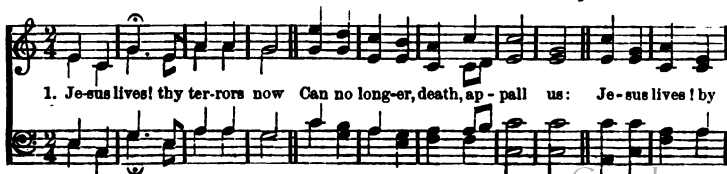
Alleluia!

122

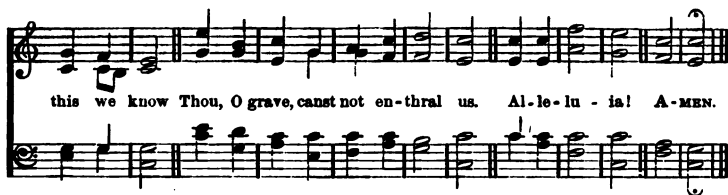
ST. ALBINUS. 7s, 8s. With Alleluia.

C. F. GELLERT.

H. J. GAUNTLETT.



THE CHRISTIAN YEAR—EASTERTIDE.



this we know Thou, O grave, canst not en-thral us. Al-le-lu - ia! A-MEN.

2 Jesus lives: henceforth is death  
But the gate of life immortal;  
This shall calm our trembling  
breath,  
When we pass its gloomy portal.  
Alleluia!

4 Jesus lives: our hearts know well  
Naught from us His love shall  
sever;  
Life, nor death, nor powers of hell  
Tear us from His keeping ever.  
Alleluia!

3 Jesus lives: for us He died:  
Then, alone to Jesus living,  
Pure in heart may we abide,  
Glory to our Saviour giving.  
Alleluia!

5 Jesus lives: to Him the throne  
Over all the world is given:  
May we go where He has gone,  
Rest and reign with Him in heav-  
en. Alleluia!

123

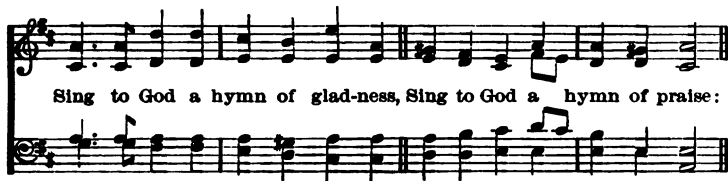
C. WORDSWORTH.

LUX EOI. 8s, 7s. D.

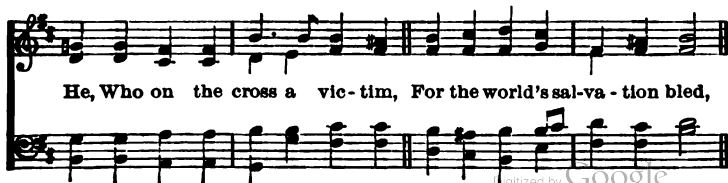
A. S. SULLIVAN.



1. Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Hearts and voic-es heav'nward raise;



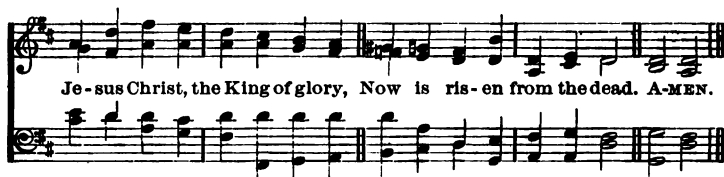
Sing to God a hymn of glad-ness, Sing to God a hymn of praise:



He, Who on the cross a vic-tim, For the world's sal-va-tion bled,



THE CHRISTIAN YEAR—EASTERTIDE.



Je-sus Christ, the King of glory, Now is ris-en from the dead. A-MEN.

2 Now the iron bars are broken,  
Christ from death to life is born,  
Glorious life, and life immortal,  
On this holy Easter morn:  
Christ has triumphed, and we conquer

By His mighty enterprise,  
We with Him to life eternal  
By His resurrection rise.

3 Christ is risen, Christ, the first-fruits  
Of the holy harvest-field,  
Which will all its full abundance  
At His second coming yield:  
Then the golden ears of harvest  
Will their heads before Him wave,  
Ripened by His glorious sunshine  
From the furrows of the grave.

4 Christ is risen, we are risen!  
Shed upon us heavenly grace,  
Rain and dew and gleams of glory  
From the brightness of Thy face:  
That, with hearts in heaven dwelling,

We on earth may fruitful be,  
And by angel-hands be gathered,  
And be ever, Lord, with Thee.

5 Alleluia! Alleluia!  
Glory be to God on high;  
Alleluia to the Saviour  
Who has won the victory;  
Alleluia to the Spirit,  
Fount of love and sanctity;  
Alleluia! Alleluia!  
To the Triune Majesty.

124

W. J. IRONS.

HARWELL. 8s, 7s. D.

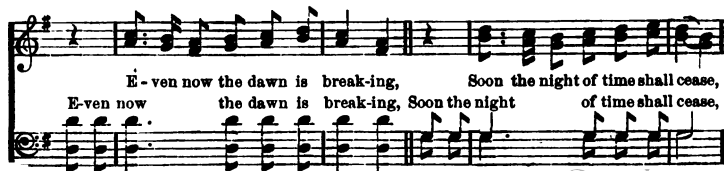
L. MASON.



1. Sing, with all the sons of glo-ry, Sing the res-ur-rec-tion-song!

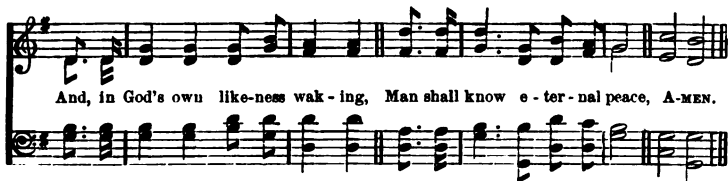


Death and sor-row, earth's dark sto-ry, To the "for-mer days" be-long.



E-ven now the dawn is break-ing, Soon the night of time shall cease,  
E-ven now the dawn is break-ing, Soon the night of time shall cease,

THE CHRISTIAN YEAR—EASTERTIDE.



And, in God's own like-ness wak-ing, Man shall know e-ter-nal peace, A-MEN.

2 Oh, what glory, far exceeding  
All that eye has yet perceived!  
Holiest hearts, for ages pleading,  
Never that full joy conceived.  
God has promised, Christ prepares  
it,  
There on high our welcome waits;  
Every humble spirit shares it;  
Christ has passed the eternal  
gates.

3 "Life eternal!" Heaven rejoices;  
Jesus lives Who once was dead;  
Join, O man, the deathless voices;  
Child of God, lift up thy head.

Patriarchs from distant ages,  
Saints all longing for their heaven,  
Prophets, psalmists, seers, and sages,  
All await the glory given.

4 "Life eternal!" Oh, what wonders  
Crowd on faith—what joy unknown,  
When, amidst earth's closing thun-  
ders,  
Saints shall stand before the throne!  
Oh! to enter that bright portal,  
See that glowing firmament,  
Know, with Thee, O God immortal,  
"Jesus Christ, Whom Thou hast  
sent!"

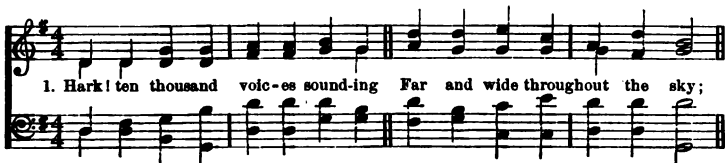
125

T. KELLY.

STUTTGART.

8s, 7s.

Arr. by H. J. GAUNTLETT.



1. Hark! ten thousand voic-es sound-ing Far and wide throughout the sky;



'Tis the voice of joy a-bound-ing, Je-sus lives, no more to die! A-MEN.

2 Jesus lives, His conflict over,  
Lives to claim His great reward;  
Angels round the Victor hover,  
Crowding to behold their Lord.

3 Yonder throne for Him erected  
Now becomes the Victor's seat;

Lo, the Man on earth rejected,  
Angels worship at His feet!

4 All the powers of heaven adore Him,  
All obey His sovereign word;  
Day and night they cry before Him,  
"Holy, Holy, Holy Lord!"

Also the following:

345.—On the resurrection morning.  
346.—To Him, Who for our sins was slain.  
347.—Jesus, our risen King.

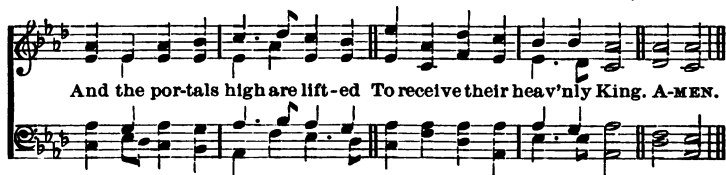
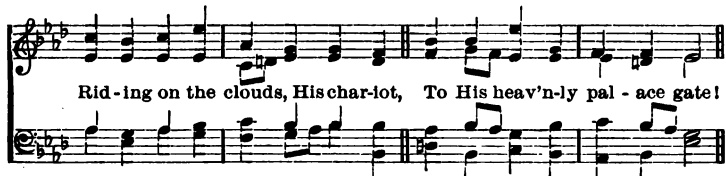
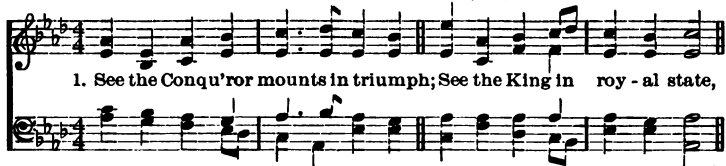
368.—Alleluia! sing to Jesus!  
448.—Come, let us sing the song of songs.  
453.—Oh God of God! Oh Light of Light!  
457.—Rejoice, the Lord is King!

126

C. WORDSWORTH.

REX GLORIAE. 8s, 7s, D.

H. SMART.



2 Who is this that comes in glory,  
With the trump of jubilee?  
Lord of battles, God of armies,  
He hath gained the victory!  
He Who on the cross did suffer,  
He Who from the grave arose,  
He has vanquished sin and Satan;  
He by death has spoiled His foes.

4 Now our heavenly Aaron enters,  
With His blood, within the veil;  
Joshua now is come to Canaan,  
And the kings before Him quail;  
Now He plants the tribes of Israel  
In their promised resting-place;  
Now our great Elijah offers  
Double portion of His grace.

3 While He raised His hands in 5  
blessing,  
He was parted from His friends;  
While their eager eyes behold Him,  
He upon the clouds ascends;  
He Who walked with God and  
pleased Him, [come,  
Preaching truth and doom to  
our Enoch, is translated,  
o His everlasting home.

Thou hast raised our human na-  
ture  
On the clouds to God's right  
hand:  
There we sit in heavenly places,  
There with Thee in glory stand.  
Jesus reigns, adored by angels;  
Man with God is on the throne;  
Mighty Lord, in Thine Ascension,  
We by faith behold our own.

THE CHRISTIAN YEAR—ASCENSIONTIDE.

127

J. H. HOPKINS.

AUSTRIA. 8s, 7s, D.

F. J. HAYDN.




1. Christ our King to heaven as-cend-eth, Past the blue sky's utmost bound:



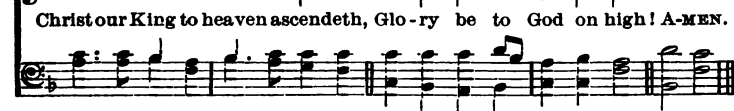

Christ our King to heaven as-cend-eth, Clouds of an-gels close Him round.




Al-le-lu-ia, al-le-lu-ia, Al-le-lu-ia, loud they cry:

Christ our King to heaven ascendeth, Glo-ry be to God on high! A-MEN.



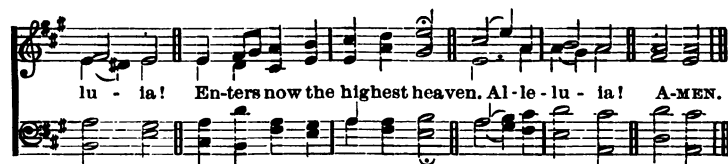
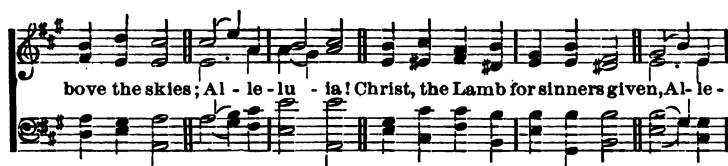
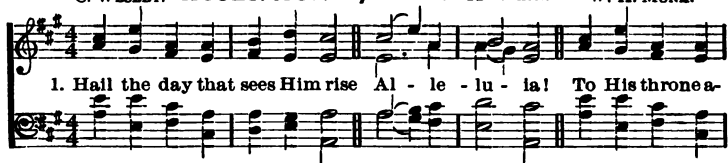
- 2 Our High-Priest to heaven ascendeth, 3 Christ our Lord to heaven ascendeth,  
 Lo! the Lamb, as it were slain! Cloven tongues of fire appear.  
 Our High-Priest to heaven ascendeth, Christ our Lord to heaven ascendeth,  
 On God's throne He lives again; Lo! the rushing wind is here!  
 Pleads His sacrifice of wonder, Mighty armies forth with banners  
 Claims the fruit of all His pain: Conquering and to conquer go:  
 Our High-Priest to heaven ascendeth, Christ our Lord to heaven ascendeth,  
 Peace on earth, good-will to men. He shall reign o'er all below.

- 4 Christ now reigns, the King of glory,  
 All His foes before Him fall;  
 Christ now reigns, the King of glory,  
 He shall triumph over all.  
 King of kings shall men behold Him,  
 Lord of lords for evermore:  
 Christ now reigns, the King of glory,  
 Bow before Him, and adore!

THE CHRISTIAN YEAR—ASCENSIONTIDE.

128

C. WESLEY. ASCENSION. 7s. With Alleluia. W. H. MONK.



2 There for Him high triumph waits;  
Lift your heads, eternal gates;  
He hath conquered death and sin;  
Take the King of glory in.

Alleluia!

Hark! His gracious lips bestow  
Blessings on His Church bestow.  
Alleluia!

3 Lo! the heaven its Lord receives,  
Yet He loves the earth He leaves;  
Though returning to His throne,  
Still He calls mankind His own.

Alleluia!

5 Still for us He intercedes,  
His prevailing death He pleads,  
Near Himself prepares our place,  
He the first-fruits of our race.

Alleluia!

4 See! He lifts His hands above;  
See! He shows the prints of love;

6 Lord, though parted from our sight  
Far above the starry height,  
Grant our hearts may thither rise,  
Seeking Thee above the skies.

Alleluia!

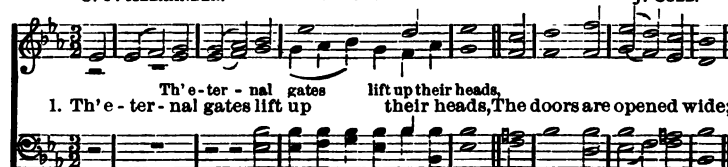
The Alleluia may be sung at the end of each line if desired.

129

C. F. ALEXANDER.

GENEVA. C. M.

J. COLE.



Th' eternal gates lift up their heads

THE CHRISTIAN YEAR—ASCENSIONTIDE.

The King of glo - - ry is gone up

The King of glo - ry has gone up

Un - to His Fa - ther's side. A - MEN.

This musical score is for a hymn in G major, 4/4 time. It consists of two systems of music. The first system has two staves: the top staff is the melody and the bottom staff is the bass line. The second system also has two staves. The lyrics are written below the staves.

- 2 Thou art gone in before us, Lord,  
Thou hast prepared a place,  
That we may be where now Thou  
And look upon Thy face. [art,
- 4 Lift up our thoughts, lift up our  
songs,  
And let Thy grace be given,  
That while we linger yet below,  
Our hearts may be in heaven ;
- 3 And ever on Thine earthly path  
A gleam of glory lies ;  
A light still breaks behind the  
clouds  
That veil Thee from our eyes.
- 5 That where Thou art at God's right  
Our hope, our love may be : [hand,  
Dwell in us now, that we may dwell  
For evermore with Thee.

129

ST. FRANCES. C. M.

C. F. ALEXANDER.

SECOND TUNE.

G. A. LÖHR.

1. Th'e-ter-nal gates lift up their heads, The doors are o - pened wide ;

The King of glo-ry has gone up Un - to His Father's side. A-MEN.

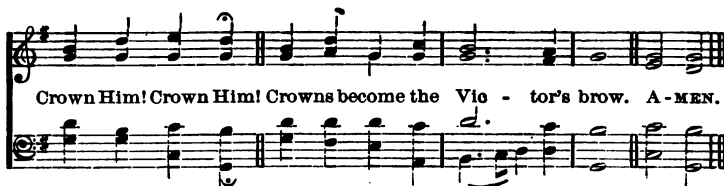
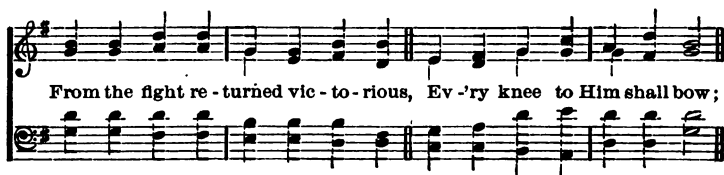
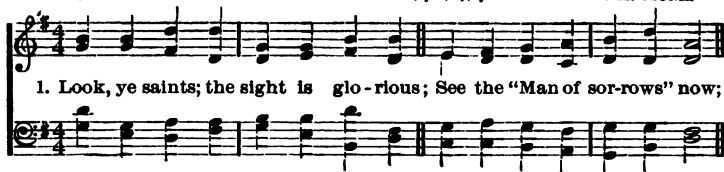
This musical score is for a hymn in G major, 4/4 time. It consists of two systems of music. The first system has two staves: the top staff is the melody and the bottom staff is the bass line. The second system also has two staves. The lyrics are written below the staves.

130

T. KELLY.

CORONÆ. 8s, 7s, 4, 7.

W. H. MONK.



2 Crown the Saviour, angels crown 3 Sinners in derision crowned Him;  
 Him; Mocking thus the Saviour's claim;  
 Rich the trophies Jesus brings; Saints and angels crowd around  
 On the seat of power enthrone Him, Him,  
 While the vault of heaven rings; Own His title, praise His name:  
 Crown Him! Crown Him! Crown Him! Crown Him!  
 Crown the Saviour King of kings. Spread abroad the Victor's fame!

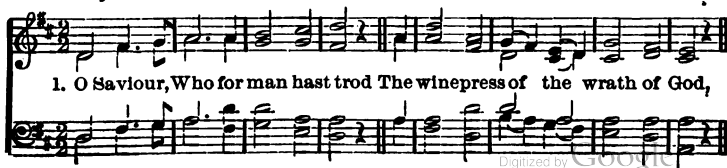
4 Hark! those bursts of acclamation!  
 Hark! those loud triumphant chords!  
 Jesus takes the highest station;  
 Oh what joy the sight affords!  
 Crown Him! Crown Him!  
 King of kings, and Lord of lords.

131

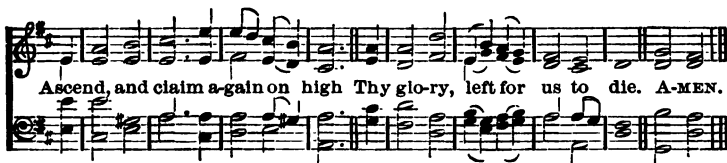
Tr. J. CHANDLER.

TRURO. L. M.

C. BURNEY.



THE CHRISTIAN YEAR—ASCENSIONTIDE.



Ascend, and claim a-gain on high Thy glo-ry, left for us to die. A-MEN.

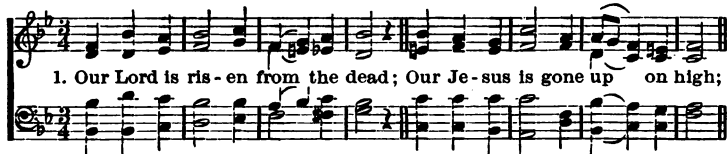
- 2 A radiant cloud is now Thy seat,  
And earth lies stretched beneath Thy feet;  
Ten thousand thousands round Thee sing,  
And share the triumph of their King.
- 3 The angel-host enraptured waits:  
"Lift up your heads, eternal gates!"  
O God and Man! the Father's throne  
Is now for evermore Thine own.
- 4 Our great High-Priest and Shepherd, Thou  
Within the veil art entered now,
- To offer there Thy precious blood  
Once poured on earth, a cleansing flood.
- 5 And thence the Church, Thy chosen bride,  
With countless gifts of grace supplied,  
Through all her members draws from Thee  
Her hidden life of sanctity.
- 6 O Christ our Lord, of Thy dear care  
Thy lowly members heaven-ward bear;  
Be ours with Thee to suffer pain,  
With Thee for evermore to reign.

132

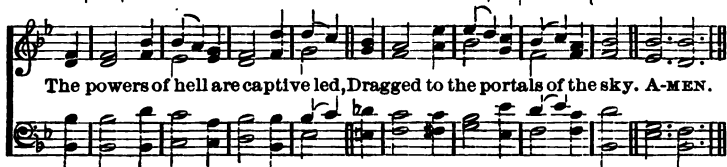
C. WESLEY.

GERMANY. L. M.

L. VAN BETHOVEN.



1. Our Lord is ris-en from the dead; Our Je-sus is gone up on high;



The powers of hell are captive led, Dragged to the portals of the sky. A-MEN.

- 2 There His triumphal chariot waits,  
And angels chant the solemn lay:  
"Lift up your heads, ye heav'nly gates,"  
Ye everlasting doors, give way.
- 3 Loose all your bars of massy light,  
And wide unfold the radiant scene;  
He claims those mansions as His right;  
Receive the King of glory in.
- 4 Who is the King of glory, Who?  
The Lord that all His foes o'ercame,
- The world, sin, death, and hell o'er-threw;  
And Jesus is the Conqueror's name.
- 5 Lo! His triumphal chariot waits,  
And angels chant the solemn lay:  
"Lift up your heads, ye heav'nly gates,"  
Ye everlasting doors, give way.
- 6 Who is the King of glory, Who?  
The Lord, of boundless pow'r pos-sessed,  
The King of saints and angels too,  
God over all, forever blest.

Also the following :

- 367.—Jesus, our risen King.  
370.—Triumphant Lord, Thy work is done.  
371.—Christ, above all glory seated.  
372.—The Head, that once was crowned with thorns.
- 373.—Thou art gone up on high.  
374.—Crown Him with many crowns.  
450.—All hail the power of Jesus' Name!  
457.—Rejoice, the Lord is King.  
545.—Golden harps are sounding.



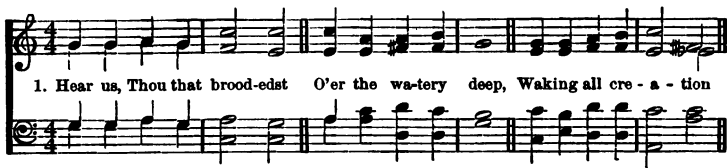
THE CHRISTIAN YEAR—WHITSUNTIDE.

138

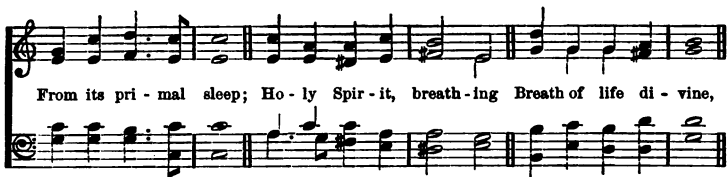
G. THRING.

ST. AUBYN. 6s, 5s. D.

R. REDHEAD.



1. Hear us, Thou that brood-est O'er the wa-tery deep, Waking all cre - a - tion

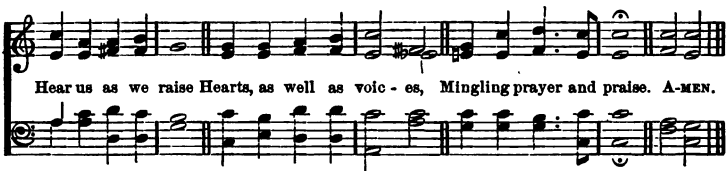


From its pri - mal sleep; Ho - ly Spir - it, breath - ing Breath of life di - vine,

REFRAIN.



Breathe in - to our spir - its, Blend - ing them with Thine. Light and Life immor-tal!



Hear us as we raise Hearts, as well as voic - es, Mingling prayer and praise. A-MEN.

2 When the sun ariseth  
In a cloudless sky,  
May we feel Thy presence,  
Holy Spirit, nigh;  
Shed Thy radiance o'er us,  
Keep it cloudless still,  
Through the day before us,  
Perfecting Thy will.  
Light and Life immortal! etc.

3 When the fight is fiercest  
In the noontide heat,  
Bear us, Holy Spirit,  
To our Saviour's feet;  
There to find a refuge  
Till our work is done,  
There to fight the battle,  
Till the battle's won.  
Light and Life immortal! etc.

4 If the day be falling  
Sadly as it goes,  
Slowly in its sadness  
Sinking to its close,  
May Thy love in mercy,  
Kindling, ere it die,  
Cast a ray of glory  
O'er our evening sky.  
Light and Life immortal! etc.

THE CHRISTIAN YEAR—WHITSUNTIDE.

5 Morning, noon, and evening,  
Whensoever it be,  
Grant us, gracious Spirit,  
Quickening life in Thee:  
Life that gives us, living,  
Life of heavenly love,

Life, that brings us, dying,  
Life from heaven above.  
REF.—Light and Life immortal!  
Hear us as we raise  
Hearts, as well as voices,  
Mingling prayer and praise.

This hymn may be sung with or without the refrain, as desired.

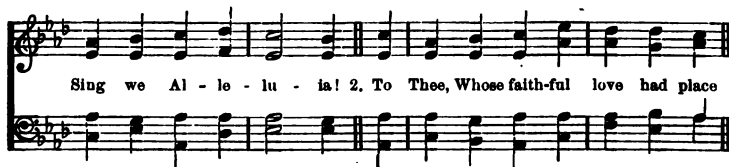
134

F. R. HAVERGAL. INNSBRUCK. 8, 8, 6. D.

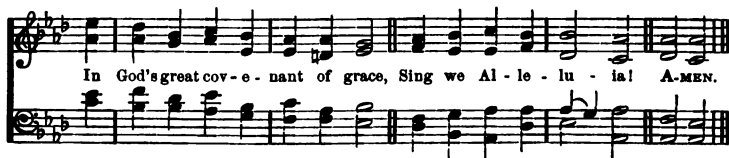
R. H. ISAAC.



1. To Thee, O Com-fort - er di - vine, For all Thy grace and power be - nign,



Sing we Al - le - lu - ia! 2. To Thee, Whose faith-ful love had place



In God's great cov - e - nant of grace, Sing we Al - le - lu - ia! A-MEN.

3 To Thee, Whose faithful voice doth win  
The wandering from the ways of sin,  
Sing we Alleluia!

4 To Thee, Whose faithful power doth heal,  
Enlighten, sanctify, and seal,  
Sing we Alleluia!

5 To Thee, Whose faithful truth is shown  
By every promise made our own,  
Sing we Alleluia!

6 To Thee, our Teacher and our Friend,  
Our faithful Leader to the end,  
Sing we Alleluia!

7 To Thee, by Jesus Christ sent down,  
Of all His gifts the sum and crown,  
Sing we Alleluia!

8 To Thee, Who art with God the Son,  
And God the Father ever One,  
Sing we Alleluia!

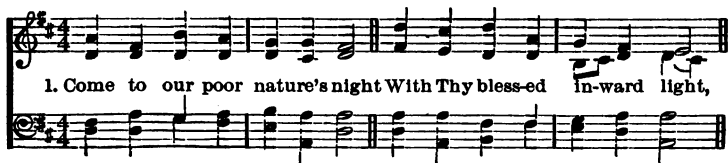
THE CHRISTIAN YEAR—WHITSUNTIDE.

185

G. RAWSON.

CAPETOWN. 78, 5.

F. FILITZ.



1. Come to our poor nature's night With Thy blessed in-ward light,



Ho-ly Ghost the in-fi-nite, Com-fort-er di-vine. A-MEN.

2 We are sinful, cleanse us, Lord ;  
Sick and faint, Thy strength afford ;  
Lost, until by Thee restored,  
Comforter divine.

5 Gentle, awful, holy Guest,  
Make Thy temple in each breast ;  
There Thy presence be confest,  
Comforter divine.

3 Orphan are our souls and poor ;  
Give us from Thy heavenly store  
Faith, love, joy for evermore,  
Comforter divine.

6 With us, for us, intercede,  
And with voiceless groanings plead  
Our unutterable need,  
Comforter divine.

4 Like the dew Thy peace distil ;  
Guide, subdue our wayward will,  
Things of Christ unfolding still,  
Comforter divine.

7 In us, "Abba, Father" cry ;  
Earnest of the bliss on high,  
Seal of immortality,  
Comforter divine.

8 Search for us the depths of God ;  
Upwards, by the starry road,  
Bear us to Thy high abode,  
Comforter divine.

186

Unknown.

MENDON. L. M.

German.



1. Spir-it of mer-cy, truth and love, Oh, shed Thine influence from a-bove ;



And still from age to age con-vey The wonders of this sa-cred day. A-MEN.

THE CHRISTIAN YEAR—WHITSUNTIDE.

- 2 In every clime, by every tongue,  
Be God's surpassing glory sung:  
Let all the listening earth be taught  
The deeds our great Redeemer wrought.
- 3 Unfailing Comfort, heavenly Guide,  
Still o'er Thy holy Church preside;  
Still let mankind Thy blessings prove;  
Spirit of mercy, truth, and love.

*Also the following :*

239.—Come, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire.  
375.—Our blest Redeemer, ere He breathed.  
376.—Come, Holy Spirit, come.  
377.—Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove.  
378.—Come, Thou Holy Spirit, come.

379.—Come, gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove.  
380.—Come, Holy Ghost, Creator blest.  
381.—Creator Spirit, by Whose aid.  
382.—Spirit divine, attend our prayers.  
524.—Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove.

Trinity Sunday.

187

J. W. EASTBURN.

MELCOMBE. L. M.

S. WEBER.

1. O Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Ho-ly Lord, Bright in Thy deeds and in Thy name,  
For-ev-er be Thy name a-dored, Thy glo-ries let the world proclaim. A-MEN.

- 2 O Jesus, Lamb once crucified  
To take our load of sins away,  
Thine be the hymn that rolls its tide  
Along the realms of upper day.
- 3 O Holy Spirit from above,  
In streams of light and glory given,  
Thou source of ecstasy and love,  
Thy praises ring through earth and heaven.
- 4 O God Triune, to Thee we owe  
Our every thought, our every song;  
And ever may Thy praises flow  
From saint and seraph's burning tongue.

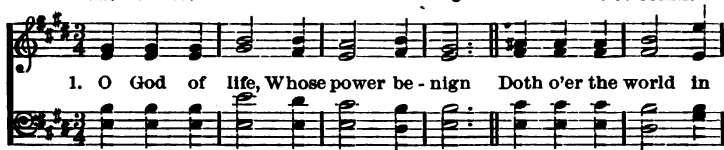
THE CHRISTIAN YEAR—TRINITY SUNDAY.

138

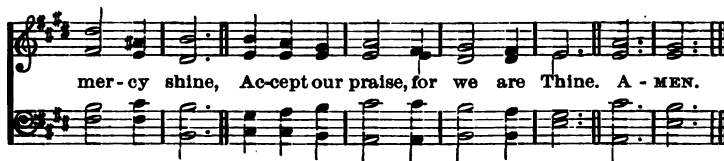
A. T. RUSSELL.

TER SANCTUS. 3-8s.

W. G. CUSINS.



1. O God of life, Whose power be - nign Doth o'er the world in



mer - cy shine, Ac - cept our praise, for we are Thine. A - MEN.

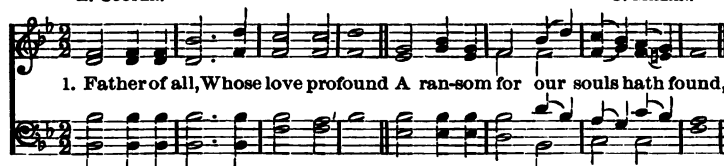
- |   |   |
|---|---|
| 2 O Father, uncreated Lord,<br>Be Thou in every land adored,<br>Be Thou by all with faith implored.             | 4 O Holy Ghost, Whose guardian care<br>Doth us for heavenly joys prepare,<br>May we in Thy communion share. |
| 3 O Son of God, for sinners slain,<br>We bless Thee, Lord, Whose dying<br>For us did endless life regain. [pain | 5 O Holy, Blessèd Trinity,<br>With faith we sinners bow to Thee;<br>In us, O God, exalted be.               |

139

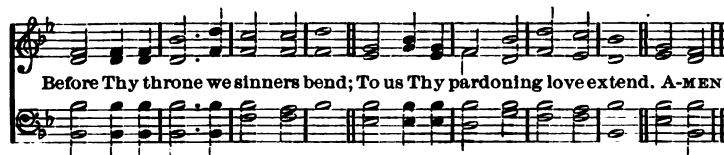
E. COOPER.

WELTON. L. M.

C. MALAN.



1. Father of all, Whose love profound A ran - som for our souls hath found,



Before Thy throne we sinners bend; To us Thy pardoning love extend. A - MEN.

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| 2 Almighty Son, incarnate Word.<br>Our Prophet, Priest, Redeemer, Lord,<br>Before Thy throne we sinners bend;<br>To us Thy saving grace extend. | 3 Eternal Spirit, by Whose breath<br>The soul is raised from sin and death,<br>Before Thy throne we sinners bend;<br>To us Thy quickening power extend. |
|---|---|

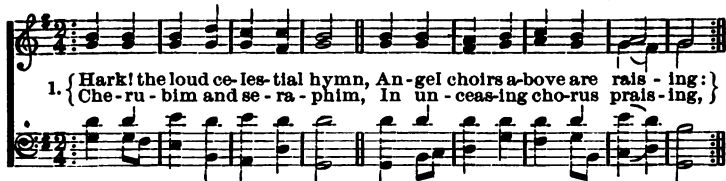
- 4 Jehovah, Father, Spirit, Son!  
Mysterious Godhead, Three in One!  
Before Thy throne we sinners bend;  
Grace, pardon, life, to us extend.

THE CHRISTIAN YEAR—TRINITY SUNDAY.

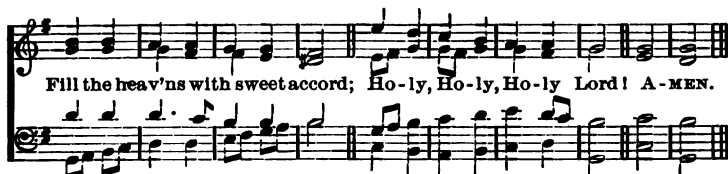
140

Tr. C. A. WALWORTH. MEINHOLD. 7s, 8s, 7, 7.

J. S. BACH.



1. { Hark! the loud ce-les-tial hymn, An-gel choirs a-bove are rais-ing: }  
 { Che-ru-bim and se-ra-phim, In un-ceas-ing cho-rus prais-ing, }



Fill the heav'n's with sweet accord; Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Ho-ly Lord! A-MEN.

2 Lo! the apostolic train  
 Join Thy sacred Name to hallow!  
 Prophets swell the loud refrain,  
 And the white-robed martyrs  
 follow;  
 And from morn to set of sun,  
 Through the Church the song goes on.

3 Holy Father, Holy Son,  
 Holy Spirit, Three we name  
 Thee;  
 While in essence only One,  
 Undivided God, we claim Thee;  
 And, adoring, bend the knee,  
 While we own the mystery.

4 Spare Thy people, Lord, we pray,  
 By a thousand snares surrounded:  
 Keep us without sin to-day,  
 Never let us be confounded.  
 Lo! I put my trust in Thee;  
 Never, Lord, abandon me.

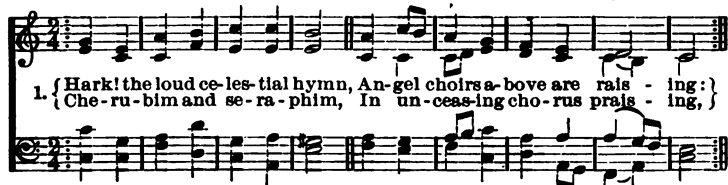
140

ZUVERSICHT. 7s, 8s, 7, 7.

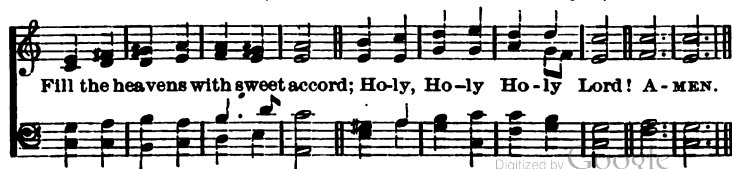
Tr. C. A. WALWORTH.

SECOND TUNE.

J. CRUGER.



1. { Hark! the loud ce-les-tial hymn, An-gel choirs a-bove are rais-ing: }  
 { Che-ru-bim and se-ra-phim, In un-ceas-ing cho-rus prais-ing, }



Fill the heavens with sweet accord; Ho-ly, Ho-ly Ho-ly Lord! A-MEN.

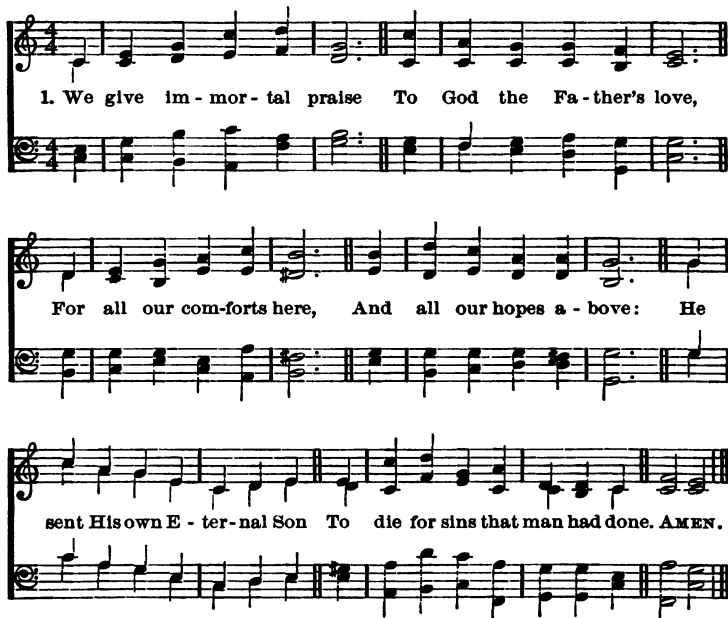
THE CHRISTIAN YEAR—TRINITY SUNDAY.

141

I. WATTS.

IMMORTAL PRAISE. 6s, 8s.

C. STEGGALL.



1. We give im - mor - tal praise To God the Fa - ther's love,  
For all our com-forts here, And all our hopes a - bove: He  
sent His own E - ter - nal Son To die for sins that man had done. AMEN.

2 To God the Son belongs  
Immortal glory too,  
Who saved us by His blood  
From everlasting woe:  
And now He lives, and now He reigns,  
And sees the fruit of all His pains.

3 To God the Spirit praise  
And endless worship give,  
Whose new-creating power  
Makes the dead sinner live:  
His work completes the great design,  
And fills the soul with joy divine.

4 Almighty God, to Thee  
Be endless honors done;  
The sacred Persons Three,  
The Godhead only One;  
Where reason fails with all her powers,  
There faith prevails, and love adores.

142

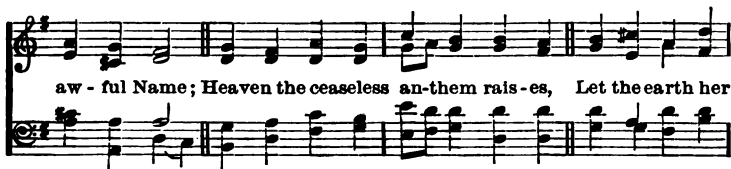
H. A. MARTIN.

WHITTAKER. 8s, 7s, 8, 8, 7.

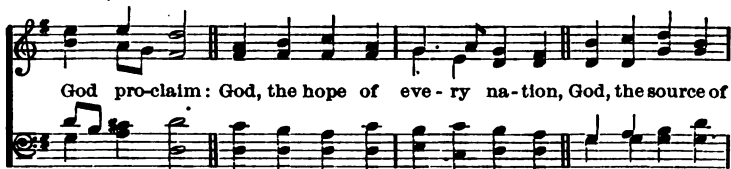
H. P. MAIN.



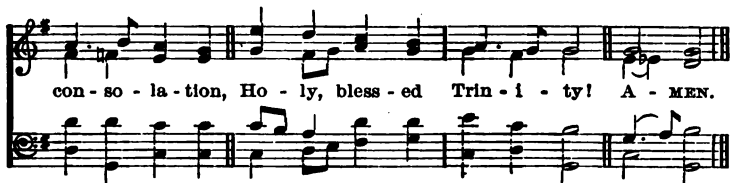
1. Sound a - loud Je - ho - vah's prais - es, Tell a - broad the



aw - ful Name; Heaven the ceaseless an - them rais - es, Let the earth her



God pro - claim: God, the hope of eve - ry na - tion, God, the source of



con - so - la - tion, Ho - ly, bless - ed Trin - i - ty! A - MEN.

2 This the Name from ancient ages  
Hidden in its dazzling light;  
This the Name that kings and sages  
Prayed and strove to know aright,  
Through God's wondrous Incarnation  
Now revealed the world's salvation,  
Ever blessed Trinity!

4 In this Name the heart rejoices,  
Pouring forth its secret prayer:  
In this Name we lift our voices,  
And our common faith declare;  
Offering humble supplication,  
Thanks, and praise, and veneration  
To the blessed Trinity!

8 Into this great Name and holy,  
We all tribes and tongues baptize;  
Thus the Highest owns the lowly,  
Homeward, heavenward bids them  
rise;  
Gathers them from every nation,  
Bids them join in adoration  
Of the blessed Trinity!

5 Glory be to God the Father,  
Glory be to God the Son,  
Glory be to God the Spirit,  
Great Jehovah, Three in One.  
Praise from all in earth and heaven  
Unto Thee be ever given,  
Holy, blessed Trinity.

Also the following:

383.—Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty.  
384. God, my Father, hear me pray.  
385. Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord.  
386. Holy Father, great Creator.

388.—Come, Thou almighty King.  
389.—Three in One, and One in Three.  
546.—Great Creator, Lord of all.  
617.—Glory be to God the Father.



# Other Feasts and Fasts.

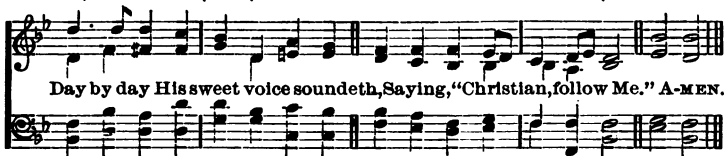
## St. Andrew.

143

C. F. ALEXANDER.  
Voices in unison.

WILLS. 8s, 7s.

W. S. CHESTER.



2 As of old, Saint Andrew heard it  
By the Galilean lake, [kindred,  
Turned from home, and toil, and  
Leaving all for His dear sake.

4 In our joys and in our sorrows,  
Days of toil and hours of ease,  
Still He calls, in cares and pleasures,  
"That we love Him more than these."

3 Jesus calls us from the worship  
Of the vain world's golden store;  
From each idol that would keep us,  
Saying, "Christian, love Me more."

5 Jesus calls us: by Thy mercies,  
Saviour, make us hear Thy call,  
Give our hearts to Thine obedience,  
Serve and love Thee best of all.

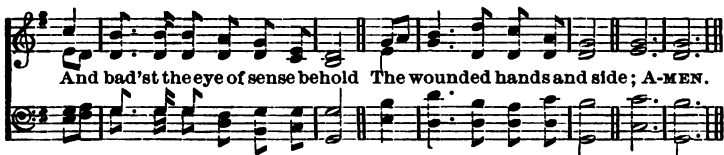
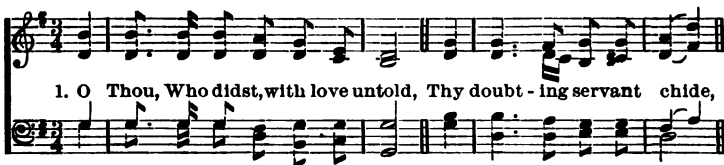
## St. Thomas.

144

E. TOKE.

LA MIRA. C. M.

W. B. BRADBURY.



2 Grant us, like him, with heartfelt  
To own Thee God and Lord, [awe,  
And from this hour of darkness draw  
A fuller faith's reward.

Oh, let us only lowlier bow  
In self-distrusting fear;

4 And pray that we may never dare  
Thy loving heart to grieve;  
But at the last their blessings share  
Who see not, yet believe!

3 And while that wondrous record now  
Of unbelief we hear,

Also the following:

426.—We walk by faith, and not by sight.

OTHER FEASTS AND FASTS.

St. Stephen.

145

J. F. THRUPP.

SUMNER. L. M.

H. W. GREATORIX.

1. O Son of Man, Thy-self once crossed By ev-ery suf-fering here be-low,  
Who taught'st Thy noble martyr-host To fol-low in Thy path of woe: A-MEN.

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| 2 O Son of God, Whose glory cast<br>Its light upon Thy champion's face,<br>Revealing to his eyes at last<br>The marvels of the holiest place:                   | 4 Be ours the hope, resigned and meek,<br>That trusts the spirit to Thy care,<br>That longs Thy face in heaven to seek,<br>And dwell with Thee in glory there.    |
| 3 Be ours the faith that sees Thee stand<br>Beside the throne of God on high,<br>To succor with Thy strong right<br>hand<br>Thy soldiers when to Thee they cry. | 5 Be ours the love, divine and free,<br>Which asks forgiveness for our foes;<br>Which draws, in life, its life from<br>Thee,<br>And, dying, finds in Thee repose. |

St. John the Evangelist.

146

R. HEBER.

HEBRON. L. M.

L. MASON.

1. O Thou, Who gav'st Thy servant grace On Thee the liv-ing Rock to rest,  
To look on Thine un-veil-ed face, And lean on Thy pro-TECT-ing breast; A-MEN.

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| 2 Grant us, O King of mercy, still<br>To feel Thy presence from above,<br>And in Thy word and in Thy will<br>To hear Thy voice and know Thy<br>love; | To find our rest beneath Thy throne,<br>And look in certain hope to Thee.   |
| 3 And when the toils of life are done,<br>And nature waits Thy just decree,  | 4 To Thee, O Jesus, Light of Light,<br>Whom as their King the saints<br>adore,<br>Thou strength and refuge in the fight,<br>Be laud and glory evermore. |

OTHER FEASTS AND FASTS.

*The Holy Innocents.*

147

E. TOKE.

CAMBRIDGE. S. M.

R. HARRISON.

1. Glo-ry to Thee, O Lord, Who, from this world of sin, By  
cru-el He-rod's ruthless sword Those precious ones didst win. A-MEN.

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| 2 Baptised in their own blood,<br>Earth's untried perils o'er,<br>They passed unconsciously the flood,<br>And safely gained the shore. | 4 Oh, that our hearts within,<br>Like theirs, were pure and bright;<br>Oh, that as free from deeds of sin<br>We shrank not from Thy sight. |
| 3 Glory to Thee for all<br>The ransomed infant band,<br>Who since that hour have heard Thy<br>And reached the quiet land. [call,       | 5 Lord, help us every hour<br>Thy cleansing grace to claim;<br>In life to glorify Thy power,<br>In death to praise Thy Name.               |

*The Circumcision.*

148

BERNAULT.

ST. MICHAEL. S. M.

Day's Psalter.

1. The an-cient law de-parts And all its ter-rors cease;  
For Jesus makes with faithful hearts A cov-e-nant of peace. A-MEN.

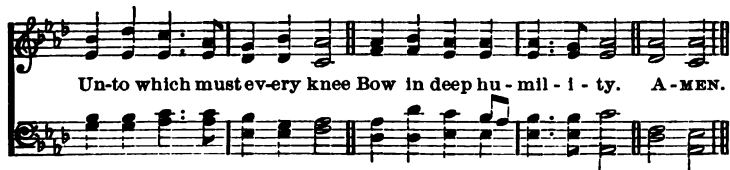
- |  |  |
|--|--|
| 2 The Light of Light divine,<br>True Brightness undefiled,<br>He hears for us the shame of sin,<br>A holy, spotless child. | 3 To-day the Name is Thine,<br>At which we bend the knee;<br>They call Thee Jesus, Child divine!<br>Our Jesus deign to be. |
|--|--|

OTHER FEASTS AND FASTS.

149 W. W. How.

ST. BEES. 7s.

J. B. DYKES.



2 Jesus! Name decreed of old :  
To the maiden mother told,  
Kneeling in her lowly cell,  
By the angel Gabriel.

5 Jesus! only Name that's given  
Under all the mighty heaven,  
Whereby man, to sin enslaved,  
Bursts his fetters, and is saved.

3 Jesus! Name of priceless worth  
To the fallen sons of earth,  
For the promise that it gave,  
"Jesus shall His people save."

6 Jesus! Name of wondrous love!  
Human Name of God above;  
Pleading only this we flee,  
Helpless, O our God, to Thee.

4 Jesus! Name of mercy mild,  
Given to the holy Child,  
When the cup of human woe  
First He tasted here below.

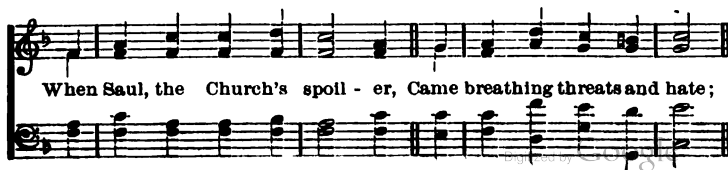
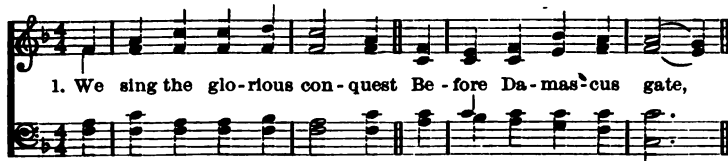
*Also the following :*

321.—To the Name of our salvation.

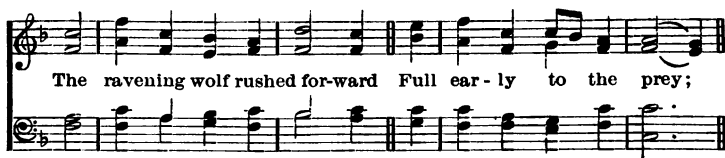
322.—Conquering kings their titles take.

*The Conversion of St. Paul.*

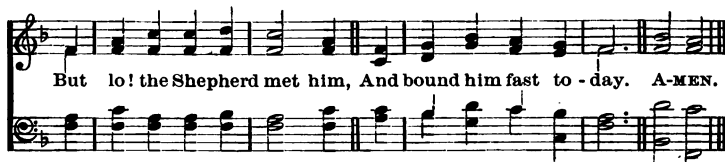
150 J. ELLERTON. MISSIONARY HYMN. 7s, 6s, D. L. MASON.



OTHER FEASTS AND FASTS.



The ravening wolf rushed for-ward Full ear-ly to the prey;



But lo! the Shepherd met him, And bound him fast to-day. A-MEN.

2 Oh, glory most excelling  
That smote across his path!  
Oh, light that pierced and blinded  
The zealot in his wrath!  
Oh, voice that spake within him  
The calm, reproving word!  
Oh, love that sought and held him  
The bondman of his Lord!

3 O Wisdom, ordering all things  
In order strong and sweet,  
What nobler spoil was ever  
Cast at the Victor's feet?

What wiser master-builder  
E'er wrought at Thine employ  
Than he, till now so furious  
Thy building to destroy?

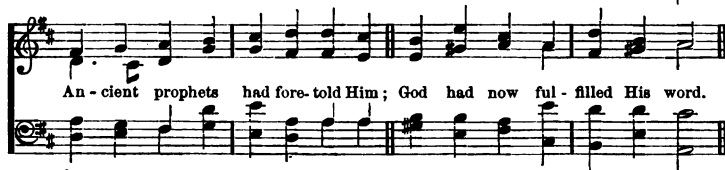
4 Lord, teach Thy Church the lesson,  
Still in her darkest hour  
Of weakness and of danger,  
To trust Thy hidden power:  
Thy grace by ways mysterious  
The wrath of man can bind,  
And in Thy boldest foeman  
Thy chosen saint can find.

*The Purification.*

151 H. J. PYE. GRAINTHORPE. 8s, 7s. 6 lines. A. H. BROWN.



1. In His tem-ple now be-hold Him; See the long-ex-pect-ed Lord!



An-cient prophets had fore-told Him; God had now ful-filled His word.



Now to praise Him, His re-deem-ed Shall break forth with one ac-cord. A-MEN.

OTHER FEASTS AND FASTS.

2 In the arms of her who bore Him,  
Virgin pure, behold Him lie,  
While His aged saints adore Him;  
Ere in perfect faith they die:  
Alleluia! Alleluia!  
Lo, the incarnate God most high!

3 Jesus, by Thy Presentation,  
Thou, Who didst for us endure,  
Make us see Thy great salvation,

Seal us with Thy promise sure;  
And present us in Thy glory  
To Thy Father cleansed and pure.

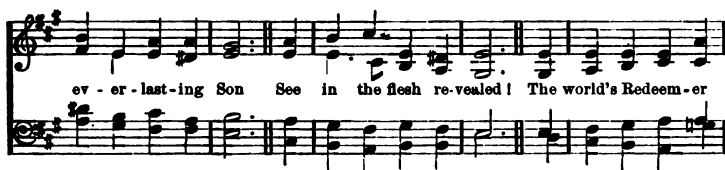
4 Prince and author of salvation,  
Be Thy boundless love our theme!  
Jesus, praise to Thee be given  
By the world Thou didst redeem,  
With the Father and the Spirit,  
Lord of majesty supreme!

152

W. W. How.

ST. GODRIC. 6s, 8s.

J. B. DYKES.



2 Lo! Simeon's saintly arms  
The holy burden bear;  
He sees with raptured eye  
His true salvation there.  
The weary waiting now is past:  
The long-expected comes at last.

3 The aged saint's embrace  
The blessed mother saw,  
And on his words so strange  
She mused with silent awe.  
What conflict for her child is stored?  
And what for her this piercing  
sword?

4 O Saviour, in Thy courts  
We all our sins confess:  
But Thou didst once for us  
Fulfill all righteousness.  
Impure, unclean, oh, may we be  
Presented pure and clean in Thee!

5 And when, O God made Man,  
Upon our waiting eye,  
In glorious might revealed,  
Salvation draweth nigh;  
In that great day Thy servants bless,  
And be "the Lord our Righteous-  
ness!"

158

E. HARLAND.

KENTUCKY. S. M.

J. INGALLS.

1. Be-hold a hum-ble train The courts of God draw near;  
A vir-gin mother and her babe Be-fore the Lord ap-pear. A-MEN.

- 2 O wondrous, blessed sight!  
To faithful eyes made known,  
That lowly babe—the mighty God,  
The Prince of Peace, they own.
- 3 And now this temple shines  
With glory far more bright  
Than e'er the former temple saw,  
E'en at its greatest height.
- 4 The cloud indeed was there,  
The symbol of the Lord;  
But here the Lord Himself appears,  
The true, incarnate Word.
- 5 Blest Saviour, come once more  
With power and grace divine;  
Our hearts Thy living temples make,  
Wholly and ever Thine.

158

E. HARLAND.

SECOND TUNE.

J. BLACK.

1. Be-hold a hum-ble train The courts of God draw near;  
A vir-gin mother and her babe Be-fore the Lord appear. A-MEN.

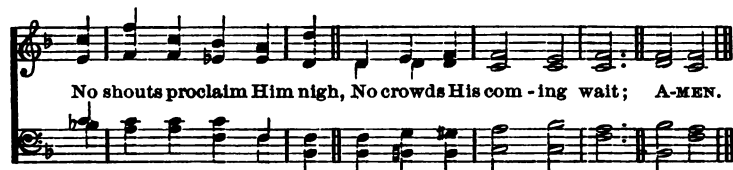
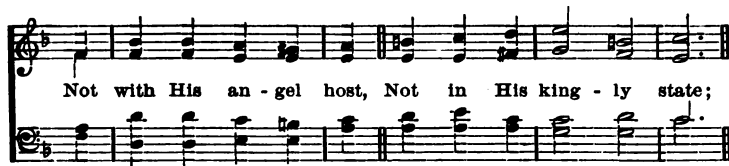
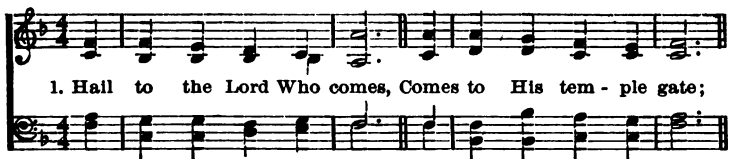
OTHER FEASTS AND FASTS.

154

J. ELLERTON.

ST. OLAVE. 6-6s.

J. BARNBY.



2 But, borne upon the throne  
Of Mary's gentle breast,  
Watched by her duteous love,  
In her fond arms at rest:  
Thus to His Father's house  
He comes, the heavenly guest.

3 Hail to the great First-born  
Whose ransom-price they pay!  
The Son, before all worlds;  
The Child of man, to-day;  
That He might ransom us  
Who still in bondage lay.

4 O Light of all the earth,  
Thy children wait for Thee!  
Come to Thy temples here,  
That we, from sin set free,  
Before Thy Father's face  
May all presented be!

*Also the following:*

69.—Within the Father's house.



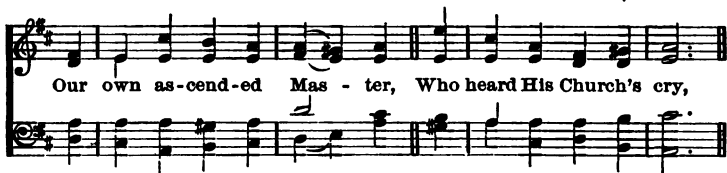
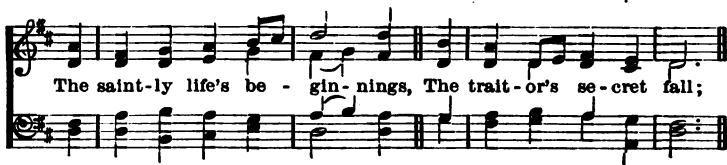
## St. Matthias.

155

J. ELLERTON.

PÆAN. 7s, 6s. D.

F. WEBER.



2 Elect in His foreknowledge,  
To fill the lost one's place;  
He formed His chosen vessel  
By hidden gifts of grace;  
Then, by the lot's disposing,  
He lifted up the poor,  
And set him with the Princes  
On high for evermore.

3 Still guide Thy Church, chief Shepherd,  
Her losses still renew;  
Be Thy dread keys entrusted  
To faithful hands and true;  
Apostles of Thy choosing  
May all her rulers be,  
That each with joy may render  
His last account to Thee!

OTHER FEASTS AND FASTS.

*The Annunciation.*

156

DOMIMUS REGIT ME. 8s, 7s. Pec.

W. W. How.

J. B. DYKES.

1. The an-gel sped on wings of light, With won-drous ti-dings la-den,

He came from heaven's unclouded height To greet a low-ly maid-en: AMEN.

2 For God upon her low estate  
Had looked with royal favor;  
And all earth's kindreds celebrate  
The mighty gift He gave her.

Her joys and woes, her saintly  
grace,  
Her life so calm and holy.

3 Oh, awful bliss! that from her  
womb  
Should spring the Uncreated,  
The great and holy One, for Whom  
The world so long had waited.

5 But lo! as all too near we press,  
A veil the scene enfoldeth!  
No tongue may sing its loveliness,  
No eye its peace beholdeth!

4 O Son divine! we fain would trace  
Thy mother's steps so lowly,

6 And as we read with kindling eye  
This day's all-gracious story,  
The blessed mother passeth by,  
And Thine is all the glory!

156

AUSTIN. 8s, 7s. Pec.

W. W. How.

SECOND TUNE.

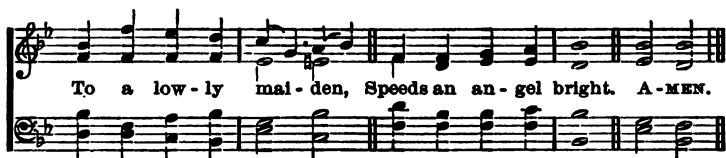
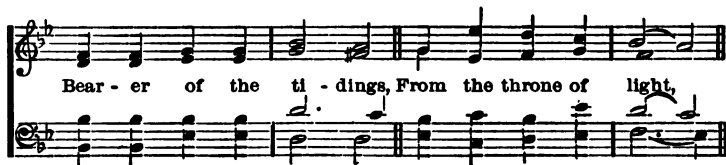
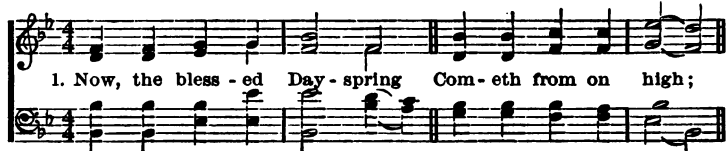
H. P. MAIN.

1. The an-gel sped on wings of light, With wondrous ti-dings la-den;

He came from heaven's unclouded height To greet a low-ly maid-en. A-MEN.

M. A. THOMSON.

E. BUNNETT.



2 In the chosen daughter  
Of King David's line,  
God fulfils the promise  
Of King Ahaz' sign:  
Gabriel hath spoken;  
Mary hath believed;  
And, behold a virgin  
Hath a Son conceived.

3 Though He take our nature  
Linked to low estate,  
Though He stoop to suffer,  
Yet shall He be great;  
Though His crown and sceptre  
Be of thorn and reed,  
His shall be the kingdom  
Sworn to David's Seed.

4 Light to light the Gentiles  
Bending at His throne;  
Glory of His people,  
When His sway they own;  
He shall reign forever,  
King of kings confessed,  
And all tribes and kindreds  
Shall, in Him, be blest.

OTHER FEASTS AND FASTS.

158

Unknown.

LISBON. S.M.

D. READ.



1. Praise we the Lord this day, This day so long fore - told,  
Whose promise shone with cheering ray On waiting saints of old. A - MEN.

2 The prophet gave the sign  
For faithful men to read ;  
A virgin born of David's line  
Shall bear the promised Seed.

4 Meekly she bowed her head  
To hear the gracious word,  
Mary, the pure and lowly maid,  
The favored of the Lord.

3 Ask not how this should be,  
But worship and adore,  
Like her whom heaven's majesty  
Came down to shadow o'er.

5 Blessèd shall be her name  
In all the Church on earth,  
Through whom that wondrous  
mercy came,  
The incarnate Saviour's birth.

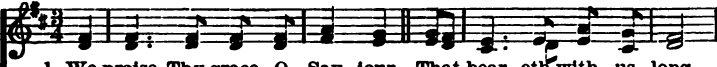
St. Mark.

159

W. W. How.

EDEN. 7s, 6s.

FR. R. MÜLLER.



1. We praise Thy grace, O Sav-iour, That bear-eth with us long,  
And ev - er out of weakness Thy ser-vants maketh strong. A - MEN.

2 The saint, who left his comrades,  
And turned back from the fight,  
Behold at last victorious  
In Thy prevailing might!

And all the world rejoiceth  
To learn his Gospel-lore.

3 From Thee, Lord, came the courage,  
Once more to front the host:  
Thy strength, most mighty Saviour, 6  
In weakness shineth most.

5 O Lord, our human weakness  
With pitying eye behold ;  
Uplift the fainting spirit,  
And make the coward bold.

4 Thy love Saint Mark hath num-  
Among the blessed Four, [bered

6 O Jesu, glorious Victor  
O'er all the hosts of sin,  
In us Thy strength make perfect,  
In us the victory win.

OTHER FEASTS AND FASTS.

**St. Philip and St. James.**

**160**

C. F. ALEXANDER.

**PENITENCE. L.M.**

Anon.

1. There is one way, and on - ly one, Out of our gloom, and sin, and care,

To that fair land where shines no sun Because the face of God 'is there. A - MEN.

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <p>2 There is one truth, the truth of God,<br/>That Christ came down from<br/>heaven to show,<br/>One life that His redeeming blood<br/>Has won for all His saints below.</p> | <p>4 And still unwavering faith holds sure<br/>The words that James wrote sternly<br/>down;<br/>Except we labor and endure,<br/>We cannot win the heavenly crown.</p>     |
| <p>3 The lore, from Phillip once con-<br/>cealed,<br/>To us is fully known in Christ;<br/>In Him the Father is revealed,<br/>And all our longing is sufficed.</p>             | <p>5 O Way divine, through gloom and<br/>strife,<br/>Bring us Thy Father's face to see;<br/>O heavenly Truth, O precious Life,<br/>At last, at last, to rest in Thee.</p> |

*Also the following:*

424.—O Light Whose beams illumine all.

425.—Thou art the Way, to Thee alone.

**St. Barnabas.**

**161**

J. ELLERTON.

**ST. BARNABAS. 108, 118.**

F. R. HAVERGAL.

1. O son of God, our Cap - tain of sal - va - tion,

Thy - self by suff' - ring schooled to hu - man grief,

# OTHER FEASTS AND FASTS.

We bless Thee for Thy sons of con - so - la - tion,  
Who fol - low in the steps..... of Thee their chief; A - MEN.

- 2 Those whom Thy Spirit's dread vocation severs,  
To lead the vanguard of Thy conquering host;  
Whose toilsome years are spent in brave endeavors  
To bear Thy saving Name from coast to coast;
- 3 Those whose bright faith makes feeble hearts grow stronger,  
And sends fresh warriors to the great campaign,  
Bids the lone convert feel estranged no longer,  
And wins the sundered to be one again;
- 4 And all true helpers, patient, kind, and skilful,  
Who shed Thy light across our darkened earth,  
Counsel the doubting, and restrain the wilful,  
Soothe the sick bed, and share the children's mirth.
- 5 Such was Thy Levite, strong in self-oblation  
To cast his all at Thine Apostles' feet;  
He whose new name, through every Christian nation,  
From age to age our thankful strains repeat.
- 6 Thus, Lord, Thy Barnabas in memory keeping,  
Still be Thy Church's watchword, "Comfort ye;"  
Till in our Father's house shall end our weeping,  
And all our wants be satisfied in Thee.

162

M. COOTE.

HOMELAND. 7s, 6s. D.

A. S. SULLIVAN.

1. The son of Con - so - la - tion! Of Le - vi's priestly line,  
Filled with the Ho - ly Spir - it And fer - vent faith di - vine,

# OTHER FEASTS AND FASTS.

With low - ly self-ob - la - tion, For Christ an of-f'ring meet,

He laid his earth-ly rich - es At the A-pos-tles' feet. A-MEN.

2 The son of Consolation !  
 Oh, name of soothing balm !  
 It fell on sick and weary  
 Like breath of heaven's own calm !  
 And the blest son of comfort,  
 With fearless, loving hand,  
 The Gentiles' great Apostle  
 Led to the faithful band.

4 The son of Consolation !  
 Lord, hear our humble prayer,  
 That each of us Thy children  
 Such blessed name may bear !  
 That we, sweet comfort shedding  
 O'er homes of pain and woe,  
 Midst sickness and in prisons,  
 May seek Thee here below.

3 The son of Consolation !  
 Drawn near unto his Lord,  
 He won the martyr's glory,  
 And passed to his reward.  
 With him is faith now ended,  
 Forever lost in sight,  
 But love, made perfect, fills him  
 With praise, and joy, and light.

5 The sons of Consolation !  
 Oh, what their bliss will be,  
 When Christ the Kings shall tell them  
 "Ye did it unto Me !"  
 The merciful and loving  
 The Lord of life shall own,  
 And as His priceless jewels  
 Shall set them round His throne.

## The Nativity of St. John the Baptist.

163

H. A. MARTIN.

CAMBRIDGE. S. M.

R. HARRISON.

1. The heavenly King must come His des - ert realm to see; Must

leave His own e - ter - nal home, And all His ma - jes - ty. A-MEN.

OTHER FEASTS AND FASTS.

- 2 And lo! before Him sent  
His herald, who must cry  
And never spare, "Repent, repent!  
Your King, your God, is nigh!"
- 4 O Lord, O King, O Sun,  
Whose messenger he came,  
Baptize us all, most holy One,  
In Thy refining flame.
- 3 He, when his work is done,  
Must see his light decay,  
Must hail with joy the brighter Sun,  
The glorious King of day.
- 5 Give us Thy grace, that we  
All evil may forsake,  
May boldly speak the truth for Thee,  
The lowest place may take.
- 6 So, when Thou com'st again,  
Thy realm redeemed to see,  
Thy steps shall find 'mid hearts of men  
A way made straight for Thee.

St. Peter.

164

W. W. How.

ADORATION. 6s, 8s.

W. H. MONK.

1. "Thou art the Christ, O Lord, The Son of God most high!" For -

ev - er be a-dored That Name in earth and sky, In which, though mortal

strength may fall, The saints of God at last pre - vail! A - MEN.

- 2 Oh, surely he was blest  
With blessedness unpriced,  
Who, taught of God, confessed  
The Godhead in the Christ! [own  
For of Thy Church, Lord, Thou didst  
Thy saint a true foundation-stone.
- 3 Thrice fallen, thrice restored!  
The bitter lesson learnt,  
That heart for Thee, O Lord,
- With triple ardor burnt.  
The cross he took he laid not down  
Until he grasped the martyr's crown.
- 4 Oh bright triumphant faith!  
Oh courage void of fears!  
Oh love, most strong in death!  
Oh penitential tears!  
By these, Lord, keep us lest we fall,  
And make us go where Thou shalt call!



OTHER FEASTS AND FASTS.

*St. James.*

165

MOUNT AUBURN. C.M.

C. F. ALEXANDER.

G. KINGSLEY.

1. For all Thy saints, a no-ble throng, Who fell by fire and sword,

Who soon were called, or wait-ed long, We praise Thy Name, O Lord. A-MEN.

2 For him who left his father's side, 4 Who knelt beneath the olive shade,  
Nor lingered by the shore, Who drank Thy cup of pain,  
When, softer than the weltering And passed from Herod's flashing  
tide, blade  
Thy summons glided o'er; To see Thy face again.

3 Who stood beside the maiden dead, 5 Lord, give us grace, and give us  
Who climbed the mount with love,  
Thee, Like him to leave behind [bove  
And saw the glory round Thy head, Earth's cares and joys, and look a-  
One of Thy chosen three; With true and earnest mind.

6 So shall we learn to drink Thy cup,  
So, meek and firm be found,  
When Thou shalt come to take us up  
Where Thine elect are crowned.

*The Transfiguration.*

166

A. P. STANLEY.

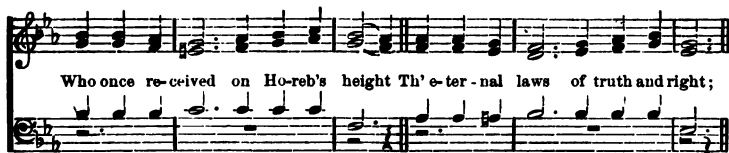
ORION. L. M. D. 8s.

J. ZUNDEL.

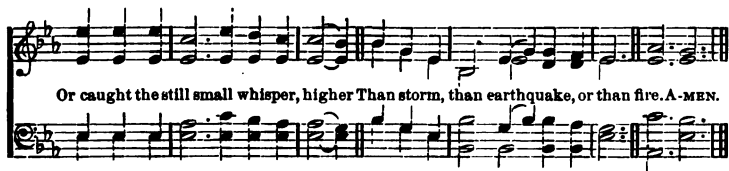
1. Lord, it is good for us to be High on the mount-ain here with Thee;

Where stand re-vealed to mor-tal gaze Those glorious saints of oth-er days;

OTHER FEASTS AND FASTS.



Who once re-ceived on Ho-reb's height Th'e-ter-nal laws of truth and right;



Or caught the still small whisper, higher Than storm, than earthquake, or than fire. A-MEN.

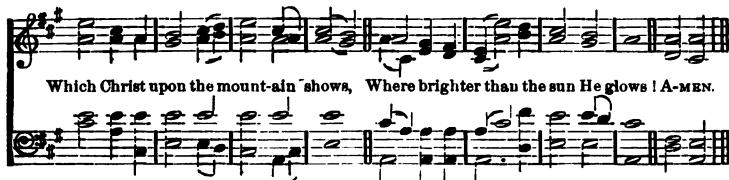
2 Lord, it is good for us to be  
Entranced, enwrap't, alone with  
Thee;  
And watch Thy glistening raiment  
Whiter than Hermon's whitest snow,  
The human lineaments that shine  
Irradiant with a light divine:  
Till we too change from grace to grace,  
Gazing on that transfigured face.

8 Lord, it is good for us to be  
Here on the Holy mount with Thee;  
When darkling in the depths of night,  
When dazzled with excess of light,  
We bow before the heavenly voice  
That bids bewildered souls rejoice,  
Though love wax cold, and faith be  
dim,  
"This is My Son; Oh, hear ye Him!"

167 Tr. J. M. NEALE. WIMBORNE. L.M. J. WHITAKER.



1. O Wondrous type! O vis-ion fair Of glo-ry that the Church shall share,



Which Christ upon the mount-ain shows, Where brighter than the sun He glows! A-MEN.

2 From age to age the tale declare,  
How with the three disciples there,  
Where Moses and Elias meet,  
The Lord holds converse high and  
sweet.

4 And faithful hearts are raised on  
By this great vision's mystery; [high  
For which in joyful strains we raise  
The voice of prayer, the hymn of  
praise.

3 With shining face and bright array,  
Christ deigns to manifest to-day  
What glory shall be theirs above,  
Who joy in God with perfect love.

5 O Father, with the eternal Son,  
And Holy Spirit ever One, [grace  
Vouchsafe to bring us by Thy  
To see Thy glory face to face.

OTHER FEASTS AND FASTS.

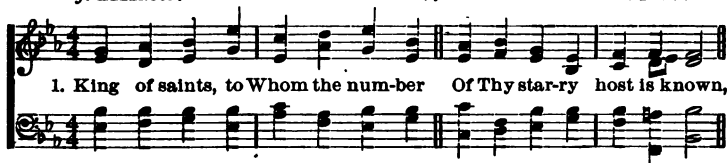
St. Bartholomew.

168

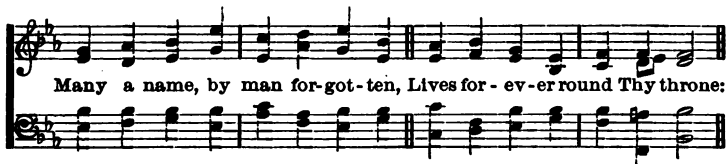
J. ELLERTON.

EVERTON. 8s, 7s. D.

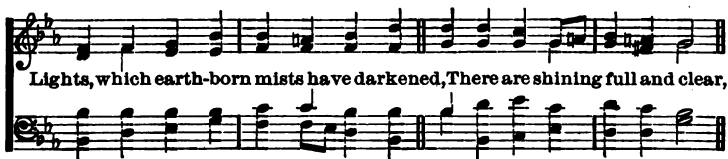
H. SMART.



1. King of saints, to Whom the num-ber Of Thy star-ry host is known,



Many a name, by man for-got-ten, Lives for - ev-er round Thy throne:



Lights, which earth-born mists have darkened, There are shining full and clear,



Prin-ces in the court of heav-en, Nameless, unremembered here. A-MEN.

2 In the roll of Thine apostles  
One there stands, Bartholomew,  
He for whom to-day we offer,  
Year by year, our praises due:  
How he toiled for Thee and suffered  
None on earth can now record;  
All his saintly life is hidden  
In the knowledge of his Lord;

3 None can tell us: all is written  
In the Lamb's great book of life,  
All the faith, and prayer, and patience,  
All the toiling, and the strife:  
There are told Thy hidden treasures;  
Number us, O Lord, with them,  
When Thou makest up the jewels  
Of Thy living diadem.

OTHER FEASTS AND FASTS.

St. Matthew.

169

W. W. How.

ANGELUS. L.M.

A. SILESIVS.

1. Be-hold, the Mas-ter pass-eth by! Oh, seest thou not His plead-ing eye?

With low sad voice He call-eth thee, "Leave this vain world, and follow Me." A-MEN.

2 O soul, bowed down with harrow-  
ing care, [spare?  
Hast thou no thought for heaven to  
From earthly toils lift up thine eye;  
Behold, the Master passeth by!

4 That "follow Me" his faithful ear  
Seemed every day afresh to hear:  
Its echoes stirred his spirit still,  
And fired his hope, and nerved his  
will.

3 One heard Him calling long ago.  
And straightway left all things  
below,  
Counting his earthly gain as loss  
For Jesus and His blessed cross.

5 God gently calls us every day:  
Why should we then our bliss delay?  
He calls to heaven and endless  
light: [night?  
Why should we love the dreary

6 Praise, Lord, to Thee for Mathew's call,  
At which he rose and left his all:  
Thou, Lord, e'en now art calling me;  
I will leave all, and follow Thee.

169

SAN SALVADOR. L.M.

W. W. How.

SECOND TUNE.

E. PIERACCINI.

1. Be-hold, the Mas-ter passeth by! Oh, seest thou not His plead-ing eye?

With low sad voice He call-eth thee, "Leave this vain world, and fol-low Me." A-MEN.

OTHER FEASTS AND FASTS.

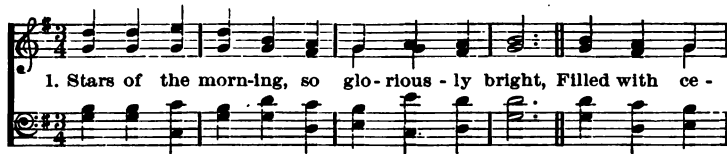
*St. Michael and All Angels.*

170

Tr. J. M. NEALE.

TRISAGION. 108.

H. SMART.



1. Stars of the morn-ing, so glo-rious - ly bright, Filled with ce -



les - ti - al splen-dor and light, These that, where night never



fol-low-eth day, Raise the "Thrice Holy" song ever and aye. A - MEN.

2 These are Thy ministers, these dost Thou own,  
God of Sabaoth, the nearest Thy throne;  
These are Thy messengers, these dost Thou send,  
Help of the helpless ones! man to defend.

3 These keep the guard amid Salem's dear bowers,  
Thrones, Principalities, Virtues, and Powers,  
Where, with the living Ones, mystical Four,  
Cherubim, Seraphim bow and adore.

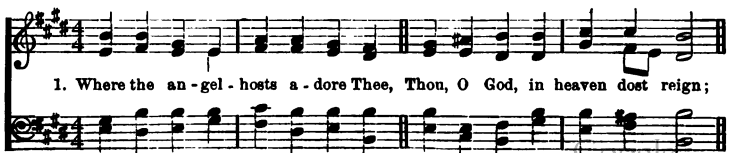
4 Still let them succor us; still let them fight,  
Lord of angelic hosts, battling for right;  
Till, where their anthems they ceaselessly pour,  
We with the angels may bow and adore.

171

Tr. I. WILLIAMS.

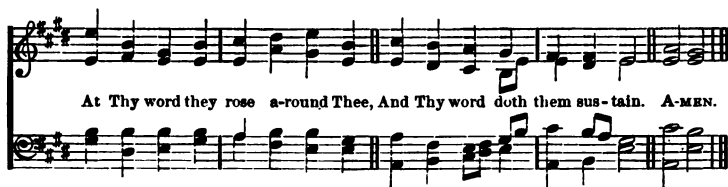
GOTHA. 8s, 7s.

H. R. H. PRINCE ALBERT.



1. Where the an - gel - hosts a - dore Thee, Thou, O God, in heaven dost reign;

OTHER FEASTS AND FASTS.



At Thy word they rose a-round Thee, And Thy word doth them sus-tain. A-MEN.

- 2 Thousand times ten thousand, bend-  
ing  
At Thy throne, their homage pay;  
Flames of fire in strength excelling,  
Swift Thy pleasure to obey.
- 3 Fashioned in a wondrous order,  
Thee they serve, their Lord and  
King;  
Grant that in our cares and dangers  
They may timely succor bring.

4 Praise to Thee Who hast created  
Earth and heaven with all their host;  
Praise to Thee, O God most mighty,  
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

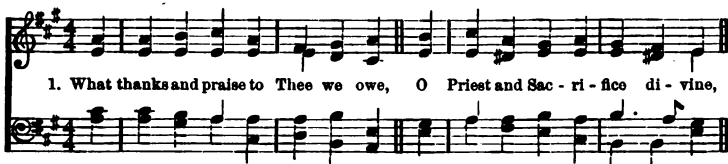
*St. Luke.*

172

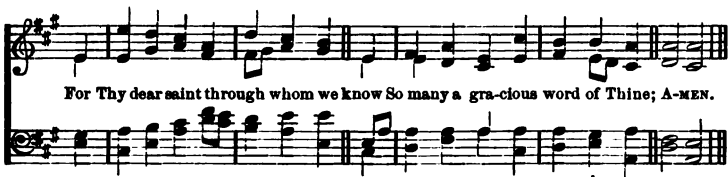
W. D. MACLAGAN.

ELY. L. M.

T. TURTON.



1. What thanks and praise to Thee we owe, O Priest and Sac - ri - fice di - vine,



For Thy dear saint through whom we know So many a gra-cious word of Thine; A-MEN.

- 2 Whom Thou didst choose to tell the  
tale  
Of all Thy manhood's toils and  
And for a moment lift the veil (tears,  
That hides Thy boyhood's spotless  
years.
- 3 And still the Church through all her  
days  
Uplifts the strains that never cease,  
The blessed Virgin's hymn of praise,  
The aged Simeon's words of peace.
- 4 O happy saint! whose sacred page,  
So rich in words of truth and  
love,  
Pours on the Church from age to  
age  
This healing unction from above;
- 5 The witness of the Saviour's life,  
The great apostle's chosen friend  
Through weary years of toil and  
strife,  
And still found faithful to the end.

6 So grant us, Lord, like him to live,  
Beloved by man, approved by Thee,  
Till Thou at last the summons give,  
And we, with him, Thy face shall see.

OTHER FEASTS AND FASTS.

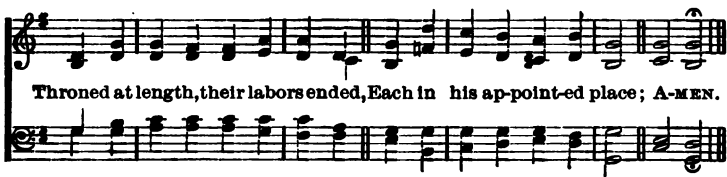
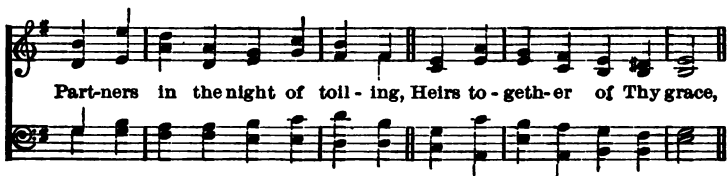
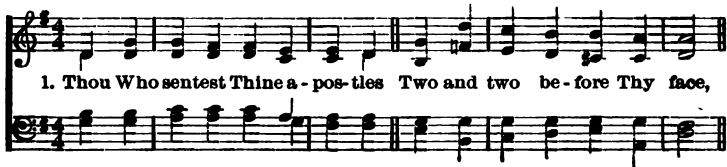
*St. Simon and St. Jude.*

178

J. ELLERTON.

VERONA. 8s, 7s. 6 lines.

J. H. DRANE.



2

4

<p>Praise to Thee for those Thy champions Whom our hymns to-day proclaim; One, whose zeal by Thee enlightened Burned anew with nobler flame; One, the kinsman of Thy childhood, Brought at last to know Thy Name.</p>	<p>Once again those storms are breaking; Hearts are failing, love grows cold; Faith is darkened, sin abounding; Grievous wolves assail Thy fold: Save us, Lord, our one Salvation; Save the faith revealed of old.</p>
---	--

3

5

<p>Praise to Thee! Thy fire within 'them Spake in love, and wrought in power; Seen in mighty signs and wonders In Thy Church's morning hour; Heard in tones of sternest warning When the storms began to lower.</p>	<p>Call the erring by Thy pity; Warn the tempted by Thy fear; Keep us true to Thine allegiance, Counting life itself less dear; Standing firmer, holding faster, As we see the end draw near:</p>
---	---

6

Till, with holy Jude and Simon  
And the thousand faithful more,  
We, the good confession witnessed  
And the lifelong conflict o'er,  
On the sea of fire and crystal  
Stand, and wonder, and adore.

OTHER FEASTS AND FASTS.

General for Saints' Days.

174

H. NELSON.

PÆAN. 78, 68. D.

F. WEBER.

1. { From all Thy Saints in war-fare, for all Thy Saints at rest,  
To Thee, O bless-ed Je-sus, all prais-es be ad-dress'd; }

Thou, Lord, didst win the bat-tle that they might conquerors be;

Their crowns of liv-ing glo-ry are lit with rays from Thee. A-MEN.

Insert here the stanza for the special Saint's Day to be celebrated.

ST. ANDREW.

2. Praise, Lord, for Thine apostle, the first to welcome Thee,  
The first to lead his brother, the very Christ to see,  
With hearts for Thee made ready, watch we throughout the year,  
Forward to lead our brethren to own Thine Advent near.

ST. THOMAS.

- 3 All praise for Thine apostle, whose short-lived doubtings prove  
Thy perfect twofold nature, the fullness of Thy love.  
On all who wait Thy coming shed forth Thy peace, O Lord,  
And grant us faith to know Thee, true Man, true God, adored.

ST. STEPHEN.

- 4 Praise for the first of martyrs, who saw Thee ready stand,  
To aid in midst of torments, to plead at God's right hand.  
Share we with him, if summoned by death our Lord to own,  
On earth the faithful witness, in heaven the martyr crown.

ST. JOHN THE EVANGELIST.

- 5 Praise for the loved disciple, exile on Patmos' shore;  
Praise for the faithful record, he to Thy Godhead bore,  
Praise for the mystic vision, through him to us revealed.  
May we, in patience waiting, with Thine elect be sealed.

THE HOLY INNOCENTS.

- 6 Praise for Thine infant martyrs, by Thee with tenderest love  
Called early from the warfare to share the rest above.  
O Rachel! cease thy weeping: they rest from pains and cares.  
Lord, grant us hearts as guileless, and crowns as bright as theirs.

THE CONVERSION OF ST. PAUL.

- 7 Praise for the light from heaven, praise for the voice of awe,  
Praise for the glorious vision the persecutor saw.  
Thee, Lord, for his conversion, we glorify to-day;  
So lighten all our darkness with Thy true Spirit's ray.



## OTHER FEASTS AND FASTS.

### ST. MATTHIAS.

- 8 Lord, Thine abiding presence directs  
the wondrous choice;  
For one in place of Judas the faithful  
now rejoice.  
Thy Church from false apostles for  
evermore defend,  
And by Thy parting promise be with  
her to the end.

### ST. MARK.

- 9 For him, O Lord, we praise Thee, the  
weak by grace made strong,  
Whose labors and whose Gospel en-  
rich our triumph-song.  
May we in all our weakness, find  
strength from Thee supplied,  
And all, as fruitful branches, in Thee,  
the Vine, abide.

### ST. PHILIP AND ST. JAMES.

- 10 All praise for Thine apostle, blest  
guide to Greek and Jew,  
And him surnamed Thy brother;  
keep us Thy brethren true,  
And grant us grace to know Thee,  
the Way, the Truth, the Life;  
To wrestle with temptations till vic-  
tors in the strife.

### ST. BARNABAS.

- 11 The Son of Consolation, moved by  
Thy law of love,  
Forsaking earthly treasures, sought  
riches from above.  
As earth now teems with increase,  
let gifts of grace descend,  
That Thy true consolations may  
through the world extend.

### ST. JOHN BAPTIST.

- 12 We praise Thee for the Baptist, fore-  
runner of the Word,  
Our true Elias, making a highway  
for the Lord.  
Of prophets last and greatest, he saw  
Thy dawning ray:  
Make us the rather blessed, who love  
Thy glorious day.

### ST. PETER.

- 13 Praise for Thy great apostle, the ea-  
ger and the bold;  
Thrice falling, yet repentant, thrice  
charged to keep Thy Fold.  
Lord, make Thy pastors faithful, to  
guard their flocks from ill,  
And grant them dauntless courage,  
with humble, earnest will.

### ST. JAMES.

- 14 For him, O Lord, we praise Thee,  
who, slain by Herod's sword,  
Drank of Thy cup of suffering, ful-  
filling thus Thy word.

Curb we all vain impatience to read  
Thy veiled decree,  
And count it joy to suffer, if so  
brought nearer Thee.

### ST. BARTHOLOMEW.

- 15 All praise for Thine apostle, the  
faithful, pure, and true,  
Whom underneath the fig tree Thine  
eye all-seeing knew.  
Like him may we be guileless, true  
Israelites indeed,  
That Thy abiding presence our long-  
ing souls may feed.

### ST. MATTHEW.

- 16 Praise, Lord, for him whose Gospel  
Thy human life declared,  
Who, wordly gains forsaking, Thy  
path of suffering shared.  
From all unrighteous mammon, oh,  
give us hearts set free,  
That we, whate'er our calling, may  
rise and follow Thee.

### ST. LUKE.

- 17 For that "beloved physician," all  
praise, whose Gospel shows  
The healer of the nations, the sharer  
of our woes.  
Thy wine and oil, O Saviour, on  
bruised hearts deign to pour,  
And with true balm of Gilead a-  
noint us evermore.

### ST. SIMON AND ST. JUDE.

- 18 Praise, Lord, for Thine apostles, who  
sealed their faith to-day:  
One love, one zeal impelled them to  
tread the sacred way.  
May we with zeal as earnest the faith  
of Christ maintain,  
And, bound in love as brethren, at  
length Thy rest attain.

### GENERAL ENDING.

- 19 Apostles, prophets, martyrs, and all  
the sacred throng,  
Who wear the spotless raiment, who  
raise the ceaseless song;  
For these, passed on before us, Sav-  
iour, we Thee adore,  
And, walking in their footsteps,  
would serve Thee more and more.
- 20 Then praise we God the Father, and  
praise we God the Son,  
And God the Holy Spirit, eternal  
Three in One;  
Till all the ransomed number fall  
down before the throne,  
And honor, power, and glory ascribe  
to God alone.

**All Saints.****175**

W. D. MACLAGAN.

GRANT. 6-8s.

J. STAINER.

1. The saints of God! Their conflict past, And life's long bat-tle won at last,

No more they need the shield or sword, They cast them down be-fore their Lord :

*Voices in Unison.* *Harmony.*

O hap-py saints! fore-ver blest, At Je-sus' feet how safe your rest. A-MEN.

- 2 The saints of God ! Their wanderings done,  
 No more their weary course they run,  
 No more they faint, no more they fall,  
 No foes oppress, no fears appall :  
 O happy saints! forever blest,  
 In that dear home how sweet your rest !
- 3 The saints of God ! Life's voyage o'er,  
 Safe landed on that blissful shore,  
 No stormy tempests now they dread,  
 No roaring billows lift their head :  
 O happy saints! forever blest,  
 In that calm haven of your rest !
- 4 The saints of God their vigil keep,  
 While yet their mortal bodies sleep,  
 Till from the dust they too shall rise  
 And soar triumphant to the skies :  
 O happy saints! rejoice and sing :  
 He quickly comes, your Lord and King !
- 5 O God of saints ! To Thee we cry ;  
 O Saviour ! plead for us on high ;  
 O Holy Ghost ! our guide and friend,  
 Grant us Thy grace till life shall end ;  
 That with all saints our rest may be  
 In that bright Paradise with Thee !

1. For all the saints, who from their la - bors rest, Who Thee by  
 faith be - fore the world con - fessed, Thy Name, O Je - su,  
 be for - ev - er blest. Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia. A - MEN.

- 2 Thou wast their Rock, their Fortress, and their Might;  
 Thou, Lord, their Captain in the well-fought fight;  
 Thou, in the darkness drear, the one true Light. Alleluia.
- 3 Oh, may Thy soldiers, faithful, true, and bold,  
 Fight as the saints who nobly fought of old,  
 And win, with them, the victor's crown of gold. Alleluia.
- 4 O blest communion, fellowship divine!  
 We feebly struggle, they in glory shine;  
 Yet all are one in Thee, for all are Thine. Alleluia.
- 5 And when the strife is fierce, the warfare long,  
 Steals on the ear the distant triumph-song,  
 And hearts are brave again, and arms are strong. Alleluia.
- 6 The golden evening brightens in the west;  
 Soon, soon to faithful warriors cometh rest;  
 Sweet is the calm of Paradise the blest. Alleluia.
- 7 But lo! there breaks a yet more glorious day;  
 The saints triumphant rise in bright array;  
 The King of glory passes on His way. Alleluia.
- 8 From earth's wide bounds, from ocean's farthest coast,  
 Through gates of pearl streams in the countless host,  
 Singing to Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Alleluia.

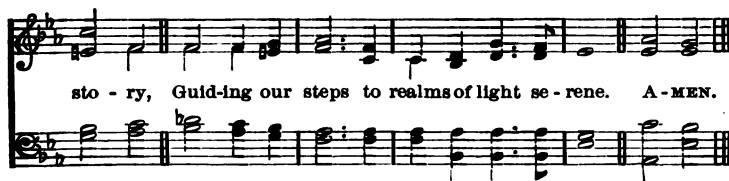
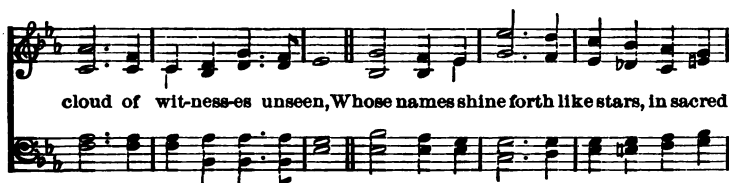
OTHER FEASTS AND FASTS—ALL SAINTS.

177

M. A. THOMSON.

BERLIN. 118, 108.

F. MENDELSSOHN.



- 2 And for Thy hidden saints, our praise adoring,  
Fount of all sanctity, to Thee we yield,  
Who in Thy treasure-house on high, art storing  
Jewels whose lustre was, on earth, concealed.
- 3 Thine arm sustained them all in conflict mortal  
With sin, the world, and all the powers of hell;  
Thy hand hath oped for all, the shining portal  
To realms where peace and joy forever dwell.
- 4 There are the throned and white-robed elders, casting  
Before the King of kings, their crowns of gold;  
And there are crowns and mansions everlasting,  
And palms and harps for multitudes untold.
- 5 Though, in Thy service, we too oft have slumbered,  
Like the ten virgins, foolish ones and wise;  
Yet with Thy saints, may we at last be numbered,  
And at Thy call with burning lamps arise.



1. Who are these like stars ap-pearing, These, before God's throne who stand?  
Each a gold-en crown is wear-ing; Who are all this glorious band?  
Al - le - lu - ia! hark they sing, Praising loud their heavenly King. A-MEN.

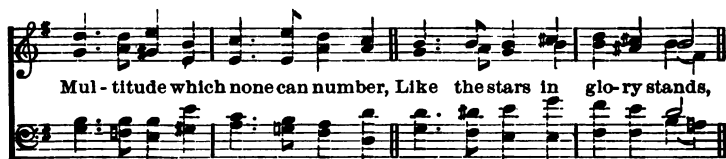
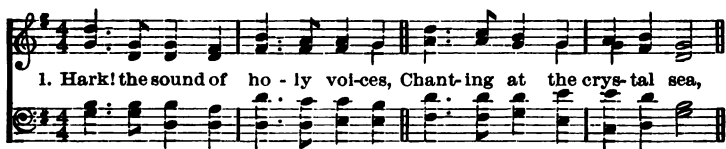
- 2 Who are these of dazzling brightness,  
These in God's own truth arrayed,  
Clad in robes of purest whiteness,  
Robes whose lustre ne'er shall fade,  
Ne'er be touched by time's rude hand?  
Whence comes all this glorious band?
- 3 These are they who have contended  
For their Saviour's honor long,  
Wrestling on till life was ended,  
Following not the sinful throng:  
These, who well the fight sustained,  
Triumph by the Lamb have gained.
- 4 These are they whose hearts were riven,  
Sore with woe and anguish tried,  
Who in prayer full oft have striven  
With the God they glorified:  
Now, their painful conflict o'er,  
God has bid them weep no more.
- 5 These, like priests, have watched and waited,  
Offering up to Christ their will,  
Soul and body consecrated,  
Day and night they serve Him still.  
Now in God's most holy place,  
Blest they stand before His face.

OTHER FEASTS AND FASTS—ALL SAINTS.

179

C. WORDSWORTH. MOULTRIE. 8s, 7s. D.

G. F. COBB.



2 Patriarch, and holy prophet,  
Who prepared the way for  
Christ,  
King, apostle, saint, confessor,  
Martyr and evangelist;  
Saintly maiden, godly matron,  
Widows who have watched to  
prayer,  
Joined in holy concert, singing  
To the Lord of all, are there.

3 Marching with Thy cross, their  
banner,  
They have triumphed, following  
Thee, the Captain of salvation,  
Thee, their Saviour and their  
King. [suffered;  
Gladly, Lord, with Thee they  
Gladly, Lord, with Thee they died;  
And by death to life immortal  
They were born and glorified.

4 Now they reign in heavenly glory,  
Now they walk in golden light,  
Now they drink, as from a river,  
Holy bliss and infinite:  
Love and peace they taste forever,  
And all truth and knowledge see  
In the beatific vision  
Of the blessed Trinity.

OTHER FEASTS AND FASTS—ALL SAINTS.

180

J. MONTGOMERY.

RAPTURE. 78, D.

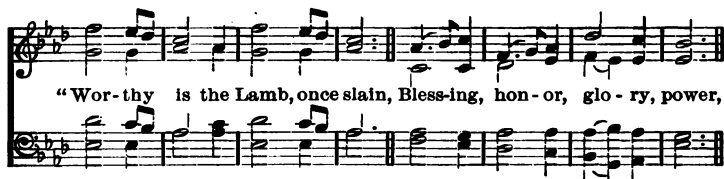
F. J. HAYDN.



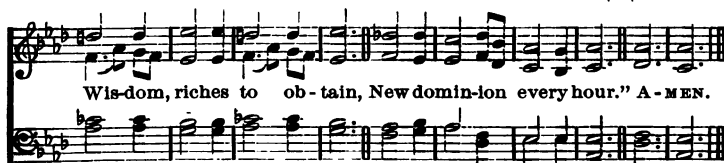
1. Who are these in bright ar-ray, This in-num-er - a - ble throng,



Round the al - tar, night and day, Tun-ing their triumphant song?



“Wor - thy is the Lamb, once slain, Bless-ing, hon - or, glo - ry, power,



Wis-dom, riches to ob-tain, New domin-ion every hour.” A - MEN.

2 These through fiery trials trod ;  
 These from great affliction came ;  
 Now before the throne of God,  
 Sealed with His eternal Name ;  
 Clad in raiment pure and white,  
 Victor palms in every hand,  
 Through their great Redeemer's might,  
 More than conquerors they stand.

3 Hunger, thirst, disease unknown,  
 On immortal fruits they feed ;  
 Them the Lamb amidst the throne,  
 Shall to living fountains lead :  
 Joy and gladness banish sighs ;  
 Perfect love dispels their fears ;  
 And forever from their eyes  
 God shall wipe away their tears.

OTHER FEASTS AND FASTS—ALL SAINTS.

181

R. MANT.

ST. THOMAS. S. M.

G. F. HANDEL.



1. For all Thy saints, O Lord, Who strove in Thee to live, Who followed Thee, o-beyed, a - dored, Our grate-ful hymn re - ceive. A-MEN.

- 2 For Thy dear saints, O Lord,  
Who strove in Thee to die,  
Who counted Thee their great re-  
Accept our thankful cry. [ward,  
3 Thine earthly members fit  
To join Thy saints above,

- In one communion ever knit,  
One fellowship of love.  
5 Jesus, Thy Name we bless,  
And humbly pray that we  
May follow them in holiness,  
Who lived and died for Thee.

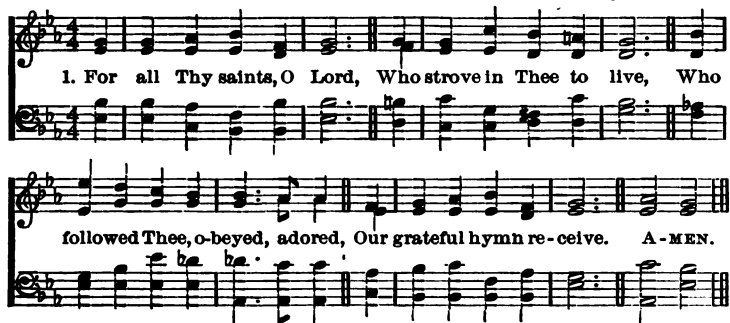
181

CHARITY. S. M.

R. MANT.

SECOND TUNE.

J. BARNEY.



1. For all Thy saints, O Lord, Who strove in Thee to live, Who followed Thee, o-beyed, adored, Our grateful hymn re - ceive. A - MEN.

Also the following :

- 390.—Oh, what, if we are Christ's.  
391.—Let saints on earth in concert sing.  
392.—Not to the terrors of the Lord.  
394.—O Paradise, O Paradise.  
396.—Ten thousand times ten thousand.  
397.—Oh, what the joy and the glory must be.

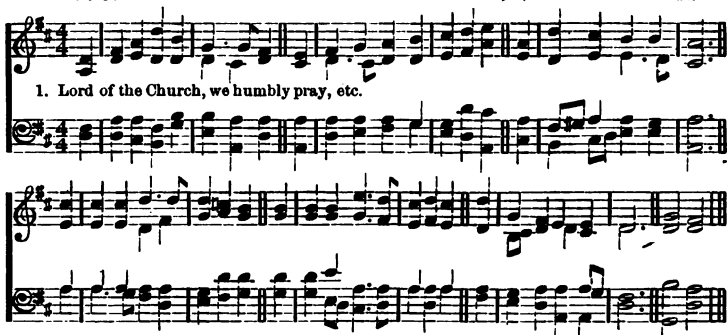
- 400.—Blessèd city, heavenly Salem.  
401.—O heavenly Jerusalem.  
404.—I heard a sound of voices.  
462.—Sing Alleluia forth in duteous praise.  
549.—King of glory ! Saviour dear !

Digitized by Google



# Ember Days.

182 E. OSLER. MAGDALEN COLLEGE. 8, 8, 6. D. W. HAYES.



1. Lord of the Church, we humbly pray, etc.

1 Lord of the Church, we humbly pray  
For those who guide us in Thy way,  
And speak Thy holy word;  
With love divine their hearts inspire,  
And touch their lips with hallowed  
And needful strength afford. [fire,

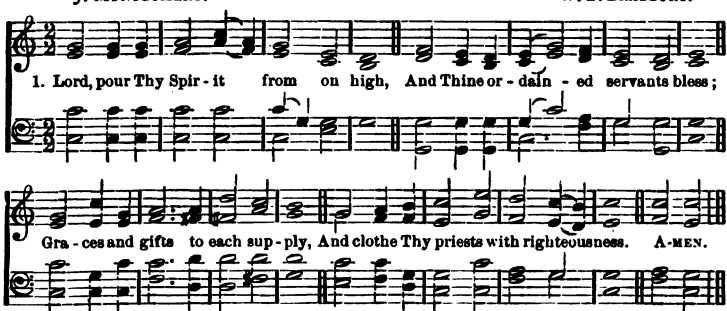
2 Help them to preach the truth of  
God, [blood;  
Redemption through the Saviour's  
Nor let the Spirit cease

On all the Church His gifts to shower;  
To them a messenger of power,  
To us, of life and peace.

3 So may they live to Thee alone;  
Then hear the welcome word, "Well  
done!"

And take their crown above;  
Enter into their Master's joy,  
And all eternity employ  
In praise, and bliss, and love.

183 J. MONTGOMERY. ZEPHYR. L. M. W. B. BRADBURY.



1. Lord, pour Thy Spir - it from on high, And Thine or - dain - ed servants bless;

Gra - ces and gifts to each sup - ply, And clothe Thy priests with righteousness. A - MEN.

2 Within Thy temple when they  
stand,  
To teach the truth as taught by  
Thee,  
Saviour, like stars in Thy right hand,  
Let all Thy Church's pastors be.

3 Wisdom, and zeal, and faith impart,  
Firmness and meekness from  
above,  
To bear Thy people in their heart,  
And love the souls whom Thou dost  
love;

4 To watch, and pray, and never faint,  
By day and night strict guard to  
keep,  
To warn the sinner, cheer the saint,  
To feed Thy lambs, and fold Thy  
sheep.

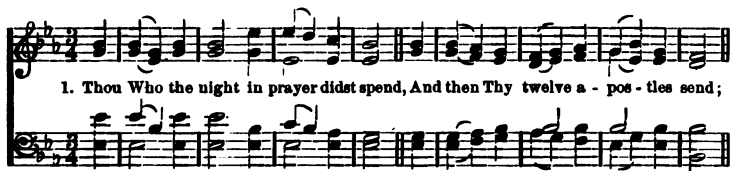
5 So, when their work is finished here,  
They may in hope their charge  
resign;  
So, when their Master shall appear,  
They may with crowns of glory  
shine.

EMBER DAYS.

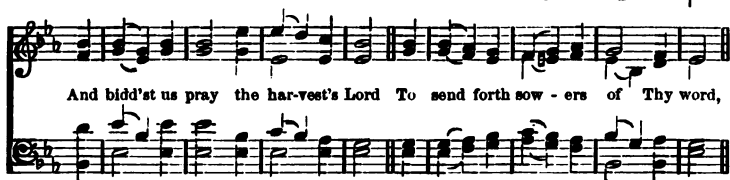
184 Anon.

STELLA. 6-8s.

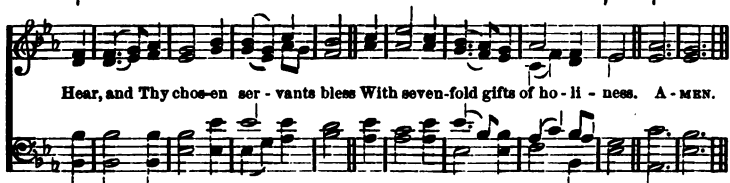
H. F. HEMY.



1. Thou Who the night in prayer didst spend, And then Thy twelve a - pos - tles send;



And bidd'st us pray the har-vest's Lord To send forth sow - ers of Thy word,



Hear, and Thy choe-en ser - vants bless With seven-fold gifts of ho - li - ness. A - MEN.

2 Oh, may Thy pastors faithful be,  
Not laboring for themselves, but Thee;  
Give grace to feed with wholesome food  
The sheep and lambs bought by Thy blood;  
To tend Thy flock, and thus to prove  
How dearly they the Shepherd love!

And with them work, and for them pray,  
And gladly Thee in them obey;  
Receive the prophet of the Lord,  
And gain the prophet's own reward!

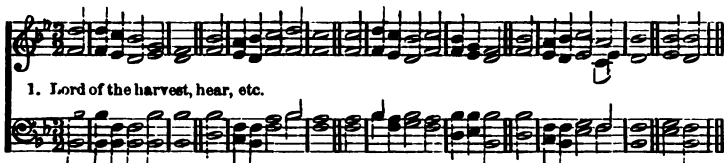
3 Oh, may Thy people faithful be,  
And in Thy pastors honor Thee,

4 So may we, when our work is done,  
Together stand before the throne;  
And joyful hearts and voices raise  
In one united song of praise,  
With all the bright celestial host,  
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

185 C. WESLEY.

STATE STREET. S. M.

J. C. WOODMAN.



1. Lord of the harvest, hear, etc.

1 Lord of the harvest, hear  
Thy needy servants' cry;  
Answer our faith's effectual prayer,  
And all our wants supply.

3 Anoint and send forth more  
Into Thy Church abroad, [power,  
And let them speak Thy word of  
As workers with Thy God.

2 On Thee we humbly wait,  
Our wants are in Thy view:  
The harvest, Lord, is truly great,  
The laborers are few.

4 Oh, let them spread Thy Name,  
Their mission fully prove:  
Thy universal grace proclaim,  
Thine all-redeeming love.

EMBER DAYS.

186

P. DODDRIDGE.

LISBON. S.M.

D. READ.

1. Ye ser-vants of the Lord, Each in your of - fice, wait,

Ob-serv-ant of His heavenly word, And watchful at His gate. A - MEN.

2 Let all your lamps be bright,  
And trim the golden flame;  
Gird up your loins as in His sight,  
For awful is His Name.

3 Watch! 'tis your Lord's command,  
And while we speak He's near;  
Mark the first signal of His hand,  
And ready all appear.

4 Oh, happy servant he  
In such a posture found;  
He shall his Lord with rapture see,  
And be with honor crowned.

186

P. DODDRIDGE.

SHIRLAND. S.M.

SECOND TUNE.

S. STANLEY.

1. Ye ser-vants of the Lord, Each in your of - fice, wait,

Ob - serv-ant of His heavenly word, And watchful at His gate. A - MEN.

# Rogation Days.

187

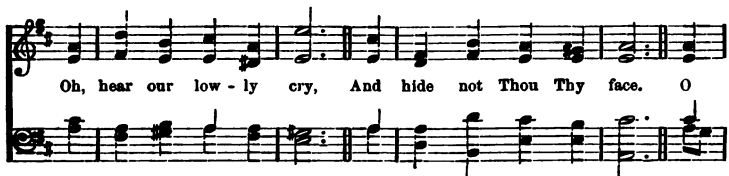
W. W. How.

BEVERLEY. 6s, 8s.

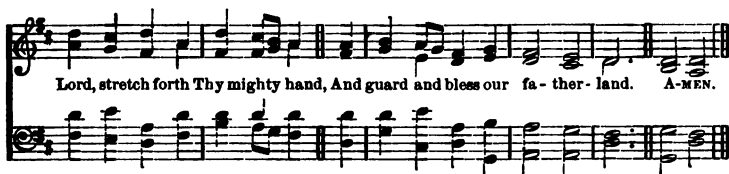
Anon.



1. To Thee our God we fly For mer - cy and for grace ;



Oh, hear our low - ly cry, And hide not Thou Thy face. O



Lord, stretch forth Thy mighty hand, And guard and bless our fa - ther - land. A-MEN.

2 Arise, O Lord of hosts ;  
Be jealous for Thy Name,  
And drive from out our coasts  
The sins that put to shame.  
O Lord, stretch forth Thy mighty  
hand,  
And guard and bless our fatherland.

4 The powers ordained by Thee,  
With heavenly wisdom bless ;  
May they Thy servants be,  
And rule in righteousness.  
O Lord, stretch forth Thy mighty  
hand,  
And guard and bless our fatherland.

3 Thy best gifts from on high  
In rich abundance pour,  
That we may magnify  
And praise Thee more and more.  
O Lord, stretch forth Thy mighty  
hand,  
And guard and bless our fatherland.

5 The Church of Thy dear Son  
Inflame with love's pure fire,  
Bind her once more in one,  
And life and truth inspire,  
O Lord, stretch forth Thy mighty  
hand,  
And guard and bless our fatherland.

6 Give peace, Lord, in our time ;  
Oh, let no foe draw nigh,  
Nor lawless deed of crime  
Insult Thy Majesty.  
O Lord, stretch forth Thy mighty hand,  
And guard and bless our fatherland.

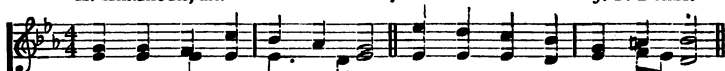
ROGATION DAYS.

188

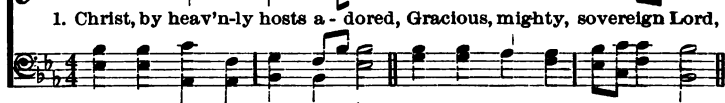

H. HARBAUGH, alt.

LENT. 7s. D.

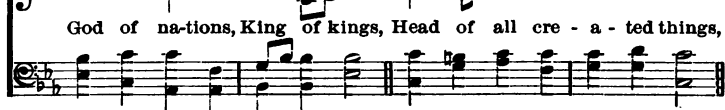

J. B. DYKES.



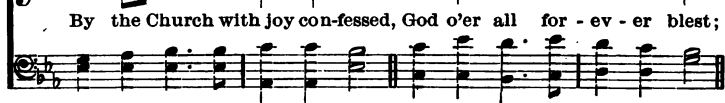
1. Christ, by heav'n-ly hosts a-dored, Gracious, mighty, sovereign Lord,

God of na-tions, King of kings, Head of all cre-a-ted things,

By the Church with joy con-fessed, God o'er all for-ev-er blest;




Pleading at Thy throne we stand, Save Thy people, bless our land. A-MEN.



2 On our fields of grass and grain  
Send, O Lord, the kindly rain;  
O'er our wide and goodly land  
Crown the labors of each hand.  
Let Thy kind protection be  
O'er our commerce on the sea:  
Open, Lord, Thy bounteous hand,  
Bless Thy people, bless our land.

3 Let our rulers ever be  
Men that love and honor Thee;  
Let the powers by Thee ordained  
Be in righteousness maintained;  
In the people's hearts increase  
Love of piety and peace;  
Thus united we shall stand  
One wide, free, and happy land.

# ROGATION DAYS.

189

J. KEBLE.

EVAN. C. M.

W. H. HAVERGAL.

1. Lord, in Thy Name Thy servants plead, And Thou hast sworn to hear;  
Thine is the harvest, Thine the seed, The fresh and fading year. A-MEN.

- 2 Our hope, when autumn winds 4 Thine too by right, and ours by  
blew wild, grace,  
We trusted, Lord, with Thee: The wondrous growth unseen,  
And now that spring has on us The hopes that soothe, the fears  
smiled, that brace,  
We wait on Thy decree. The love that shines serene.
- 3 The former and the latter rain, 5 So grant the precious things brought  
The summer sun and air, By sun and moon below, [forth  
The green ear, and the golden grain, That Thee, in Thy new heavens and  
All Thine, are ours by prayer. We never may forego. [earth,

## Thanksgiving Day.

190

J. H. GURNEY.

ST. MATTHIAS. 8s, 4s, 8.

W. H. MONK.

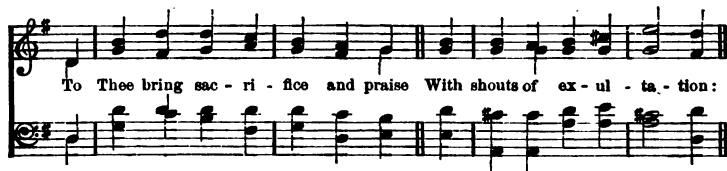
1. Lord of the har-vest, Thee we hail! Thine an-cient prom-ise doth not fail;  
The vary-ing sea-sons haste their round; With good-ness all our years are crowned;

# THANKSGIVING DAY.

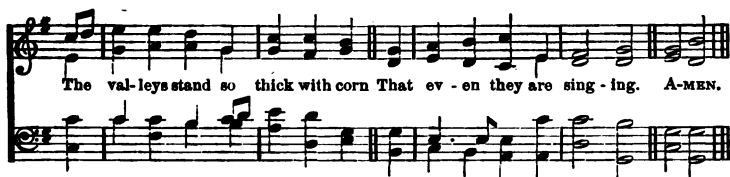


- 2 When spring doth wake the song of mirth,  
When summer warms the fruitful earth,  
When autumn yields its ripened grain,  
Or winter sweeps the naked plain,  
We still do sing  
To Thee our King;  
Through all their changes Thou dost reign.
- 3 But chiefly when Thy liberal hand  
Bestows new plenty o'er the land,  
When sounds of music fill the air,  
As homeward all their treasures bear;  
We too will raise  
Our hymn of praise,  
For we Thy common bounties share.
- 4 Lord of the harvest, all is Thine:  
The rains that fall, the suns that shine,  
The seed once hidden in the ground,  
The skill that makes our fruits abound:  
New every year,  
Thy gifts appear;  
New praises from our lips shall sound.

## 191 W. C. DIX. GOLDEN SHEAVES. 8s, 7s. D. A. S. SULLIVAN.



# THANKSGIVING DAY.



The val-leys stand so thick with corn That ev-en they are sing-ing. A-MEN.

2 And now on this our festal day,  
Thy bounteous hand confess-  
ing,  
Upon Thine altar, Lord, we lay  
The first-fruits of Thy blessing.  
By Thee the souls of men are fed  
With gifts of grace supernal;  
Thou Who dost give us daily bread,  
Give us the Bread eternal.

May we, the angel-reaping o'er,  
Stand at the last accepted,  
Christ's golden sheaves for evermore  
To garner bright elected.

3 We bear the burden of the day,  
And often toil seems dreary;  
But labor ends with sunset ray,  
And rest is for the weary.

4 Oh, blessed is that land of God,  
Where saints abide forever;  
Where golden fields spread fair and  
broad,  
Where flows the crystal river:  
The strains of all its holy throng  
With ours to-day are blending;  
Thrice blessed is that harvest-song  
Which never hath an ending.

192

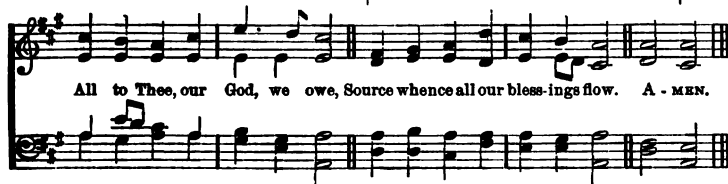
A. L. BARBAULD.

DIX. 78. 6 lines.

C. KOCHER.



1. { Praise to God, im-mor-tal praise, For the love that crowns our days; }  
{ Boun-teous source of eve-ry joy, Let Thy praise our tongues em-ploy; }



All to Thee, our God, we owe, Source whence all our bless-ings flow. A - MEN.

2 All the plenty summer pours;  
Autumn's rich o'erflowing stores;  
Flocks that whiten all the plain;  
Yellow sheaves of ripened grain:  
Lord, for these our souls shall raise  
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

Pure religion's holier beams:  
Lord, for these our souls shall raise  
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

3 Peace, prosperity, and health,  
Private bliss, and public wealth,  
Knowledge with its gladdening  
streams,

4 As Thy prospering hand hath  
blest,  
May we give Thee of our best;  
And by deeds of kindly love  
For Thy mercies grateful prove;  
Singing thus through all our days,  
Praise to God, immortal praise.



THANKSGIVING DAY.

198

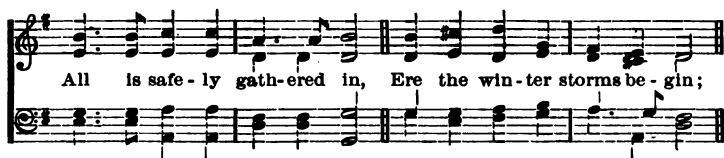
ST. GEORGE'S, WINDSOR. 7s. D.

H. ALFORD.

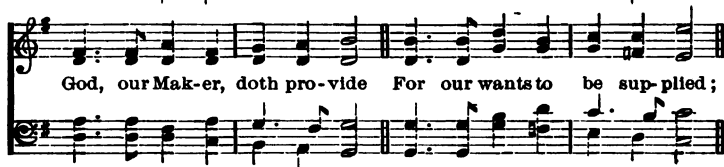
G. J. ELVEY.



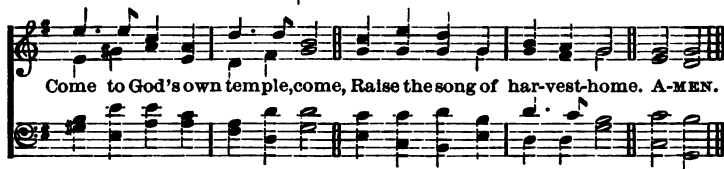
1. Come, ye thankful peo-ple, come, Raise the song of har-vest-home:



All is safe-ly gath-ered in, Ere the win-ter storms be-gin;



God, our Mak-er, doth pro-vide For our wants to be sup-plied;



Come to God's own temple, come, Raise the song of har-vest-home. A-MEN.

2 All the world is God's own field,  
Fruit unto His praise to yield;  
Wheat and tares together sown,  
Unto joy or sorrow grown:  
First the blade, and then the ear,  
Then the full corn shall appear:  
Grant, O harvest Lord, that we  
Wholesome grain and pure may be.

3 For the Lord our God shall come,  
And shall take His harvest home;  
From His field shall in that day  
All offences purge away;

Give His angels charge at last  
In the fire the tares to cast,  
But the fruitful ears to store  
In His garner evermore.

4 Even so, Lord, quickly come  
To Thy final harvest-home;  
Gather Thou Thy people in,  
Free from sorrow, free from sin;  
There, forever purified,  
In Thy presence to abide:  
Come, with all Thine angels, come,  
Raise the glorious harvest-home.

Also the following:

461.—The strain upraise of joy and praise.

466.—Now thank we all our God.

472.—O come, loud anthems let us sing.

473.—Before Jehovah's awful throne.

477.—O Lord of heaven and earth and sea.

# National Days.

194

D. C. ROBERTS.

PAX DEI. 108.

J. B. DYKES.

1. God of our fathers, Whose almighty hand Leads forth in beauty all the  
star-ry band Of shin-ing worlds in splendor through the skies,  
Our grate-ful songs be-fore Thy throne a - rise. A-MEN.

- 2 Thy love divine hath led us in the past,  
In this free land by Thee our lot is cast;  
Be Thou our ruler, guardian, guide and stay,  
Thy word our law, Thy paths our chosen way.
- 3 From war's alarms, from deadly pestilence,  
Be Thy strong arm our ever sure defence;  
Thy true religion in our hearts increase,  
Thy bounteous goodness nourish us in peace.
- 4 Refresh Thy people on their toilsome way,  
Lead us from night to never-ending day;  
Fill all our lives with love and grace divine,  
And glory, laud and praise be ever Thine.

195

GOD OF OUR FATHERS. P. M.

J. H. HOPKINS.

J. H. HOPKINS.

1. God of our fa - thers, bless this our land; O - cean to

# NATIONAL DAYS.

o - cean own-eth Thy hand. Home of all na - tions from far and  
near, Give, to u - nite us, Thy faith and fear. God of our fa - thers  
fail - ing us never, God of our fathers, be ours for - ev - er. A - MEN.

Disregard slurs in verses 2, 3 and 4, to suit the words.

- 2 Lord God of Sabaoth, mighty in war,  
Boundless and numberless Thine armies are.  
Thy right hand conquereth all that oppose;  
Launch forth Thy thunderbolts, smite down our foes,  
Lord God of Sabaoth, failing us never,  
Lord God of Sabaoth, fight for us ever.
- 3 Lord God our Saviour, Thy love o'erflows,  
Making our wilderness bloom as the rose.  
Thou with true liberty makest us free,  
Knowing no master, no king, but Thee;  
Lord God our Saviour, failing us never,  
Lord God our Saviour, reign Thou forever.
- 4 Spirit of unity, crown of all kings,  
Find us a resting place under Thy wings:  
By Thine own presence Thy will be done,  
Millions of free men banded as one.  
Lord God almighty, failing us never,  
Thine be the glory, now and forever.

196

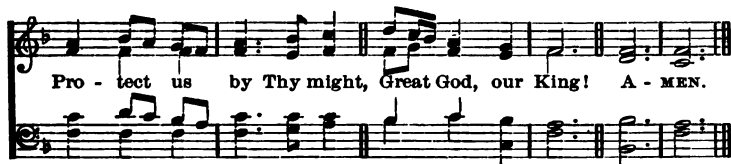
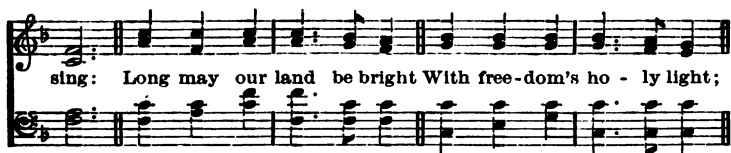
S. F. SMITH. *et. al.*

AMERICA. 6s, 4s.

H. CAREY.

1. Our fa - thers' God! to Thee, Au - thor of lib - er - ty, To Thee we

# NATIONAL DAYS.



2 Bless Thou our native land !  
Firm may she ever stand,  
Through storm and night ;  
When the wild tempests rave,  
Ruler of wind and wave,  
Do Thou our country save  
By Thy great might.

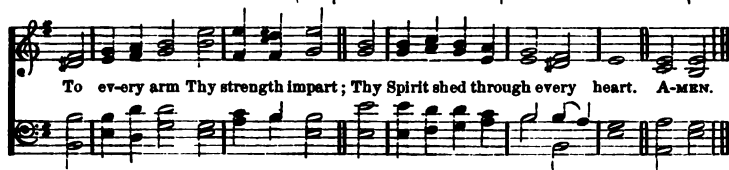
3 For her our prayer shall rise  
To God, above the skies ;  
On Him we wait ;  
Thou Who art ever nigh,  
Guarding with watchful eye,  
To Thee aloud we cry,  
God save the state !

197

O. W. HOLMES.

WINDHAM. L. M.

D. READ.



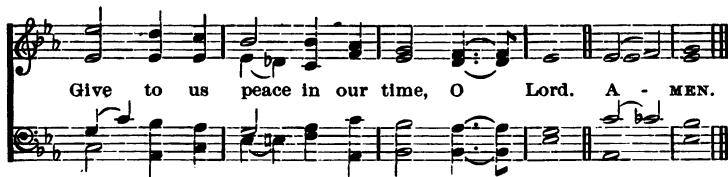
2 Wake in our breast the living fires, 4 God of all nations ! Sovereign Lord !  
The holy faith that warmed our In Thy dread Name we draw the  
sires ; sword,  
Thy hand hath made our nation We lift the starry flag on high  
free ; That fills with light our stormy sky.  
To die for her is serving Thee.

3 Be Thou a pillared flame to show 5 From treason's rent, from murder's  
The midnight snare, the silent foe ; stain, [reign,  
And when the battle thunders loud, Guard Thou its folds till peace shall  
Still guide us in its moving cloud. Till fort and field, till shore and sea,  
Join our loud anthem, praise to Thee!

## RUSSIAN HYMN. II, 10, II, 9.

Tr. H. F. CHORLEY.

A. LVOFF. Arr. M.



2 God the all-righteous One! man hath defied Thee;  
 Yet to eternity standeth Thy word,  
 Falsehood and wrong shall not tarry beside Thee;  
 Give to us peace in our time, O Lord.

3 God the all-wise! by the fire of Thy chastening,  
 Earth shall to freedom and truth be restored;  
 Through the thick darkness Thy kingdom is hastening;  
 Thou wilt give peace in Thy time, O Lord.

4 So will Thy people, with thankful devotion,  
 Praise Him Who saved them from peril and sword,  
 Shouting in chorus from ocean to ocean,  
 Peace to the nations, and praise to the Lord.

NATIONAL DAYS.

199

H. W. BAKER.

WELLS. L. M.

I. HOLDROYD.



1. O God of love, O King of peace, Make war throughout the world to cease;  
The wrath of sin - ful man restrain, Give peace, O God, give peace a - gain! A - MEN.

2 Remember, Lord, Thy works of old,  
The wonders that our fathers told;  
Remember not our sin's dark stain,  
Give peace, O God, give peace again!

3 Whom shall we trust but Thee, O Lord?  
Where rest but on Thy faithful word?  
None ever called on Thee in vain,  
Give peace, O God, give peace again!

4 Where saints and angels dwell above,  
All hearts are knit in holy love;  
Oh, bind us in that heavenly chain!  
Give peace, O God, give peace again!

200

Tr. C. WINKWORTH.

NUN DANKET. P. M.

J. CRUGER.



1. Lord God, we wor - ship Thee! In loud and hap - py cho - rus  
We praise Thy love and power, Whose goodness, reigneth o'er us.

NATIONAL DAYS.



To heaven our song shall soar, For - ev - er shall it be



Re - sound-ing o'er and o'er, Lord God, we wor-ship Thee! A-MEN.

2 Lord God, we worship Thee!  
For Thou our land defendest;  
Thou pourest down Thy grace,  
And strife and war Thou endest.  
Since golden peace, O Lord,  
Thou grantest us to see,  
Our land, with one accord,  
Lord God, gives thanks to Thee!

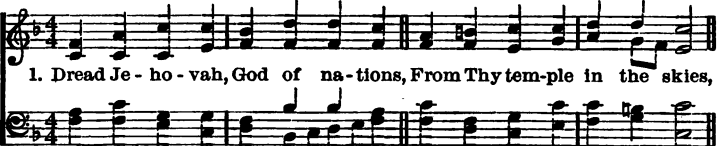
3 Lord God, we worship Thee!  
Thou didst indeed chastise us,  
Yet still Thy anger spares,  
And still Thy mercy tries us:  
Once more our Father's hand  
Doth bid our sorrows flee,  
And peace rejoices our land:  
Lord God, we worship Thee!

201


Anon.

MERTONE. 8s, 7s.

W. H. MONK.



1. Dread Je - ho - vah, God of na - tions, From Thy tem-ple in the skies,



Hear Thy people's sup-pli-ca-tions, Now for their de-liv-'rance rise. A-MEN.

2 Lo, with deep contrition turning,  
Humbly at Thy feet we bend;  
Hear us, fasting, praying, mourning;  
Hear us, spare us, and defend.

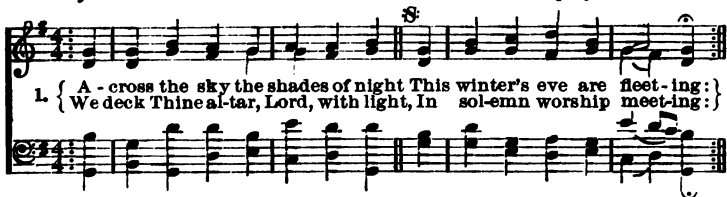
Thou hast mercy more abounding,  
Jesus' blood can cleanse from all.

3 Though our sins, our hearts con-  
founding,  
Long and loud for vengeance call,

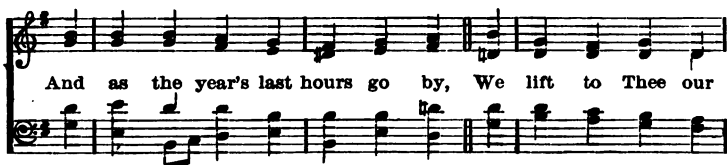
4 Let that love veil our transgression,  
Let that blood our guilt efface:  
Save Thy people from oppression,  
Save from spoil Thy holy place.

# The Old Year.

202 J. HAMILTON. MONMOUTH. 8s, 7s, 8s, 7. Adap. by M. LUTHER.



1. { A - cross the sky the shades of night This winter's eve are fleet-ing: }  
 { We deck Thine al-tar, Lord, with light, In sol-emn worship meet-ing: }



And as the year's last hours go by, We lift to Thee our



earn - est cry, Once more thy love en - treat - ing. A - MEN.

2 Before the cross, subdued we bow,  
 To Thee our prayers addressing;  
 Recounting all Thy mercies now,  
 And all our sins confessing;  
 Beseeching Thee, this coming year,  
 To hold us in Thy faith and fear,  
 And crown us with Thy blessing.

3 And, while we kneel, we lift our  
 eyes  
 To dear ones gone before us,  
 Safe housed with Thee in Paradise,  
 Whose peace descendeth o'er us:  
 And beg of Thee, when life is past,  
 To re-unite us all, at last,  
 And to our lost restore us.

4 We gather up, in this brief hour,  
 The memory of Thy mercies:  
 Thy wondrous goodness, love, and  
 power,  
 Our grateful song rehearses:

For Thou hast been our strength  
 and stay,  
 In many a dark and dreary day  
 Of sorrow and reverses.

5 In many an hour, when fear and  
 dread,  
 Like evil spells have bound us,  
 And clouds were gathering overhead,  
 Thy providence hath found us:  
 In many a night when waves ran  
 high,  
 Thy gracious presence drawing nigh  
 Hath made all calm around us.

6 Then, O great God, in years to come,  
 Whatever fate betide us, [home  
 Right onward through our journey  
 Be Thou at hand to guide us:  
 Nor leave us till, at close of life,  
 Safe from all perils, toil, and strife,  
 Heaven shall unfold and hide us.



THE OLD YEAR.

208

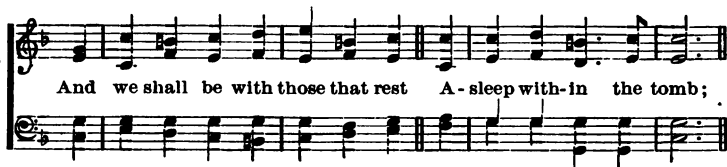
H. BONAR.

CHALVEY. S. M. D.

L. G. HAYNE.



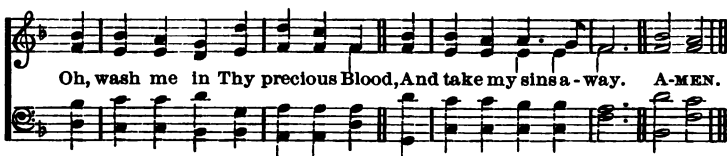
1. A few more years shall roll, A few more sea - sons come,



And we shall be with those that rest A - sleep with - in the tomb;



Then, O my Lord, pre - pare My soul for that great day;



Oh, wash me in Thy precious Blood, And take my sins a - way. A - MEN.

2 A few more suns shall set  
O'er these dark hills of time,  
And we shall be where suns are not,  
A far serener clime:  
Then, O my Lord, prepare  
My soul for that blest day;  
Oh, wash me in Thy precious blood,  
And take my sins away.

3 A few more storms shall beat  
On this wild rocky shore, [cease,  
And we shall be where tempests  
And surges swell no more:  
Then, O my Lord, prepare  
My soul for that calm day;  
Oh, wash me in Thy precious blood,  
And take my sins away.

4 A few more struggles here,  
A few more partings o'er,  
A few more toils, a few more tears,  
And we shall weep no more:  
Then, O my Lord, prepare  
My soul for that bright day;  
Oh, wash me in Thy precious blood,  
And take my sins away.

5 'Tis but a little while  
And He shall come again, [lives  
Who died that we might live, Who  
That we with Him may reign:  
Then, O my Lord, prepare  
My soul for that glad day;  
Oh, wash me in Thy precious blood,  
And take my sins away.

# The New Year.

Also the following :

417.—O God of Bethel, by Whose hand.  
418.—O God, our help in ages past.  
420.—Jesu, still lead on.

422.—Lead us, O Father, in the paths of peace.  
621.—Days and moments quickly flying.  
623.—I'm but a stranger here.

204

H. DOWNTON.

HOLLEY. 7s.

G. HEWS.



1. For Thy mer - cy and Thy grace, Faith - ful through an - oth - er year,  
Hear our song of thank - ful - ness; Je - sus, our Re - deem - er, hear. A - MEN.

2 In our weakness and distress,  
Rock of strength, be Thou our  
In the pathless wilderness [stay;  
Be our true and living way.

4 Keep us faithful, keep us pure,  
Keep us evermore Thine own,  
Help, oh, help us to endure;  
Fit us for the promised crown.

3 Who of us death's awful road  
In the coming year shall tread,  
With Thy rod and staff, O God,  
Comfort Thou his dying bed.

5 So within Thy palace gate  
We shall praise, on golden strings,  
Thee the only Potentate,  
Lord of lords and King of kings.

205

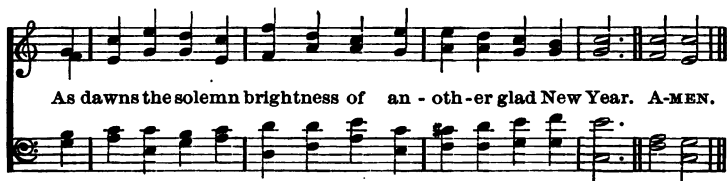
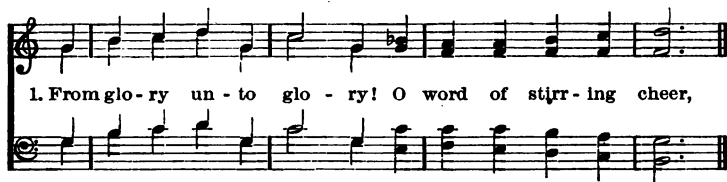
F. R. HAVERGAL. ST. COLOMB. 7s, 6s, 8, 6.

W. S. HOYTE.



1. From glo - ry un - to glo - ry! Be this our joy - ous song;  
As on the King's own high - way, we brave - ly march a - long.

# THE NEW YEAR.



2 From glory unto glory! What great things He hath done,  
What wonders He hath shown us, what triumphs He hath won!  
From glory unto glory! What mighty blessings crown  
The lives for which our Lord hath laid His own so freely down!

3 The fullness of His blessing encompasseth our way;  
The fullness of His promises crowns every brightening day;  
The fullness of His glory is beaming from above,  
While more and more we learn to know the fullness of His love.

4 And closer yet and closer the golden bonds shall be,  
Uniting all who love our Lord in pure sincerity;  
And wider yet and wider shall the circling glory glow,  
As more and more are taught of God that mighty love to know.

5 Oh, let our adoration for all that He hath done,  
Peal out beyond the stars of God, while voice and life are one;  
And let our consecration be real, deep, and true:  
Oh, even now our hearts shall bow, and joyful vows renew.

6 Now onward, ever onward, from strength to strength we go,  
While grace for grace abundantly shall from His fullness flow,  
To glory's full fruition, from glory's foretaste here,  
Until His very presence crown our happiest New Year.

## *Also the following:*

510.—Go forward, Christian soldier.

626.—My times are in Thy hand.

541.—Now a new year opens.

628.—Though faint yet pursuing.

666.—Jesus, I live to Thee.

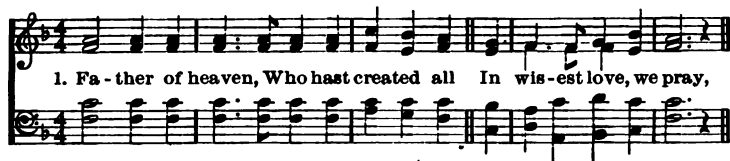
### III. The Church—Holy Baptism.

206

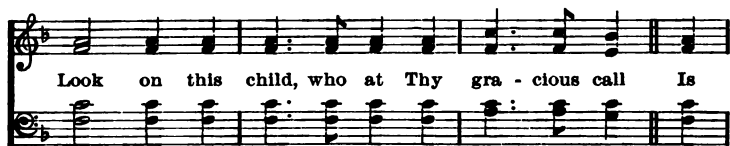
ST. FRANCIS. 108, 68, 88, 4.

Tr. C. WINKWORTH.

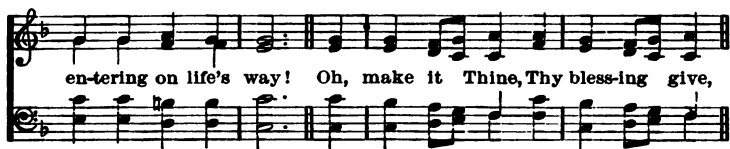
A. S. SULLIVAN.



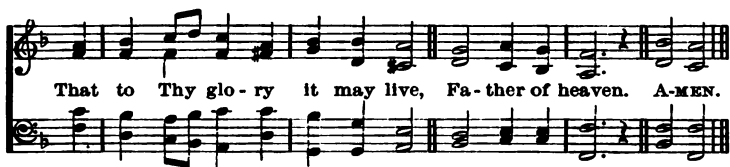
1. Fa - ther of heaven, Who hast created all In wis - est love, we pray,



Look on this child, who at Thy gra - cious call Is



en - tering on life's way! Oh, make it Thine, Thy blessing give,



That to Thy glo - ry it may live, Fa - ther of heaven. A - MEN.

2 O Son of God, atoning Lord, behold

We bring this child to Thee;

Take it, O loving Shepherd, to Thy fold,

Forever Thine to be:

Defend it through this earthly strife,

And lead it in the path of life,

O Son of God!

3 O Holy Ghost, Who broodest o'er the wave,

Descend upon this child;

Give it undying life, its spirit lave

With waters undefiled;

And make it evermore to be

A child of God, a home for Thee,

O Holy Ghost!

4 O Triune God, what Thou hast willed is done;

We speak: but Thine the might;

This child hath scarce yet seen our earthly sun,

Yet pour on it Thy light

Of faith, and hope, and joyful love,

Thou Sun of all below, above,

O Triune God.

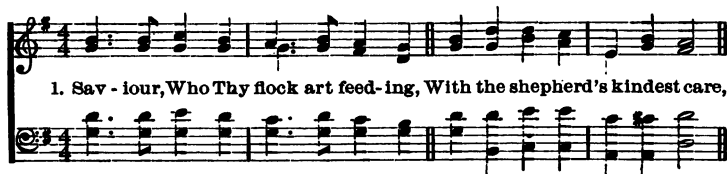
Digitized by Google

THE CHURCH—HOLY BAPTISM.

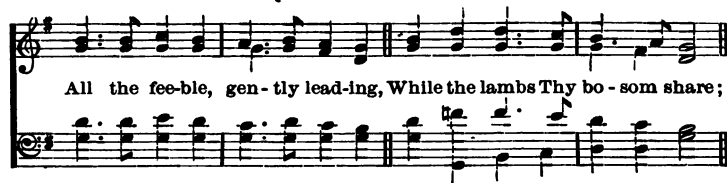
207

W. A. MUHLENBERG. WESTON. 8s, 7s. D.

J. E. ROE.



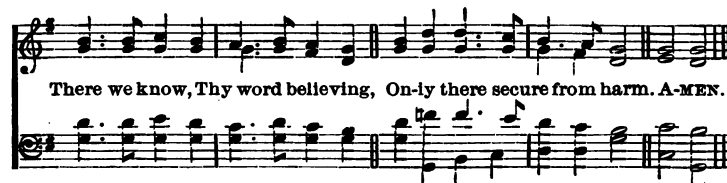
1. Sav - iour, Who Thy flock art feed - ing, With the shepherd's kindest care,



All the fee - ble, gen - tly lead - ing, While the lambs Thy bo - som share;



2. Now, *these* lit - tle ones re - ceiv - ing, Fold *them* in Thy gra - cious arm;



There we know, Thy word believing, On - ly there secure from harm. A - MEN.

3

Never from Thy pasture roving  
Let *them* be the lion's prey;  
Let Thy tenderness, so loving,  
Keep *them* all life's dangerous way.

4

Then, within Thy fold eternal,  
Let *them* find a resting-place;  
Feed in pastures ever vernal,  
Drink the rivers of Thy grace.

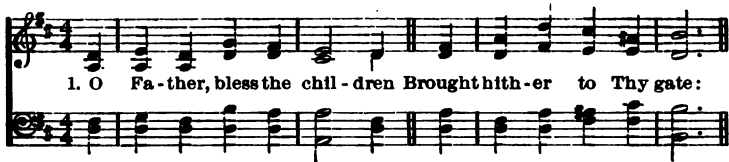
THE CHURCH—HOLY BAPTISM.

208

J. ELLERTON.

EWING. 7s, 6s. D.

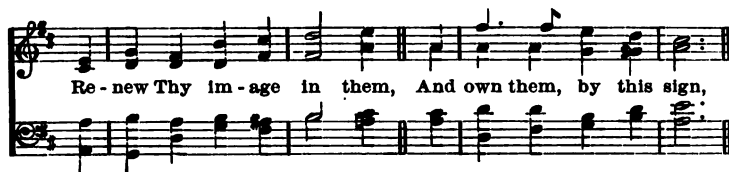
A. EWING.



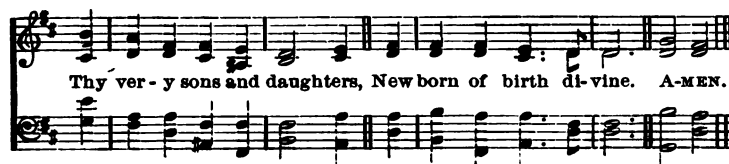
1. O Fa-ther, bless the chil-dren Brought hith-er to Thy gate:



Lift up their fall-en na-ture, Re-store their lost es-tate;



Re-new Thy im-age in them, And own them, by this sign,



Thy ver-y sons and daughters, Newborn of birth di-vine. A-MEN.

2 O Jesu, Lord, receive them ;  
Thy loving arms of old  
Were opened wide to welcome  
The children to Thy fold ;  
Let these, baptized, and dying,  
Then rising from the dead,  
Henceforth be living members  
Of Thee, their living Head.

3 O Holy Spirit, keep them ;  
Dwell with them to the last,  
Till all the fight is ended,  
And all the storms are past.  
Renew the gift baptismal, [each,  
From strength to strength, till  
The troublous waves o'ercoming,  
The land of life shall reach.

4 O Father, Son, and Spirit,  
O Wisdom, Love, and Power,  
We wait the promised blessing  
In this accepted hour !  
We name upon the children  
The Threefold Name divine ;  
Receive them, cleanse them, own them,  
And keep them ever Thine.

THE CHURCH—HOLY BAPTISM.

209

H. ALFORD.

GEER. C. M.

H. W. GREATORIX.

1. In to - ken that thou shalt not fear Christ cru - ci - fied to own,

We print the cross up - on thee here, And stamp thee His a - lone. A-MEN.

2 In token that thou shalt not blush  
To glory in His Name,  
We blazon here upon thy front  
His glory and His shame.

Endure the cross, despise the shame,  
And sit thee down on high;

3 In token that thou too shalt tread  
The path He travelled by,

4 Thus outwardly and visibly  
We seal thee for His own: [cross  
And may the brow that wears His  
Hereafter share His crown.]

210

E. H. BICKERSTETH.

THACHER. S. M.

G. F. HANDEL.

1. Stand, sol - dier of the cross, Thy high al - le - giance claim,

And vow to hold the world but loss For thy Re-deem - er's Name. A-MEN.

ADULTS.

2 Arise, and be baptized,  
And wash thy sins away;  
Thy league with God be solemnized,  
Thy faith avouched to-day.

4 No more thine own, but Christ's;  
With all the saints of old,  
Apostles, seers, evangelists,  
And martyr throngs enrolled.

3 Thine is our country now,  
Our Lord and Master thine,  
Receive imprinted on thy brow  
His Passion's awful sign.

5 Oh, bright the conqueror's crown,  
The song of triumph sweet,  
When faith casts every trophy down  
At our great Captain's feet.

Also the following :

278.—O Lord, our strength in weakness.

509.—Soldiers of Christ, arise.

510.—Go forward, Christian soldier.

# Confirmation.

211

C. WORDSWORTH. FIRMAMENT. L. M. D. W. H. LONGHURST.

1. O God, in Whose all-search-ing eye Thy ser-vants stand, to rat - i - fy  
The vow bap-tis-mal, by them made When first Thy hand was on them laid;  
Bless them, O Ho-ly Fa-ther, bless, Who Thee with heart and voice con-fess;  
May they, acknowl-edged as Thine own, Stand ev-er-more be-fore Thy throne. A-MEN.

2 O Christ, Who didst at Pentecost  
Send down from heaven the Holy Ghost;  
And at Samaria baptize  
Those whom Thou didst evangelize;  
And then on Thy baptized confer  
The best of gifts, the Comforter,  
By apostolic hands, and prayer;  
Be with us now, as Thou wert there.

3 Arm these Thy soldiers, mighty Lord,  
With shield of faith, and Spirit's sword;  
Forth to the battle may they go,  
And boldly fight against the foe,  
With banner of the cross unfurled,  
And by it overcome the world;  
And so at last receive from Thee  
The palm and crown of victory.

4 Come, ever blessed Spirit, come,  
And make Thy servants' hearts Thy home;  
Thus consecrated, Lord, to Thee,  
May each a living temple be.  
Enrich that temple's holy shrine  
With sevenfold gifts of grace divine;  
With wisdom, light, and knowledge, bless,  
Strength, counsel, fear, and godliness.



THE CHURCH—CONFIRMATION.

212

W. C. DIX.

SILVER STREET. S. M.

I. SMITH.

1. The cross is on our brow, Redemption's aw - ful sign: Come Thou, O  
Ho - ly Spir - it, now, To seal the work di - vine. A - MEN.

2 Thy sevenfold gifts impart,  
O Comforter most sweet:  
Inflame with zeal each lukewarm  
heart,  
And guide the trembling feet.

4 Confirm in us to-day  
The work that Thou hast  
wrought: [ray,  
Illume the souls with love's pure  
Which Jesus' blood hath bought.

3 With Pentecostal force  
Thy presence let us feel: [source,  
With strength, Who art Thyself its  
Inspire us as we kneel.

5 No earth-forged arms we bear:  
Strength, weapons, all are Thine:  
Accept each vow and hear each  
Blest Trinity divine. [prayer,

213

W. D. MACLAGAN.

TOPLADY. 6-7s.

T. HASTINGS.

FINE.

1. Ho - ly Spir - it, Lord of love, Thou Who cam - est from a - bove,  
*D.C.*—Once a - gain in love draw near To Thy chil - dren gathered here.  
*D.C.*  
Gifts of bless - ing to be - stow On Thy wait - ing Church below; A - MEN.

2 From their bright baptismal day,  
Through their childhood's onward  
way,  
Thou hast been their constant guide,  
Watching ever by their side;  
May they now till life shall end,  
Choose and know Thee as their friend.

Patient faith the crown to win;  
Shield them from temptation's  
breath.  
Keep them faithful unto death.

3 Give them light Thy truth to see,  
Give them life to live for Thee,  
Daily power to conquer sin,

4 When the holy vow is made,  
When the hands are on them laid,  
Come, in this most solemn hour,  
With Thy sevenfold gifts of power,  
Come, Thou blessed Spirit, come,  
Make each heart Thy happy home.

214

J. KEBLE.

OLD HUNDRED. L. M.

L. BOURGEOIS.

1. Draw, Ho - ly Ghost, Thy seven-fold veil Be - tween us and the fires of youth;

Breathe, Ho - ly Ghost, Thy freshening gale Our fevered brow In age to soothe. A - MEN.

2 Forever on our souls be traced  
This blessing from the Saviour's hand,  
A sheltering rock in memory's waste,  
O'ershadowing all the weary land.

215

R. H. BAYNES.

BAMBERG. 8s, 7s. 6 lines.

J. C. BACH.

1. { Ho - ly Spir - it, Lord of glo - ry, Look on us Thy flock to-day, }  
{ Meekly kneel - ing at Thy footstool For Thy sevenfold gifts we pray; }

Guide us all our earthly journey In the true and narrow way. A - MEN.

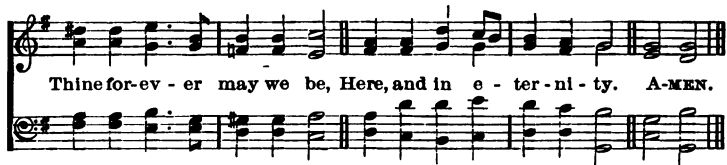
- |   |   |
|---|---|
| 2 Foes on every hand are round us,<br>And our hearts are weak and frail;<br>Gird us with Thy heavenly armor;<br>Never let us yield or quail;<br>Give us victory in the struggle,<br>When the hosts of sin assail. | 4 Lead us by Thy guiding presence<br>Through the waste, with danger rife;<br>Feed us with the heavenly manna,<br>That we faint not in the strife;<br>Slake our weary spirits' thirsting,<br>From the living well of life. |
| 3 Blessed Jesus, draw Thou near us,<br>As before Thy cross we bow;<br>Help us to be true and faithful,<br>Seal our sacramental vow;<br>We Thy soldiers are, and servants;<br>Hear our solemn promise now.         | 5 Looking ever unto Jesus,<br>Leaning on His staff and rod;<br>May we follow in His footsteps,<br>Tread the path that He has trod,<br>Till we dwell with Him forever<br>In the Paradise of God.                           |

216

M. F. MAUDE.

EVERMORE. 7s.

H. J. GAUNTLETT.



2 Thine forever! Oh, how blest  
They who find in Thee their rest!  
Saviour, Guardian, heavenly Friend,  
Oh, defend us to the end!

4 Thine forever! Shepherd, keep  
These Thy weak and trembling sheep,  
Safe alone beneath Thy care,  
Let them all Thy goodness share.

3 Thine forever! Lord of life,  
Shield us through our earthly strife:  
Thou the Life, the Truth, the Way,  
Guide us to the realms of day.

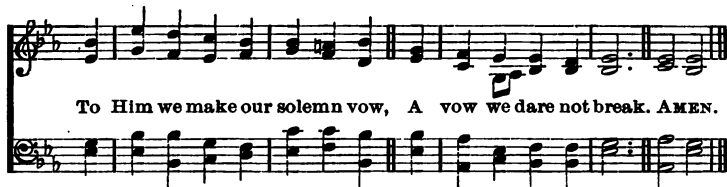
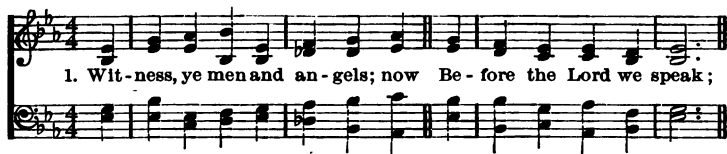
5 Thine forever! Thou our Guide,  
All our wants by Thee supplied;  
All our sins by Thee forgiven,  
Lead us, Lord, from earth to heaven.

217

B. BEDDOME.

DUNDEE. C. M.

Este's Psalter.



2 That long as life itself shall last,  
Ourselves to Christ we yield;  
Nor from His cause will we depart,  
Or ever quit the field.

3 We trust not in our native strength,  
But on His grace rely,  
That, with returning wants, the Lord  
Will all our needs supply.

4 Lord, guide our doubtful feet aright,  
And keep us in Thy ways;  
And, while we turn our vows to prayers,  
Turn Thou our prayers to praise.

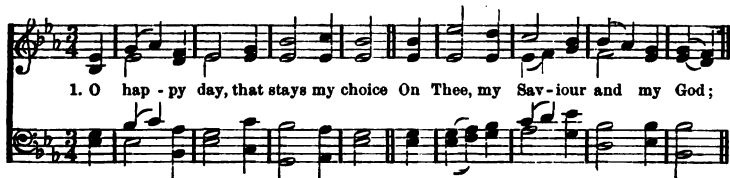
THE CHURCH—CONFIRMATION.

218

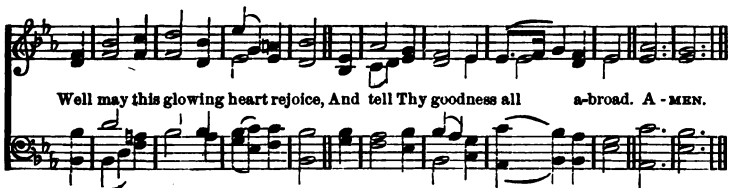
P. DODDRIDGE.

ROCKINGHAM. L. M.

E. MILLER.



1. O hap - py day, that stays my choice On Thee, my Sav-iour and my God;



Well may this glowing heart rejoice, And tell Thy goodness all a-broad. A - MEN.

- 2 Here rest, my oft-divided heart,  
Fixed on thy God, thy Saviour,  
rest;  
Who with the world would grieve  
to part  
When called on angels' food to  
feast?
- 3 High Heaven that heard the solemn  
vow,  
That vow renewed shall daily  
hear;  
Till in life's latest hour I bow,  
And bless in death a bond so  
dear.

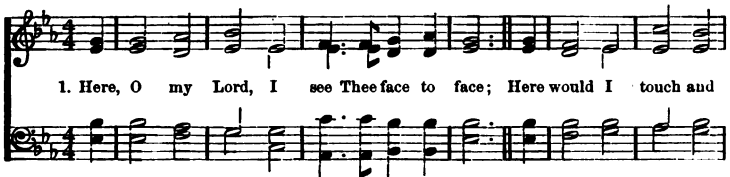
Holy Communion.

219

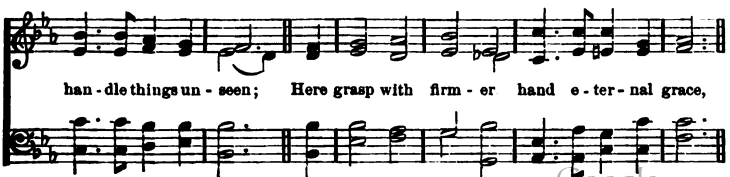
H. BONAR.

PENITENTIA. 108.

E. DEARLE.

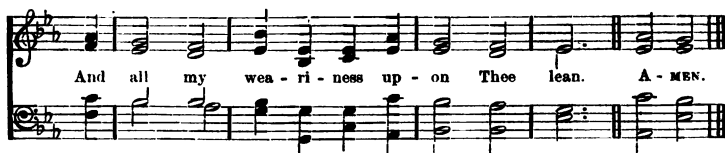


1. Here, O my Lord, I see Thee face to face; Here would I touch and



han - dle things un - seen; Here grasp with firm - er hand e - ter - nal grace,

# THE CHURCH—CONFIRMATION.

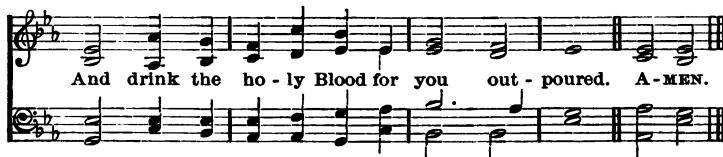
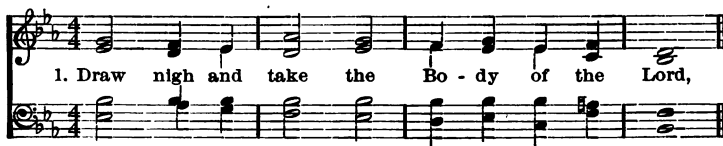


- 2 Here would I feed upon the bread of God ;  
Here drink with Thee the royal wine of heaven ;  
Here would I lay aside each earthly load,  
Here taste afresh the calm of sin forgiven.
- 3 I have no help but Thine ; nor do I need  
Another arm save Thine to lean upon ;  
It is enough, my Lord, enough indeed ;  
My strength is in Thy might, Thy might alone.
- 4 Mine is the sin, but Thine the righteousness :  
Mine is the guilt, but Thine the cleansing blood :  
Here is my robe, my refuge, and my peace ;  
Thy blood, Thy righteousness, O Lord, my God !

## Holy Communion.

220

Tr. J. M. NEALE. CÆNA DOMINI. 2-108. A. S. SULLIVAN.



- 2 Saved by that Body and that holy Blood,  
With souls refreshed, we render thanks to God.
- 3 Salvation's giver, Christ, the only Son,  
By His dear cross and blood the victory won.
- 4 Offered was He for greatest and for least,  
Himself the Victim, and Himself the Priest.
- 5 Victims were offered by the law of old,  
That in a type celestial mysteries told.
- 6 He, Ransomer from death, and Light from shade,  
Now gives His holy grace, His saints to aid.
- 7 Approach ye then with faithful hearts sincere,  
And take the safeguard of salvation here.
- 8 He, that His saints in this world rules and shields,  
To all believers life eternal yields ;
- 9 With heavenly bread makes them that hunger whole,  
Gives living waters to the thirsting soul.
- 10 Alpha and Omega, to Whom shall bow  
All nations at the doom, is with us now.

THE CHURCH—HOLY COMMUNION.

221

E. OSLER.

SILOAM. C.M.

I. B. WOODBURY.



2 Here may Thy faithful people know  
The blessings of Thy love,  
The streams that through the desert  
The manna from above. [flow,

Our meat the Body of the Lord,  
Our drink His precious Blood.

3 We come, obedient to Thy word,  
To feast on heavenly food;

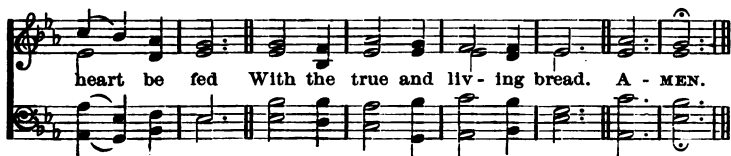
4 Thus may we all Thy word obey,  
For we, O God, are Thine;  
And go rejoicing on our way,  
Renewed with strength divine.

222

R. H. BAYNES.

ST. PHILIP. 3.78.

W. H. MONK.



2 While in penitence we kneel,  
Thy blest presence let us feel,  
All Thy wondrous love reveal.

5 Draw us to Thy wounded side,  
Whence there flowed the healing  
tide;  
There our sins and sorrows hide.

3 While on Thy dear cross we gaze,  
Mourning o'er our sinful ways,  
Turn our sadness into praise.

6 From the bonds of sin release;  
Cold and wavering faith increase;  
Lamb of God, grant us Thy peace.

4 When we taste the mystic wine,  
Of Thine outpoured blood the  
sign,  
Fill our hearts with love divine.

7 Lead us by Thy piercèd hand,  
Till around Thy throne we stand,  
In the bright and better land.

THE CHURCH—HOLY COMMUNION.

228

TR. P. SCHAFF.

ST. ULRIC. 7, 7, 6. D.

A. H. BROWN.

1. O Bread of Life from heav - en, To saints and an - gels giv - en;

O man - na from a - bove! The souls that hun - ger, feed Thou,

The hearts that seek Thee, lead Thou, With Thy sweet, ten - der love. A-MEN.

2 O fount of grace redeeming,  
O river ever streaming  
From Jesus' holy side!  
Come Thou, Thyself bestowing  
On thirsting souls, and flowing  
Till all are satisfied.

3 Jesu, this feast receiving,  
Thy word of truth believing,  
We Thee unseen adore;  
Grant, when the veil is rended,  
That we, to heaven ascended,  
May see Thee evermore.

224

RATISBON. 6-7s.

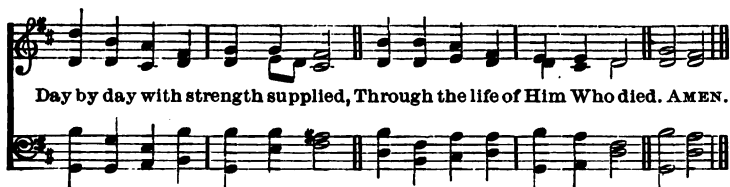
J. CONDOR. *alt.*

Arr. by W. H. HAVERGAL.

1. Bread of heaven, on Thee we feed, For Thy flesh is meat in-deed:

Ev - er may our souls be fed With this true and liv - ing bread;

THE CHURCH—HOLY COMMUNION.



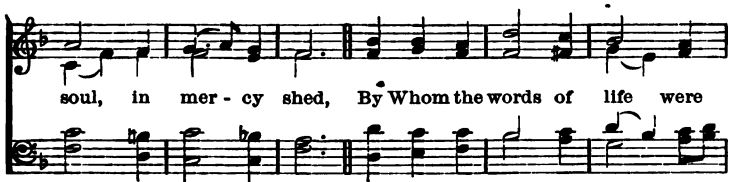
Day by day with strength supplied, Through the life of Him Who died. AMEN.

2 Vine of heaven, Thy blood supplies  
This blest cup of sacrifice;  
Lord, Thy wounds our healing give,  
To Thy cross we look and live:  
Jesu, may we ever be  
Grafted, rooted, built in Thee.

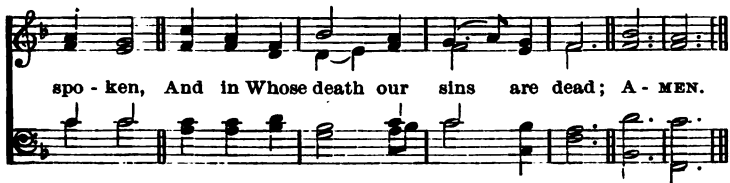
225 R. HEBER. EUCHARISTIC HYMN. P.M. J. S. B. HODGES.



1. Bread of the world, in mer - cy bro - ken, Wine of the



soul, in mer - cy shed, By Whom the words of life were



spo - ken, And in Whose death our sins are dead; A - MEN.

2 Look on the heart by sorrow broken,  
Look on the tears by sinners shed;  
And be Thy feast to us the token  
That by Thy grace our souls are fed.



THE CHURCH—HOLY COMMUNION.

226

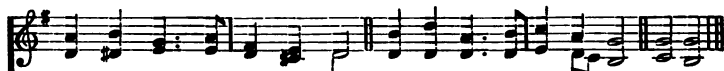
F. W. BARTLETT.

PLEYEL'S HYMN. 78.

I. PLEYEL.



1. Sav-iour, Who didst come to give Liv - ing bread, that all might live;



Grant me grace on Thee to feed, For Thy flesh is meat in-deed. A-MEN.



2 Hungry, thirsty, faint, I pray,  
Help me on the heavenward way;  
Vine of strength, supply my need,  
For Thy blood is drink indeed.

227

Tr. E. CASWALL.

OLIVE'S BROW. L. M.

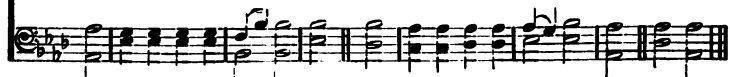
W. B. BRADBURY.



1. O Sav-ing Vic-tim, o-pen-ing wide The gate of heaven to man be - low,



Our foes press on from ev - ery side, Thine aid supply, Thy strength bestow. A-MEN.



2 All praise and thanks to Thee ascend  
For evermore, blest One in Three;  
Oh, grant us life that shall not end,  
In our true native land with Thee.

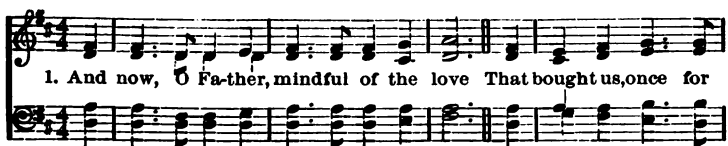
THE CHURCH—HOLY COMMUNION.

228

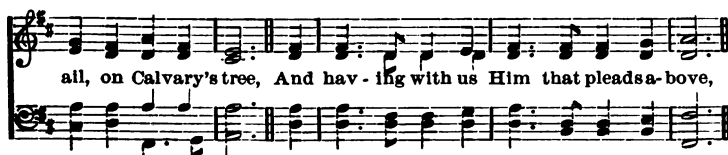
UNDE ET MEMORES. 6-108.

W. BRIGHT.

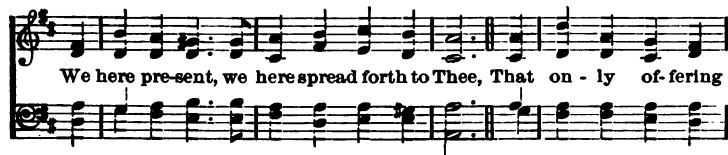
W. H. MONK.



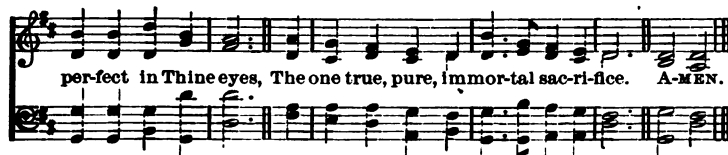
1. And now, O Fa-ther, mindful of the love That bought us, once for



all, on Calvary's tree, And hav - ing with us Him that pleads a - bove,



We here pre-sent, we here spread forth to Thee, That on - ly of-fering



per-fect in Thine eyes, The one true, pure, immor-tal sac-ri-fice. A-MEN.

- 2 Look, Father, look on His anointed face,  
And only look on us as found in Him;  
Look not on our misusings of Thy grace,  
Our prayer so languid, and our faith so dim;  
For lo! between our sins and their reward,  
We set the Passion of Thy Son our Lord.
- 3 And then for those, our dearest and our best,  
By this prevailing presence we appeal;  
Oh, fold them closer to Thy mercy's breast!  
Oh, do Thine utmost for their souls' true weal!  
From tainting mischief keep them white and clear,  
And crown Thy gifts with strength to persevere.
- 4 And so we come; oh, draw us to Thy feet,  
Most patient Saviour, Who canst love us still!  
And by this Food, so awful and so sweet,  
Deliver us from every touch of ill:  
In Thine own service make us glad and free,  
And grant us never more to part with Thee.

THE CHURCH—HOLY COMMUNION.

229

C. WESLEY.

MELITA. 6-8s.

J. B. DYKES.

1. O Thou, be-fore the world be-gan Or-dained a sac-ri-

fice for man, And by th'e-ter-nal Spir-it made An

off-ering in the sin-ner's stead; Our ev-er-last-ing

Priest art Thou, Plead-ing Thy death for sin-ners now. A-MEN.

2 Thy offering still continues new  
Before the righteous Father's view;  
Thyself the Lamb forever slain,  
Thy priesthood doth unchanged remain;  
Thy years, O God, can never fail,  
Nor Thy blest work within the veil.

3 Oh, that our faith may never move,  
But stand unshaken as Thy love!  
Sure evidence of things unseen,  
Now let it pass the years between,  
And view Thee bleeding on the tree,  
My Lord, my God, Who dies for me.

THE CHURCH—HOLY COMMUNION.

230

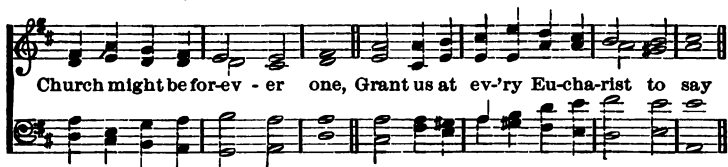
W. H. TURTON.

EVENING. 6-108.

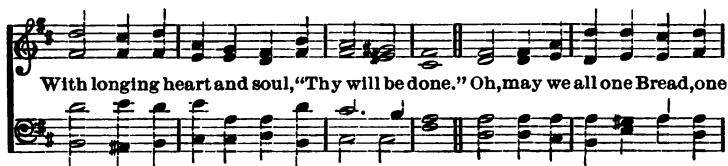
W. H. MONK.



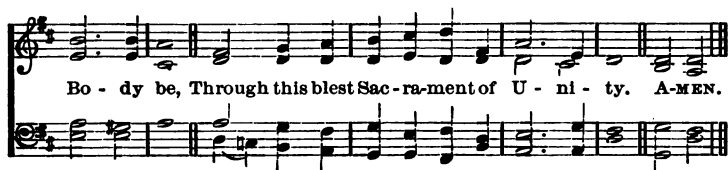
1. Thou, Who at Thy first Eu-cha-rist didst pray, That all Thy



Church might before-ev - er one, Grant us at ev-'ry Eu-cha-rist to say



With longing heart and soul, "Thy will be done." Oh, may we all one Bread, one



Bo - dy be, Through this blest Sac-ra-ment of U - ni - ty. A-MEN.

2 For all Thy Church, O Lord, we intercede;

Make Thou our sad divisions soon to cease;

Draw us the nearer each to each, we plead,

By drawing all to Thee, O Prince of Peace;

Thus may we all one Bread, one Body be,

Through this blest Sacrament of Unity.

3 We pray Thee, too, for wanderers from Thy fold;

Oh, bring them back, good Shepherd of the sheep,

Back to the faith which saints believed of old,

Back to the Church which still that faith doth keep;

Soon may we all one Bread, one Body be,

Through this blest Sacrament of Unity.

4 So, Lord, at length when Sacraments shall cease,

May we be one with all Thy Church above,

One with Thy saints in one unbroken peace,

One with Thy saints in one unbounded love;

More blessed still, in peace and love to be

One with the Trinity in Unity.

Digitized by Google

THE CHURCH—HOLY COMMUNION.

231

MISSIONARY CHANT. L. M.

P. DODDRIDGE.

H. C. ZEUNER.



1. My God, and is Thy ta-ble spread, And does Thy cup with love o'er-flow,  
Thith-er be all Thy children led, And let them Thy sweet mercies know. A-MEN.

- 2 Hail! sacred feast, which Jesus makes,  
Rich banquet of His flesh and blood:  
Thrice happy he who here partakes  
That sacred stream, that heavenly food.
- 3 Oh, let Thy table honored be,  
And furnished well with joyful guests:  
And may each soul salvation see,  
That here its sacred pledges tastes.
- 4 Drawn by Thy quickening grace, O Lord,  
In countless numbers let them come;  
And gather from their Father's board  
The bread that lives beyond the tomb.
- 5 Nor let Thy spreading Gospel rest,  
Till through the world Thy truth has run;  
Till with this bread all men be blest,  
Who see the light or feel the sun.

231

EDENA. L. M.

P. DODDRIDGE.

SECOND TUNE.

T. B. MASON.



1. My God, and is Thy ta-ble spread, And does Thy cup with love o'er-flow,  
Thith-er be all Thy children led, And let them Thy sweet mercies know. A-MEN.

THE CHURCH—HOLY COMMUNION.

232

CHORALE. 8, 108, 8, 6.

R. B. BORTHWICK.

R. BROWN-BORTHWICK, *alt.*

1. O Ho - ly Je - su, Prince of Peace! Thy peace be  
with us gathering round Thy board, Here, where the pres-ence of an  
un-seen Lord Waits to be gra-cious, charged with full release To  
ev-ery heav-y - la - den soul Which here remembers Thee. A-MEN.

- 2      Once more, as in that upper room  
        Thou Who didst love Thine own unto the end,  
        Thou Whose dear voice to every sorrowing friend  
        Spoke the great promise through the deepening gloom,  
        Thou bidd'st us, Master of the feast,  
        To-day remember Thee!
- 3      And e'en as in our hands we take,  
        This broken bread, this precious cup of love,  
        Thy dying testament, which from above  
        Thou deignest ever new and fresh to make,  
        A fount of grace and life to all;  
        We do remember Thee!
- 4      Ours is the bond of love divine,  
        Which knits us each to all and all to each;  
        That love whose ever-lengthening cords can reach  
        From the white choir around Thy heavenly shrine  
        To those who come in faith to-day  
        Here to remember Thee.
- 5      Thy banquet over, as we go,  
        Strong in the strength of this celestial meat,  
        To tread the path of life with firmer feet,  
        To work the works which Thou hast bid us do,  
        Abide with us, O Lord, that still  
        We may remember Thee!

THE CHURCH—HOLY COMMUNION.

238

J. MONTGOMERY.

ST. JOHN. C. M.

J. TURLE.

1. Ac - cord - ing to Thy gra - cious word, In meek hu - mil - i - ty,

This will I do, my dy - ing Lord, I will re - mem - ber Thee. A - MEN.

2 Thy body, broken for my sake,  
My bread from heaven shall be;  
The cup, Thy precious blood, I take,  
And thus remember Thee.

4 When to the cross I turn mine eyes,  
And rest on Calvary,  
O Lamb of God, my sacrifice,  
I must remember Thee.

3 Gethsemane, can I forget?  
Or there Thy conflict see,  
Thine agony and bloody sweat,  
And not remember Thee?

5 And when these failing lips grow  
And mind and memory flee, [dumb,  
When Thou shalt in Thy kingdom  
Then Lord, remember me. [come,

234

H. W. BAKER.

BELMONT. C. M.

W. GARDINER.

1. I am not worth - y, ho - ly Lord, That Thou shouldst come to me;

Speak but the word: one gra - cious word Can set the sin - ner free. A - MEN.

2 I am not worthy; cold and bare  
The lodging of my soul;  
How canst Thou deign to enter  
there?  
Lord, speak, and make me whole.

3 I am not worthy; yet, my God,  
How can I say Thee nay;  
Thee, Who didst give Thy flesh and  
blood  
My ransom-price to pay?

4 Oh, come! in this sweet morning hour  
Feed me with food divine;  
And fill with all Thy love and power  
This worthless heart of mine.

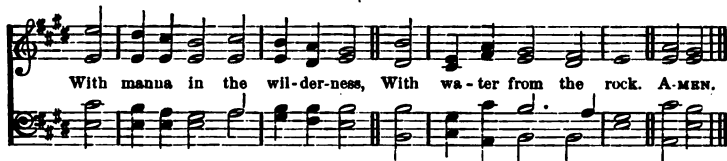
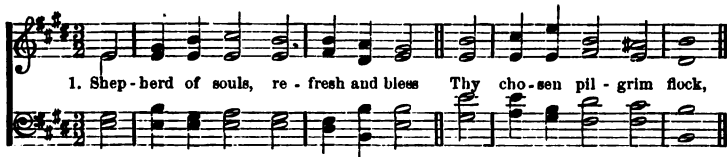
THE CHURCH—HOLY COMMUNION.

235

J. MONTGOMERY.

DOWN'S. C.M.

L. MASON.



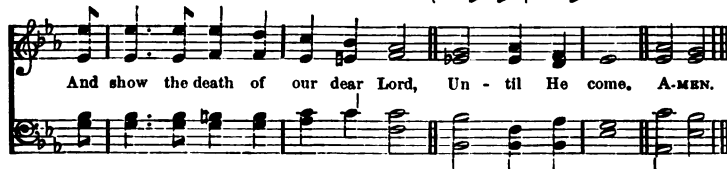
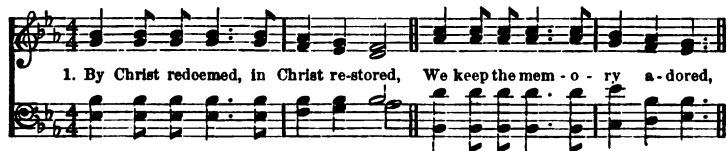
- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <p>2 Hungry and thirsty, faint and weak,<br/>As Thou when here below,<br/>Our souls the joys celestial seek<br/>Which from Thy sorrows flow.</p> <p>3 We would not live by bread alone,<br/>But by that word of grace,<br/>In strength of which we travel on<br/>To our abiding-place.</p> | <p>4 Be known to us in breaking bread,<br/>But do not then depart;<br/>Saviour, abide with us, and spread<br/>Thy table in our heart.</p> <p>5 Lord, sup with us in love divine;<br/>Thy body and Thy blood, [wine,<br/>That living bread, that heavenly<br/>Be our immortal food.</p> |
|--|--|

236

G. RAWSON.

HANFORD. 8s, 4.

A. S. SULLIVAN.



- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <p>2 His body broken in our stead<br/>Is here, in this memorial bread;<br/>And so our feeble love is fed,<br/>Until He come.</p> <p>3 His fearful drops of agony,<br/>His life-blood shed for us we see:<br/>The wine shall tell the mystery,<br/>Until He come.</p> | <p>4 And thus that dark betrayal night,<br/>With the last Advent we unite—<br/>The shame, the glory, by this rite,<br/>Until He come.</p> <p>5 Until the trump of God be heard,<br/>Until the ancient graves be stirred,<br/>And with the great commanding word,<br/>The Lord shall come.</p> |
|--|---|
- 6 O blessed hope! with this elate,  
Let not our hearts be desolate,  
But strong in faith, in patience wait,  
Until He come!



# Holy Matrimony.

237

A. THRUFF.

JERUSALEM. C. M. D.

L. SPOHR.



1. Lord, Who at Ca - na's wed-ding feast Didst as a guest ap - pear,  
 Thou dear - er far than earth-ly guest Vouchsafe Thy presence here;  
 For ho - ly Thou in-deed dost prove The mar-riage vow to be,  
 Proclaiming it a type of love Between the Church and Thee. A-MEN.

2 The holiest vow that man can make,  
 The golden thread in life,  
 The bond that none may dare to break,  
 That bindeth man and wife;  
 Which, blest by Thee, whate'er betides,  
 No evil shall destroy,  
 Through care-worn days each care divides,  
 And doubles every joy.

3 On those who at Thine altar kneel,  
 O Lord, Thy blessing pour,  
 That each may wake the other's zeal  
 To love Thee more and more:  
 Oh, grant them here in peace to live,  
 In purity and love,  
 And, this world leaving, to receive  
 A crown of life above!

THE CHURCH—HOLY MATRIMONY.

238

PERFECT LOVE. IIS, 108.

D. F. BLOMFIELD.

J. BARNEY.

1. O per - fect Love, all hu - man thought transcend-ing,

Low - ly we kneel in prayer be - fore Thy throne,

That theirs may be the love that knows no end - ing,

Whom Thou for ev - er-more dost join in one. A - MEN.

2 O perfect Life, be Thou their full assurance  
Of tender charity and steadfast faith,  
Of patient hope, and quiet, brave endurance,  
With childlike trust that fears nor pain nor death.

3 Grant them the joy which brightens earthly sorrow;  
Grant them the peace which calms all earthly strife,  
And to life's day the glorious unknown morrow  
That dawns upon eternal love and life.

THE CHURCH—HOLY MATRIMONY.

239

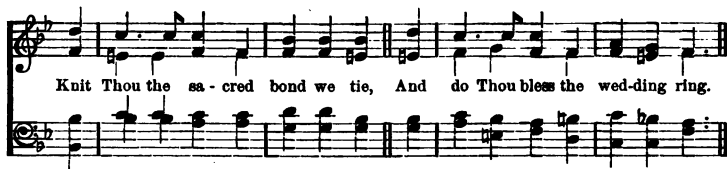
W. C. DOANE.

VICTOR. L. M. D.

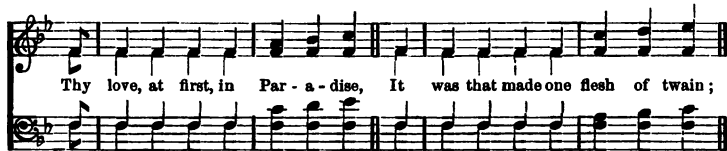
H. LAHER.



1. To Thee, O Fa-ther throned on high, Our marriage hymn we du-ly sing;



Knit Thou the sa-cred bond we tie, And do Thou bless the wed-ding ring.



Thy love, at first, in Par-a-dise, It was that made one flesh of twain;



Work Thou, while here our prayers a-rise, That sa-cred mys-te-ry a-gain. A-MEN.

2 To Thee, O Jesus, throned beside  
Thy Father's right hand, here we cry;  
True Bridegroom of Thy spotless Bride,  
With all Thy human love, draw nigh.  
Our human nature, Thy divine  
Has wedded, and in Thee, dear Lord,  
As Cana's water turned to wine,  
Its lost godlikeness is restored.

3 O Holy Ghost the Paraclete,  
Thee too we worship, God and Lord,  
And honor Thee, with praises meet,  
One with the Father and the Word.  
Lord and Life-giver, hear our prayer,  
Come, sanctify, and bless, and guide,  
Strengthen, and shelter 'neath Thy care,  
The life of bridegroom and of bride.

4 O God Triune, Whom heaven's host  
Adores, with sweet and ceaseless song;  
O Father, Son and Holy Ghost,  
To Whom all worship doth belong;  
Hear, in these echoes faint and dim  
Of chant and prayer and holy psalm,  
Their songs, the heavenly feast who hymn,  
The marriage supper of the Lamb.

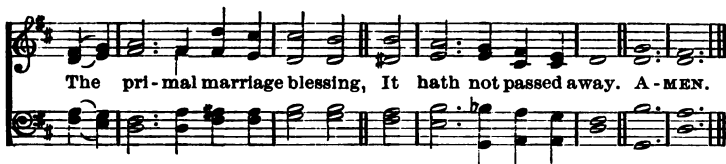
THE CHURCH—HOLY MATRIMONY.

240

J. KEBLE.

EDEN. 7s, 6s.

fr. R. MÜLLER.



2 Still in the pure espousal  
Of Christian man and maid,  
The holy Three are with us,  
The threefold grace is said.

5 Be present, holiest Spirit,  
To bless them as they kneel,  
As Thou, for Christ the Bridegroom,  
The heavenly Spouse dost seal !

3 Be present, awful Father,  
To give away this bride,  
As Eve thou gav'st to Adam  
Out of his own pierced side :

6 Oh, spread Thy pure wing o'er them,  
Let no ill power find place,  
When onward to Thine altar  
Their hallowed path they trace,

4 Be present, Son of Mary,  
To join their loving hands,  
As Thou didst bind two natures  
In Thine eternal bands !

7 To cast their crowns before Thee  
In perfect sacrifice,  
Till to the home of gladness  
With Christ's own Bride they rise.

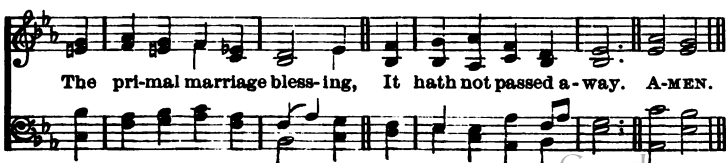
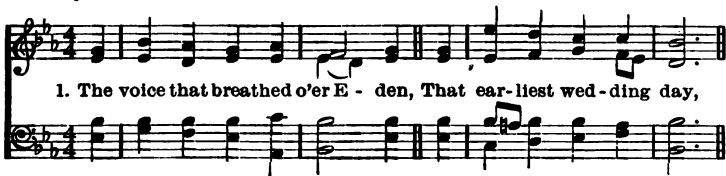
240

J. KEBLE.

CHOPE. 7s, 6s.

SECOND TUNE.

R. R. CHOPE.



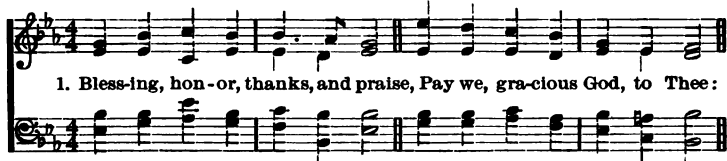
# Burial of the Dead.

241

C. WESLEY.

HOLINGSIDE. 78. D.

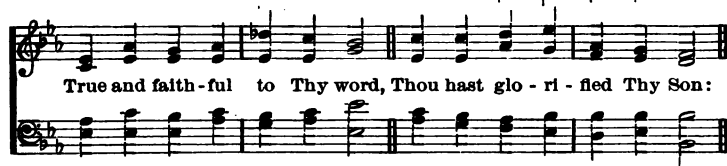
J. B. DYKES.



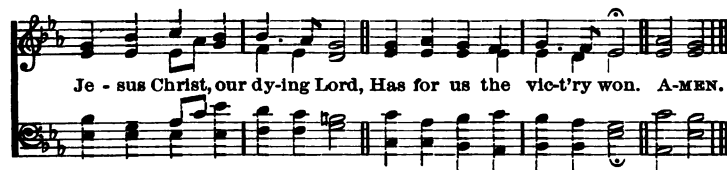
1. Bless-ing, hon-or, thanks, and praise, Pay we, gra-cious God, to Thee:



Thou in Thine a - bun-dant grace Giv-est us the vic-to-ry.



True and faith-ful to Thy word, Thou hast glo-ri-fied Thy Son:



Je - sus Christ, our dy-ing Lord, Has for us the vic-t'ry won. A-MEN.

2 Happy are the faithful dead,  
Blessèd who in Jesus die;  
They from all their toils are freed,  
In God's keeping safely lie.  
These the Spirit hath declared  
Blest, unutterably blest,  
Jesus is their great reward,  
Jesus is their endless rest.

3 Absent from our loving Lord  
We shall not continue long;  
Join we then with one accord  
In the new, the joyful song;  
Blessing, honor, thanks, and praise,  
Triune God, we pay to Thee,  
Who in Thine abundant grace  
Givest us the victory!

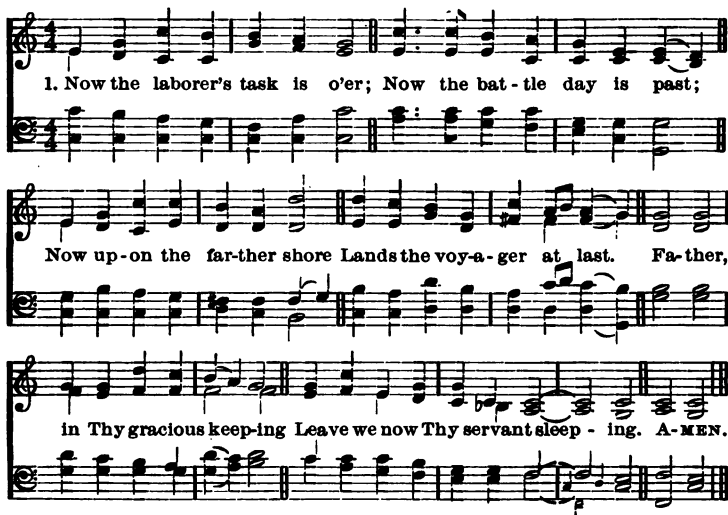
THE CHURCH—BURIAL OF THE DEAD.

242

J. ELLERTON.

REQUIESCAT. 78, 88.

J. B. DYKES.



1. Now the laborer's task is o'er; Now the bat-tle day is past;  
Now up-on the far-ther shore Lands the voy-a-ger at last. Fa-ther,  
in Thy gracious keep-ing Leave we now Thy servant sleep-ing. A-MEN.

- 2 There the tears of earth are dried;  
There its hidden things are clear;  
There the work of life is tried  
By a juster Judge than here.  
Father, in Thy gracious keeping  
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.
- 3 There the penitents, that turn  
To the cross their dying eyes,  
All the love of Jesus learn  
At His feet in Paradise.  
Father, in Thy gracious keeping  
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.
- 4 There no more the powers of hell  
Can prevail to mar their peace;  
Christ the Lord shall guard them well,  
He Who died for their release.  
Father, in Thy gracious keeping  
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.
- 5 "Earth to earth, and dust to dust,"  
Calmly now the words we say,  
Left behind, we wait in trust  
For the resurrection-day.  
Father, in Thy gracious keeping  
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

# THE CHURCH—BURIAL OF THE DEAD.

248

S. BARING-GOULD. MANSFIELD. 8, 7, 8, 3.

E. H. TURPIN.

1. On the res-ur-rec-tion morning Soul and bo-dy meet a-gain;  
No more sor-row, no more weep-ing, No more pain. A-MEN.

2 Here awhile they must be parted,  
And the flesh its sabbath keep,  
Waiting in a holy stillness,  
Wrapt in sleep.

5 Soul and body reunited,  
Thenceforth nothing shall divide;  
Waking up in Christ's own likeness,  
Satisfied.

3 For a space the tired body  
Lies with feet toward the dawn;  
Till there breaks the last and bright-  
Easter morn. [est

6 Oh, the beauty, oh, the gladness  
Of that resurrection-day! [ages,  
Which shall not, through endless  
Pass away!

4 But the soul in contemplation  
Utters earnest prayer and strong;  
Breaking at the resurrection  
Into song.

7 On that happy Easter morning  
All the graves their dead restore,  
Father, sister, child and mother,  
Meet once more.

8 To that brightest of all meetings  
Bring us, Jesus Christ, at last;  
To Thy cross, through death and judgment,  
Holding fast.

244

M. MACKAY.

REST. L. M.

W. B. BRADBURY.

1. A-sleep in Je-sus! blessed sleep! From which none ev-er wakes to weep;  
A calm and un-dis-turbed re-pose, Un-broken by the last of foes. A-MEN.

2 Asleep in Jesus! Oh, how sweet  
be for such a slumber meet;  
A holy confidence to sing  
death hath lost its painful sting!

8 Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest!  
Whose waking is supremely blest;  
No fear, no woe shall dim that hour  
That manifests the Saviour's power.

# THE CHURCH—BURIAL OF THE DEAD.

4 Asleep in Jesus! Oh, for me  
May such a blissful refuge be!  
Securely shall my ashes lie,  
Waiting the summons from on  
high.

5 Asleep in Jesus! far from thee [be;  
Thy kindred and their graves may  
But there is still a blessed sleep,  
From which none ever wakes to  
weep.

245

## ST. MILLICENT. 7s, 4.

Tr. R. F. LITLEDALE.

FOR A CHILD.

A. S. SULLIVAN.



2 Death eternal life bestows,  
Open heaven's portal throws, Alleluia.

5 But the pity of the Lord  
Gives His child a full reward; Alleluia.

3 And no peril waits at last  
Him who now away hath past. Alleluia.

6 Grants the prize without the course,  
Crowns, without the battle's force. Alleluia.

4 Not salvation hardly won,  
Not the meed for race well run: Alleluia.

7 Christ, when this sad life is done,  
Join us to Thy little one; Alleluia.

8 And in Thine own tender love,  
Bring us to the ranks above. Alleluia.

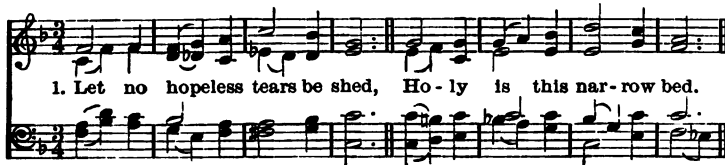
245

## HOLDEN. 7s, 4.

Tr. R. F. LITLEDALE.

SECOND TUNE.

H. P. MAIN.





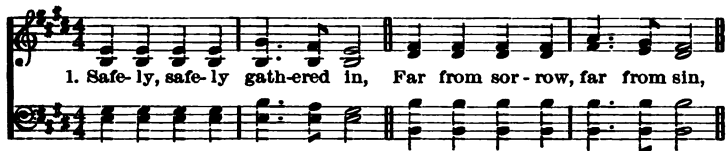
THE CHURCH—BURIAL OF THE DEAD.

246

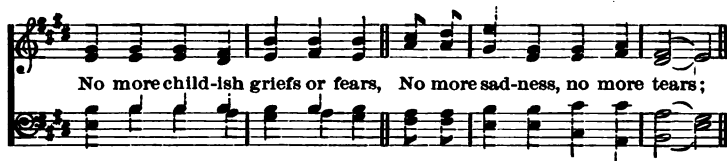
BENEVENTO. 7s. D.

H. O. D. DOBBER.

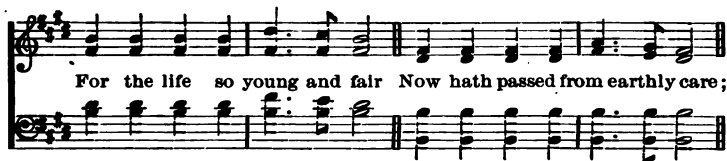
S. WEBBE.



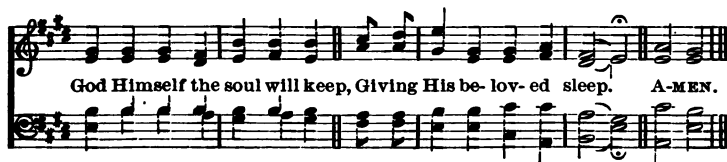
1. Safe-ly, safe-ly gath-ered in, Far from sor-row, far from sin,



No more child-ish griefs or fears, No more sad-ness, no more tears;



For the life so young and fair Now hath passed from earthly care;



God Himself the soul will keep, Giving His be-lov-ed sleep. A-MEN.

2 Safely, safely gathered in,  
Far from sorrow, far from sin;  
Passed beyond all grief and pain,  
Death for thee is truest gain;  
For our loss we may not weep,  
Nor our loved ones long to keep  
From the home of rest and peace,  
Where all sin and sorrow cease.

3 Safely, safely gathered in,  
Far from sorrow, far from sin;  
God has saved from weary strife,  
In its dawn, this fresh young life;  
Now it waits for us above,  
Resting in the Saviour's love;  
Jesu, grant that we may meet  
There, adoring, at Thy feet.

THE CHURCH—BURIAL OF THE DEAD.

247

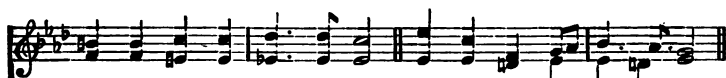
GLASTONBURY. 6-7s.

M. A. THOMSON.

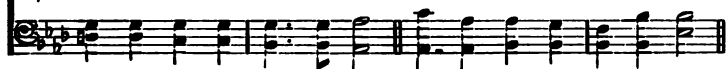
J. B. DYKES.



1. Sav - iour, for the lit - tle one, Safe - ly gath - ered in Thine arms,



Ere the bat - tle had be - gun, Vic - tor, spared from war's a-larms,



We who toil and struggle sing Praise to Thee, the children's King. A-MEN.



2 First of all Thy martyr-band,  
 Infants for Thy sake were slain;  
 Day by day, from every land,  
 Infants swell the guileless train,  
 Who, this vale of tears untrod,  
 Stand before the throne of God.

3 Thou dost give and take away,  
 Full of love, in all Thy ways:  
 Be each mourner's heart to-day  
 Full of loving trust and praise,  
 In the midst of grief to bring  
 Thanks to Thee, the children's King.

THE CHURCH—BURIAL OF THE DEAD.

248

Tr. C. WINKWORTH.

MEINHOLD. 7s, 8s, 7, 7.

J. S. BACH.



1. Tender Shepherd, Thou hast stilled Now Thy little lamb's brief weeping:



Ah, how peaceful, pale, and mild In its nar-row bed 'tis sleep-ing!



And no sigh of anguish sore Heaves that little bo-som more. A-MEN.



2 In this world of care and pain,  
Lord, Thou wouldst no longer  
leave it;  
To the sunny heavenly plain  
Thou dost now with joy receive it;  
Clothed in robes of spotless white,  
Now it dwells with Thee in light.

3 Ah, Lord Jesus, grant that we  
Where it lives may soon be living,  
And the lovely pastures see  
That its heavenly food are giving;  
Then the gain of death we prove,  
Though Thou take what most we  
love.

Also the following :

108.—The grave itself a garden is.  
119.—Lift up, lift up your voices now.  
120.—Morn's roseate hues have decked the sky.  
121.—The strife is o'er, the battle done.  
122.—Jesus lives! thy terrors now,  
124.—Sing, with all the sons of glory.  
176.—For all the saints, who from their labors  
181.—For all Thy saints, O Lord. [rest.  
—When our heads are bowed with woe.  
Ten thousand times ten thousand.

397.—Oh, what the joy and the glory must be.  
399.—Light's abode, celestial Salem.  
404.—I heard a sound of voices.  
406.—Brief life is here our portion.  
419.—It is not death to die.  
626.—My times are in Thy hand.  
627.—O love divine that stooped to share.  
667.—My God, my Father, while I stray.  
668.—Whate'er my God ordains is right.  
679.—There is a blessed home.

# Missions.

249

M. A. THOMSON. ANGELIC SONGS. IIS, IOS, 9, II. J. WALCH.

1. O Si - on haste, thy mis-sion high ful - fill - ing, To tell to all the  
world that God is Light; That He Who made all na-tions is not will - ing  
One soul should per - ish, lost in shades of night: Pub - lish glad ti - dings;  
Ti - dings of peace; Ti - dings of Je - sus, Re-demption and re-lease. A-MEN.

- 2 Behold how many thousands still are lying  
Bound in the darksome prison-house of sin,  
With none to tell them of the Saviour's dying,  
Or of the life He died for them to win. Publish, etc.
- 3 'Tis thine to save from peril of perdition  
The souls for whom the Lord His life laid down;  
Beware lest, slothful to fulfill thy mission,  
Thou lose one jewel that should deck His crown. Publish, etc.
- 4 Proclaim to every people, tongue and nation  
That God, in Whom they live and move, is love:  
Tell how He stooped to save His lost creation,  
And died on earth that man might live above. Publish, etc.
- 5 Give of thy sons to bear the message glorious;  
Give of thy wealth to speed them on their way;  
Pour out thy soul for them in prayer victorious;  
And all thou spendest Jesus will repay. Publish, etc.
- 6 He comes again—O Sion, ere thou meet Him,  
Make known to every heart His saving grace;  
Let none whom He hath ransomed fail to greet Him,  
Through thy neglect, unfit to see His face. Publish, etc.

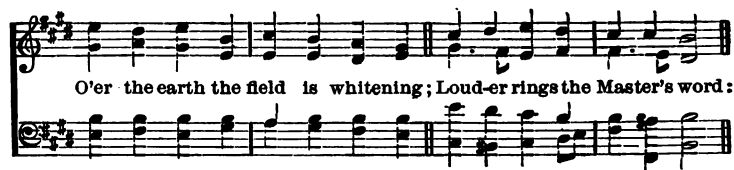
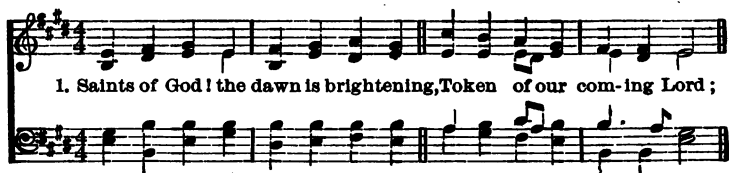
THE CHURCH—MISSIONS.

250

M. MAXWELL.

HARVEST. 8s, 7s, 4, 7.

Anon.



- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <p>2 Now, O Lord, fulfill Thy pleasure,<br/>Breathe upon Thy chosen band,<br/>And, with Pentecostal measure,<br/>Send forth reapers o'er our land;<br/>Faithful reapers [hand.<br/>Gathering sheaves for Thy right</p> | <p>3 Broad the shadow of our nation,<br/>Eager millions hither roam ;<br/>Lo! they wait for Thy salvation ;<br/>Come, Lord Jesus! quickly come!<br/>By Thy Spirit [home.<br/>Bring Thy ransomed people</p> |
|--|--|

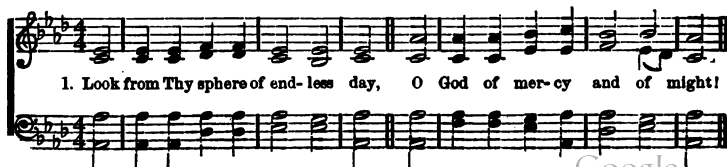
- 4 Soon shall end the time of weeping,  
Soon the reaping time will come ;  
Heaven and earth together keeping  
God's eternal Harvest Home.  
Saints and angels  
Shout the world's great Harvest Home.

251

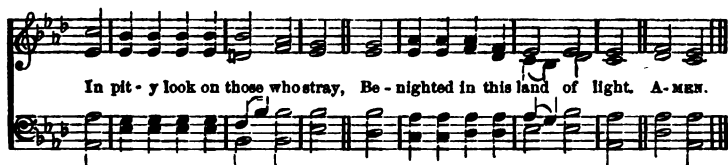
W. C. BRYANT.

OLIVE'S BROW. L. M.

W. B. BRADBURY.



THE CHURCH—MISSIONS.



In pit - y look on those who stray, Be - nighted in this land of light. A-MEN.

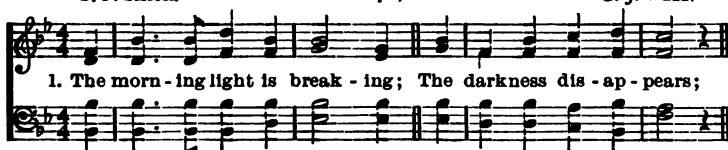
- 2 In peopled vale, in lonely glen,  
In crowded mart, by stream or  
sea,  
How many of the sons of men  
Hear not the message sent from  
Thee!
- 4 Send them Thy mighty word to  
speak, [depart,  
Till faith shall dawn and doubt  
To awe the bold, to stay the weak,  
And bind and heal the broken  
heart.
- 3 Send forth Thy heralds, Lord, to call  
The thoughtless young, the hard-  
ened old,  
A scattered, homeless flock, till all  
Be gathered to Thy peaceful fold.
- 5 Then all these wastes, a dreary scene  
That makes us sadden as we gaze,  
Shall grow with living waters green,  
And lift to heaven the voice of  
praise.

252

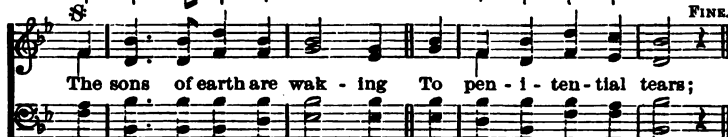
S. F. SMITH.

WEBB. 7s, 6s. D.

G. J. WEBB.

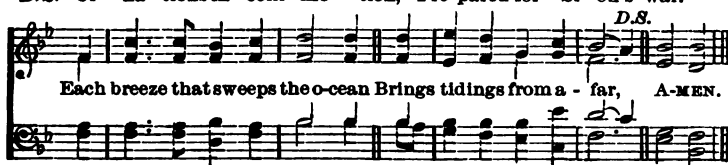


1. The morn - ing light is break - ing; The darkness dis - ap - pears;



The sons of earth are wak - ing To pen - i - ten - tial tears;

*D.S.*—Of na - tions in com - mo - tion, Pre - pared for Si - on's war.



Each breeze that sweeps the o - cean Brings tidings from a - far, A-MEN.

- 2 See heathen nations bending  
Before the God we love,  
And thousand hearts ascending  
In gratitude above;  
While sinners now confessing,  
The gospel call obey,  
And seek the Saviour's blessing,  
A nation in a day.
- 3 Blest river of salvation!  
Pursue thy onward way;  
Flow thou to every nation,  
Nor in thy richness stay;  
Stay not till all the lowly  
Triumphant reach their home;  
Stay not till all the holy  
Proclaim "The Lord is come!"

253

G. W. DOANE.

WALTHAM. L. M.

J. B. CALKIN.

1. Fling out the ban-ner! let it float Sky-ward and sea-ward, high and wide;  
The sun that lights its shin-ing folds, The cross, on which the Sav-iour died. A - MEN.

- 2 Fling out the banner! angels bend  
In anxious silence o'er the sign;  
And vainly seek to comprehend  
The wonder of the love divine.
- 3 Fling out the banner! heathen lands  
Shall see from far the glorious sight,  
And nations, crowding to be born,  
Baptize their spirits in its light.
- 4 Fling out the banner! sin-sick souls  
That sink and perish in the strife,  
Shall touch in faith its radiant hem,  
And spring immortal into life.
- 5 Fling out the banner! let it float  
Skyward and seaward, hide and wide,  
Our glory, only in the cross;  
Our only hope, the Crucified!
- 6 Fling out the banner! wide and high,  
Seaward and skyward, let it shine:  
Nor skill, nor might, nor merit ours;  
We conquer only in that sign.

253

G. W. DOANE.

SECOND TUNE.

H. HILES.

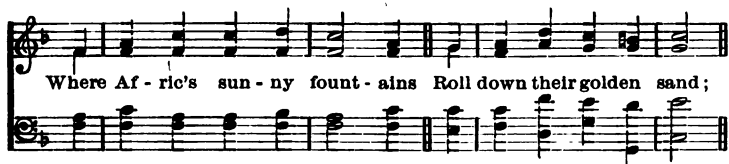
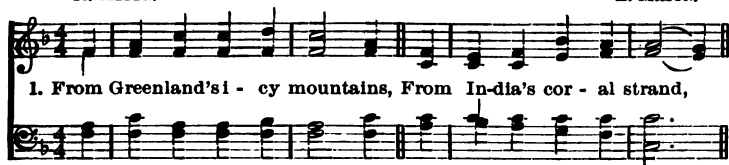
1. Fling out the ban-ner! let it float Sky-ward and sea-ward, high and wide;  
The sun that lights its shin-ing folds, The cross, on which the Saviour died. A - MEN.

254

## MISSIONARY HYMN. 7s, 6s. D.

R. HEBER.

L. MASON.



2 What through the spicy breezes  
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle ;  
Though every prospect pleases,  
And only man is vile :  
In vain with lavish kindness  
The gifts of God are strown ;  
The heathen in his blindness  
Bows down to wood and stone.

3 Can we, whose souls are lighted  
With wisdom from on high ;  
Can we to men benighted  
The lamp of life deny ?  
Salvation, O salvation !  
The joyful sound proclaim,  
Till each remotest nation  
Has learnt Messiah's Name.

4 Waft, waft, ye winds, His story,  
And you, ye waters, roll,  
Till, like a sea of glory,  
It spreads from pole to pole :  
Till o'er our ransomed nature,  
The Lamb for sinners slain,  
Redeemer, King, Creator,  
In bliss returns to reign.



255

## CHENIES. 7s, 6s, D.

J. BORTHWICK. (?)

T. R. MATTHEWS.

\* 1. Has - ten the time ap-point - ed, By proph-ets long fore - told,

When all shall dwell to - geth - er, One Shep - herd and one Fold.

Let ev - ery i - dol per - ish, To moles and bats be thrown,

And ev - ery prayer be of - fered To God in Christ a - lone. A-MEN.

\* See No. 553.

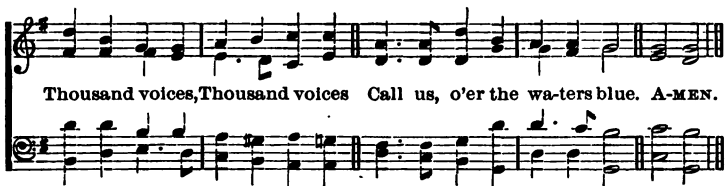
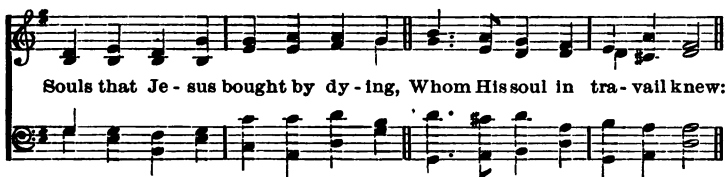
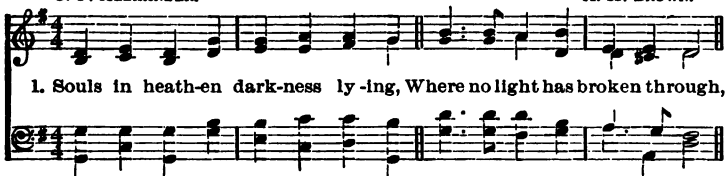
- 2 Let Jew and Gentile, meeting  
From many a distant shore,  
Around one altar kneeling,  
One common Lord adore.  
Let all that now divides us  
Remove and pass away,  
Like shadows of the morning  
Before the blaze of day.
- 3 Let all that now unites us  
More sweet and lasting prove,  
A closer bond of union,  
In a blest land of love.

Let war be learned no longer,  
Let strife and tumult cease,  
All earth His blessed kingdom,  
The Lord and Prince of Peace.

- 4 O long-expected dawning,  
Come with thy cheering ray!  
When shall the morning brighten,  
The shadows flee away?  
O sweet anticipation!  
It cheers the watchers on,  
To pray, and hope, and labor,  
Till the dark night be gone.

C. F. ALEXANDER.

A. H. BROWN.



2 Christians, hearken! None has taught them  
 Of His love so deep and dear;  
 Of the precious price that bought them;  
 Of the nail, the thorn, the spear;  
 Ye who know Him,  
 Guide them from their darkness drear.

3 Haste, Oh haste, and spread the tidings  
 Wide to earth's remotest strand;  
 Let no brother's bitter chidings  
 Rise against us, when we stand  
 In the Judgment,  
 From some far, forgotten land.

4 Lo! the hills for harvest whiten,  
 All along each distant shore;  
 Seaward far the islands brighten;  
 Light of nations! lead us o'er:  
 When we seek them,  
 Let Thy Spirit go before.

THE CHURCH—MISSIONS.

257

A. C. COXE.

ST. OSWALD. 8s, 7s.

J. B. DYKES.

1. Saviour, sprinkle ma - ny na - tions; Fruitful let Thy sorrows be;  
By Thy pains and con-so - la - tions Draw the Gentiles un - to Thee! A - MEN.

2 Of Thy cross the wondrous story,  
Be it to the nations told;  
Let them see Thee in Thy glory  
And Thy mercy manifold.

Thee they seek as God of heaven,  
Thee as Man for sinners slain.

3 Far and wide, though all unknowing,  
Pants for Thee each mortal breast,  
Human tears for Thee are flowing,  
Human hearts in Thee would rest.

5 Saviour, lo! the isles are waiting!  
Stretched the hand and strained  
the sight,

For Thy Spirit, new creating, [light.  
Love's pure flame, and wisdom's

6 Give the word, and of the preacher  
Speed the foot and touch the  
tongue,

4 Thirsting as for dews of even,  
As the new-mown grass for rain,

Till on earth by every creature  
Glory to the Lamb be sung!

258

E. HAWKINS.

RATHBÚN. 8s, 7s.

I. CONKEY.

1. Lord, a Saviour's love dis - playing, Show the heathen lands Thy way;  
Thousands still like sheep are straying In the dark and cloudy day. A - MEN.

2 Shades of death are gathering o'er them,  
Lord, they perish from Thy sight!  
Let Thine angel go before them;  
Bring the Gentiles to Thy light.

By the word of Thy salvation  
Call the wanderers back to Thee.

3 Fetch them home from every nation,  
From the islands of the sea;

4 Thou their pasture hast provided,  
Grant the blessing long foretold;  
Let Thy sheep, divinely guided,  
Find at last the one true fold.

THE CHURCH—MISSIONS.

259

ST. GODRIC. 6s, 8s.

W. HURN.

J. B. DYKES.

1. A - rise, O Lord, and shine In all Thy sav - ing might, And

pros-per each de - sign To spread Thy glo - rious light: Let heal - ing streams of

mer - cy flow, That all the earth Thy truth may know. A - MEN.

- 2 Oh, bring the nations near,  
That they may sing Thy praise;  
Let all the people hear  
And learn Thy holy ways:  
Reign, mighty God, assert Thy cause,  
And govern by Thy righteous laws.

- 3 Put forth Thy glorious power:  
The nations then shall see,  
And earth present her store,  
In converts born to Thee:  
God, our own God, His Church shall bless,  
And earth be filled with righteousness.

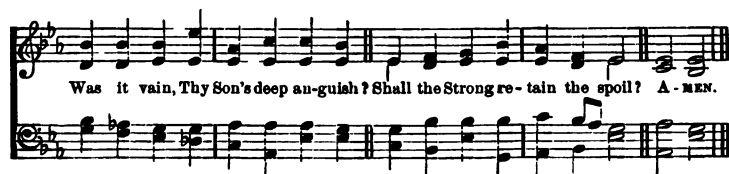
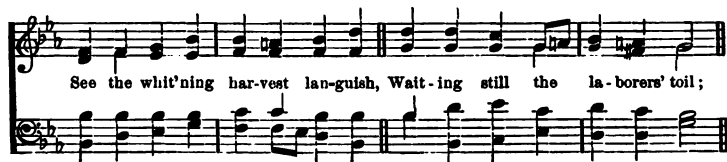
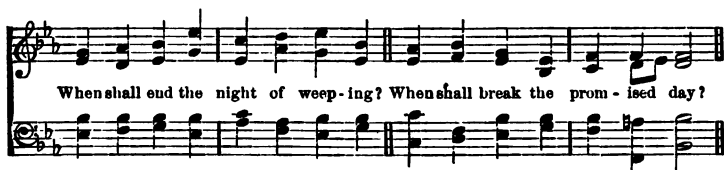
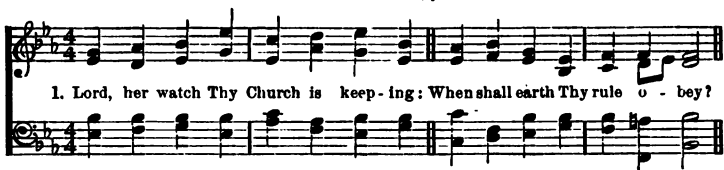
THE CHURCH—MISSIONS.

260

H. DOWNTON.

EVERTON. 8s, 7s. D.

H. SMART.



2 Tidings, sent to every creature,  
Millions yet have never heard :  
Can they hear without a preacher?  
Lord almighty, give the word !  
Give the word ! in every nation  
Let the gospel trumpet sound,  
Witnessing a world's salvation,  
To the earth's remotest bound.

3 Then the end ! Thy Church completed,  
All Thy chosen gathered in,  
With their King in glory seated,  
Satan bound, and banished sin ;  
Gone forever parting, weeping,  
Hunger, sorrow, death, and pain ;  
Lo ! her watch Thy Church is keeping ;  
Come, Lord Jesus, come to reign !

Digitized by Google


THE CHURCH—MISSIONS.

261


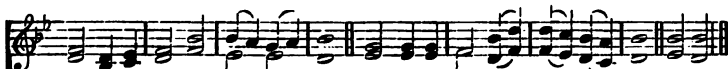
I. WATTS.

ERNAN. L. M.

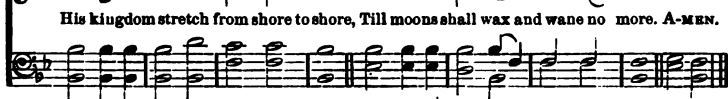
L. MASON.



1. Je - sus shall reign wher-e'er the sun Does his suc-ces-sive jour-neys run,

His kingdom stretch from shore to shore, Till moons shall wax and wane no more. A-MEN.



2 To Him shall endless prayer be made,  
And praises throng to crown His  
head;  
His Name like sweet perfume shall  
rise  
With every morning sacrifice.


4 Blessings abound where'er He  
reigns;  
The prisoner leaps to burst his  
chains,  
The weary find eternal rest,  
And all the sons of want are blest.

3 People and realms of every tongue  
Dwell on His love with sweetest song;  
And infant voices shall proclaim  
Their early blessings on His Name.

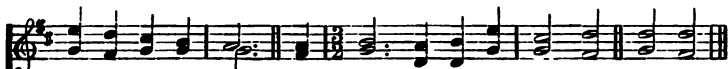
5 Let every creature rise and bring  
Peculiar honors to our King;  
Angels descend with songs again,  
And earth repeat the loud Amen.

262

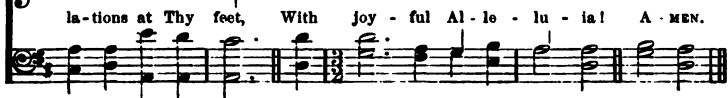
S. J. STONE. ALLELUIA PERENNE. 108, 7. W. H. MONK.



1. Lord of the har-vest, it is right and meet That we should lay ob-

la-tions at Thy feet, With joy-ful Al-le-lu-ia! A-MEN.



2 Sweet is the praise that follows toil and prayer;  
Sweet is the worship that with heaven we share,  
Who sing the Alleluia!

3 We toiled and prayed and Thou hast heard on high;  
Hast cheered our hearts and changed our suppliant cry  
To festal Alleluia!

# THE CHURCH—MISSIONS.

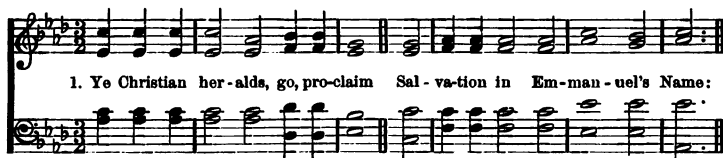
- 4 So sing we now in tune with that great song,  
That all the age of ages shall prolong,  
The endless Alleluia!
- 5 To Thee, O Lord of harvest, Who hast heard,  
And to Thy white-robed reapers given the word,  
We sing our Alleluia!
- 6 O Christ, Who in the wild world's fallow lea,  
Hast sown in blood the precious seed, to Thee  
We sing our Alleluia!
- 7 To Thee, O Holy Ghost, Whose gracious rain  
And living breath hath fed the ghostly grain,  
We sing our Alleluia!
- 8 Yea, West and East, the Harvest men went forth:  
"We come" has sounded to the South and North.  
At morn sing Alleluia!
- 9 In fields of home, in fields the far away,  
Toilers for Jesus hail the golden day.  
At noon sing Alleluia!
- 10 The winds of God have blown with living breath,  
His dews have fallen on the plains of death.  
At eve sing Alleluia.
- 11 Yea, for sweet hope fulfilled, new hope begun,  
Sing Alleluia to the Three in One,  
Adoring Alleluia.
- 12 Glory to God! the Church in patience cries;  
Glory to God! the Church in bliss replies,  
With endless Alleluia!

268

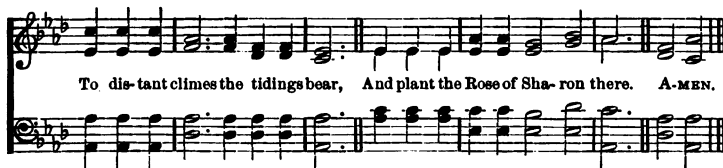
## MISSIONARY CHANT. L. M.

B. H. DRAPER.

H. C. ZEUNER.



1. Ye Christian her-alds, go, pro-claim Sal-va-tion in Em-man-uel's Name:



To dis-tant climes the tidings bear, And plant the Rose of Sha-ron there. A-MEN.

- 2 God shield you with a wall of fire,  
With holy zeal your hearts inspire,  
Bid raging winds their fury cease,  
And calm the savage breast to  
peace.
- 3 And when our labors all are o'er,  
Then may we meet to part no more,  
Meet, with the ransomed throng to  
fall,  
And crown the Saviour Lord of all.

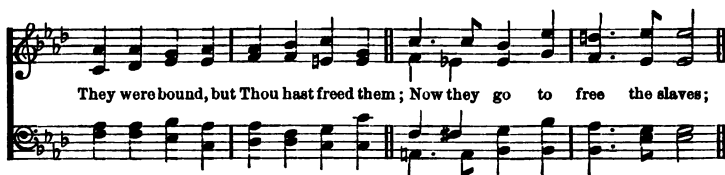
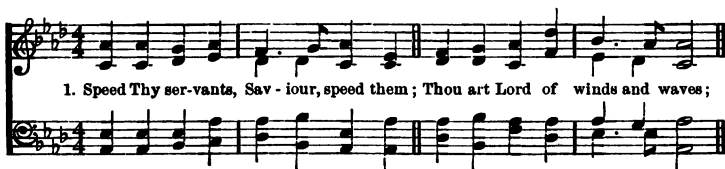
THE CHURCH—MISSIONS.

264

T. KELLY.

ST. RAPHAEL. 8s, 7s, 4, 7.

E. J. HOPKINS.



- 2 Friends and home and all forsaking,  
Lord, they go at Thy command,  
As their stay Thy promise taking,  
While they traverse sea and land:  
Oh, be with them!  
Lead them safely by the hand.
- 3 When they reach the land of strangers,  
And the prospect dark appears,  
Nothing seen but toils and dangers,  
Nothing felt but doubts and fears,  
Be Thou with them;  
Hear their sighs, and count their tears.
- 4 Where no fruit appears to cheer them,  
And they seem to toil in vain;  
Then in mercy, Lord, draw near them,  
Then their sinking hopes sustain:  
Thus supported,  
Let their zeal revive again.
- 5 In the midst of opposition,  
Let them trust, O Lord, in Thee;  
When success attends their mission,  
Let Thy servants humbler be;  
Never leave them,  
Till Thy face in heaven they see:
- 6 There to reap in joy forever  
Fruit that grows from seed here sown;  
There to be with Him, who never  
Ceases to preserve His own;  
And with gladness  
Give the praise to Him alone.



THE CHURCH—MISSIONS.

265

W. SHRUBSOLE.

TRURO. L. M.

C. BURNBY.

1. Arm of the Lord! a-wake! a-wake! Put on Thy strength! the na-tions shake!

And let the world a-dor-ing see Triumphs of mer-cy wrought by Thee. A-MEN.

2 Say to the heathen from Thy throne,  
I am Jehovah, God alone;  
Thy voice their idols shall confound,  
And cast their altars to the ground.

3 Let Zion's time of favor come;  
Oh, bring the tribes of Israel home;  
And let our wondering eyes behold  
Gentiles and Jews in Jesus' Fold.

4 Almighty God, Thy grace proclaim  
In every clime, of every name;  
Let adverse powers before Thee fall,  
And crown the Saviour Lord of all.

*Also the following :*

- 62.—From the eastern mountains.
- 288.—O Spirit of the living God.
- 323.—Hail to the Lord's Anointed.
- 327.—Thou, Whose almighty word.
- 328.—Lord of all power and might.
- 329.—Thy kingdom come, O God!
- 330.—Blow ye the trumpet, blow!
- 332.—God of mercy, God of grace.
- 468.—From all that dwell below the skies.
- 579.—O brothers, lift your voices.
- 580.—Christ for the world we sing.
- 581.—Soldiers of the cross, arise!

266

ST. ALPHEGE. 7s, 6s.

H. F. LYRE.

FOR THE JEWS.

H. J. GAUNTLETT.

1. Oh, that the Lord's sal - va - tion Were out of Si - on come,

To heal His an-cient na-tion, To lead His outcasts home! A-MEN.

2 How long the holy city  
Shall heathen feet profane?  
Return, O Lord, in pity;  
Rebuild her walls again.

3 Let fall Thy rod of terror;  
Thy saving grace impart;

Roll back the veil of error;  
Release the fettered heart.

4 Let Israel, home returning,  
Her lost Messiah see;  
Give oil of joy for mourning,  
And bind Thy Church to Thee.

1. Wake, harp of Si - on, wake a - gain Up - on thine an-cient hill,  
On Jordan's long - de - serted plain, By Kedron's lowly rill. A-MEN.

2 The hymn shall yet in Sion swell,  
That sounds Messiah's praise,  
And Thy loved Name, Emmanuel,  
As once in ancient days.

And hill and dale shall sweetly sing,  
With praise in all her gates.

3 For Israel yet shall own her King,  
For her salvation waits,

4 Oh, hasten, Lord, these promised  
When Israel shall rejoice; [days,  
And Jew and Gentile join in praise,  
With one united voice!

## Mmögiving.

1. We give Thee but Thine own, What-e'er the gift may be: All  
that we have is Thine a - lone, A trust, O Lord, from Thee. A-MEN.

2 May we Thy bounties thus  
As stewards true receive,  
And gladly, as Thou blessest us,  
To Thee our first-fruits give.  
3 Oh, hearts are bruised and dead,  
And homes are bare and cold, [bled,  
And lambs for whom the Shepherd  
Are straying from the Fold!  
4 To comfort and to bless,  
To find a balm for woe,

To tend the lone and fatherless  
Is angels' work below.

5 The captive to release,  
To God the lost to bring,  
To teach the way of life and peace,  
It is a Christ-like thing.

6 And we believe Thy word,  
Though dim our faith may be;  
What-e'er for Thine we do, O Lord,  
We do it unto Thee.

THE CHURCH—ALMSGIVING.

269

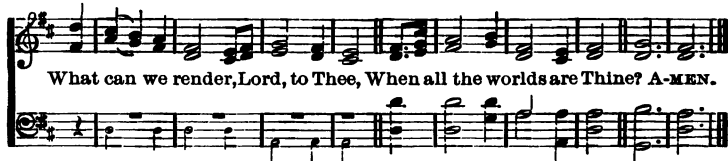
P. DODDRIDGE. *et. al.*

SILOAM. C. M.

I. B. WOODBURY.



1. Fountain of good, to own Thy love Our thankful hearts in-cline:



What can we render, Lord, to Thee, When all the worlds are Thine? A-MEN.

2 But Thou hast needy brethren here,  
Partakers of Thy grace,  
Whose names Thou wilt Thyself  
Before the Father's face. [confess

Each other's burdens gladly bear,  
And love's sweet law fulfill.

3 In each sad accent of distress  
Thy pleading voice is heard;  
In them Thou may'st be clothed and  
And visited, and cheered. [fed,

5 Thy face with reverence and with love  
We in Thy poor would see;  
And while we minister to them,  
Would do it as to Thee.

4 Help us then, Lord, Thy yoke to wear,  
And joy to do Thy will;

6 Do Thou, O Lord, our alms accept,  
And with Thy blessing speed;  
Bless us in giving; greatly bless  
Our gifts to them that need.

270

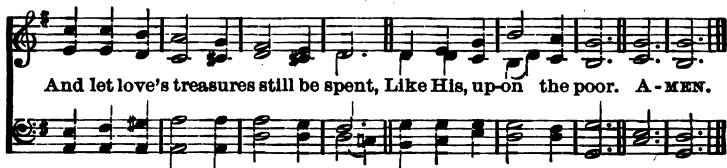
W. CROSWELL.

ST. AGNES. C. M.

J. B. DYKES.



1. Lord, lead the way the Sav-iour went, By lane and cell ob-scure,



And let love's treasures still be spent, Like His, up-on the poor. A-MEN.

2 Like Him through scenes of deep  
distress,  
Who bore the world's sad weight,  
We, in their crowded loneliness,  
Would seek the desolate.

4 Mean are all offerings we can make,  
But Thou hast taught us, Lord,  
If given for the Saviour's sake,  
They lose not their reward.'

3 For Thou hast placed us side by side,  
In this wide world of ill,  
And, that Thy followers may be tried,  
Poor are with us still.

Also the following :

477.—O Lord of heaven and earth and sea.

478.—Holy offerings, rich and rare.

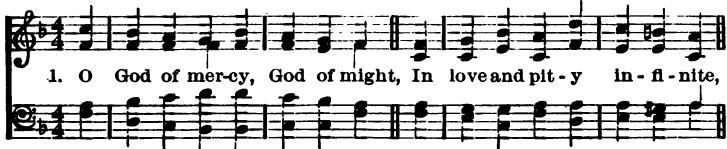
# Charities.

271

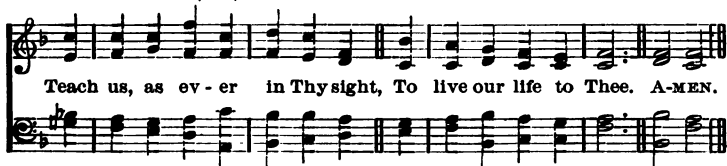
G. THRING.

ERSKINE. 8s, 6.

W. H. GLADSTONE.



1. O God of mercy, God of might, In love and pit-y in-fi-nite,



Teach us, as ev-er in Thy sight, To live our life to Thee. A-MEN.

2 And Thou, Who cam'st on earth to die,  
That fallen man might live thereby,  
Oh, hear us, for to Thee we cry,  
In hope, O Lord, to Thee.

Then teach us, whatso'er betide,  
To love them all in Thee.

3 Teach us the lesson Thou hast taught,  
To feel for those Thy blood hath  
bought, [thought  
That every word, and deed, and  
May work a work for Thee.

5 In sickness, sorrow, want, or care,  
Whate'er it be, 'tis ours to share;  
May we, where help is needed, there  
Give help as unto Thee.

4 For all are brethren, far and wide,  
Since Thou, O Lord, for all hast died;

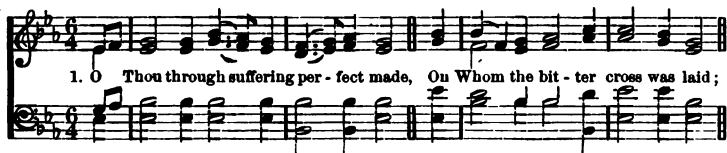
6 And may Thy Holy Spirit move  
All those who live, to live in love,  
Till Thou shalt greet in heaven  
above  
All those who give to Thee.

272

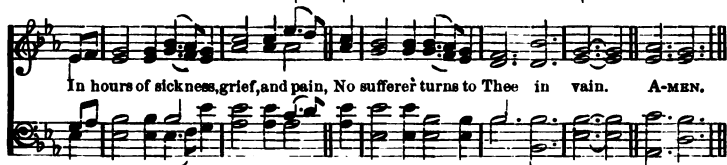
W. W. HOW.

WOODWORTH. L. M.

W. B. BRADBURY.



1. O Thou through suffering per-fect made, On Whom the bit-ter cross was laid;



In hours of sickness, grief, and pain, No sufferer turns to Thee in vain. A-MEN.

2 The halt, the maimed, the sick, the blind,  
Sought not in vain Thy tendance kind;  
Now in Thy poor Thyself we see,  
And minister through them to Thee.

4 But, oh, far more, let each keen pain  
And hour of woe be heavenly gain,  
Each stroke of Thy chastising rod  
Bring back the wanderer nearer God!

3 O loving Saviour, Thou canst cure  
The pains and woes Thou didst endure;  
For all who need, Physician great,  
Thy healing balm we supplicate.

5 Oh, heal the bruised heart within!  
Oh, save our souls all sick with sin!  
Give life and health in bounteous  
store,  
That we may praise Thee evermore!

E. H. PLUMPTRE.

J. B. DYKES.

*Org.*

1. Thine arm, O Lord, in days of old Was strong to heal and save;  
It triumphed o'er disease and death, O'er darkness and the grave.  
To Thee they went, the blind, the dumb, The palsied and the lame,  
The lep-er with his tainted life, The sick with fevered frame. A-MEN.

2 And lo! Thy touch brought life and health,  
Gave speech, and strength, and sight;  
And youth renewed and frenzy calmed  
Owned Thee, the Lord of light.  
And now, O Lord, be near to bless,  
Almighty as of yore,  
In crowded street, by restless couch,  
As by Gennesareth's shore.

3 Though love and might no longer heal  
By touch, or word, or look;  
Though they who do Thy work must read  
Thy laws in nature's book:  
Yet come to heal the sick man's soul,  
Come, cleanse the leprous taint,  
Give joy and peace, where all is strife,  
And strength, where all is faint.

THE CHURCH—CHARITIES.

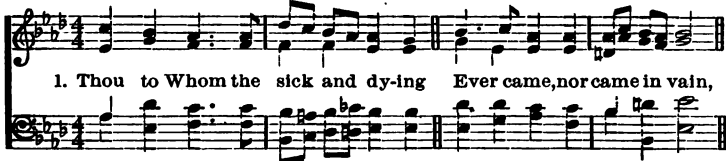
4 Be Thou our great deliverer still,  
Thou Lord of life and death,  
Restore and quicken, soothe and bless  
With Thine almighty breath.  
To hands that work and eyes that see,  
Give wisdom's heavenly lore,  
That whole and sick, and weak and strong,  
May praise Thee evermore.

274

G. THRING.

REQUIEM. 8s, 7s, 7, 7.

W. SCHULTES.



1. Thou to Whom the sick and dy-ing Ever came, nor came in vain,



Still with heal-ing words re- ply - ing To the wearied cry of pain;



Hear us, Je- sus, as we meet, Suppliants at Thy mercy seat. A-MEN.

2 Every care, and every sorrow,  
Be it great, or be it small,  
Yesterday, to-day, to-morrow.  
When, where'er, it may befall,  
Lay we humbly at Thy feet,  
Suppliants at Thy mercy seat.

3 Still the weary, sick, and dying  
Need a brother's, sister's care;  
On Thy higher help relying  
May we now their burden share,  
Bringing all our offerings  
meet,  
Suppliants at Thy mercy seat.

4 May each child of Thine be willing,  
Willing both in hand and heart,  
All the law of love fulfilling,  
Ever comfort to impart;  
Ever bringing offerings meet,  
Suppliant to Thy mercy seat.

5 So may sickness, sin, and sadness,  
To Thy healing virtue yield,  
Till the sick and sad, in gladness,  
Rescued, ransomed, cleansed,  
healed,  
One in Thee together meet,  
Pardoned at Thy judgment.

THE CHURCH—CHARITIES.

275

WARRINGTON. L.M.

E. V. CLARK.

R. HARRISON.

1. O God of mer - cy ! heark-en now : Be-fore Thy throne we hum - bly bow ;

With heart and voice to Thee we cry For all on earth who suffering lie. A-MEN.

2 We seek Thee where Thou dwell'st on high,  
Beyond the glittering, starry sky :  
We find Thee where Thou dwell'st below  
Beside the beds of want and woe.

4 Oh, let the healing waters spring,  
Touched by Thy pitying angel's wing ;  
With quickening power new strength impart  
To palsied will, to withered heart.

3 Be ours the hearts and hands to bless  
These sorrowing sons of wretchedness ;  
Send Thou the help we cannot give ;  
Bid dying souls arise and live.

5 Where poverty in pain must lie,  
Where little suffering children cry,  
Bid us haste forth as called by Thee,  
And in Thy poor, Thyself to see.

6 Be Thou, O God eternal, blest,  
Thy holy Name on earth confest !  
Echo Thy praise from every shore  
Forever and for evermore.

275

NORFOLK. L.M.

E. V. CLARK.

SECOND TUNE.

S. HOWARD.

1. O God of mer - cy ! hearken now : Be - fore Thy throne we hum - bly bow ;

With heart and voice to Thee we cry For all on earth who suffering lie. A-MEN.

# Orphans.

276

MELITA. 6-8s.

G. THRING.

J. B. DYKES.

1. O Thou, Who mad-est land and sea, And guid-est all, in all their ways,  
Who hear-est those who bring to Thee Their sac-ri-fice of prayer and praise;  
Oh, hear Thy chil-dren as they bring Themselves a low-ly of-fer-ing! A-MEN.

The musical score is written for a four-part choir (Soprano, Alto, Tenor, Bass) and piano accompaniment. It consists of three systems of staves. The first system contains the first line of the hymn, the second system contains the second line, and the third system contains the third line. The piano accompaniment is written in the lower staves of each system.

- 2 Great God, Who with a Father's love  
Dost watch o'er all created things,  
And gatherest all, below, above,  
Beneath the shadow of Thy wings;  
Protect, we pray Thee, now, and bless  
Thy children who are fatherless.
- 3 Thou hearest still the eagle's cry,  
And notest e'en a sparrow's fall,  
Thy listening ear doth heed on high,  
And hearken to the raven's call;  
Then, heavenly Father, hear and bless  
Thy children who are fatherless.
- 4 Come, heavenly Father, come to-day,  
For we Thy children come to Thee,  
And Thou wilt never say us, nay,  
If come we in humility;  
New-born in Thee, O Father, bless  
Thy children who are fatherless.
- 5 Cast forth upon the barren strand  
Of this lone world, to Thee we fly;  
In faith and hope, we fain would stand  
Beneath Thy sheltering arm for aye;  
Stretch forth Thy hand, and pitying bless  
Thy children who are fatherless.
- 6 And may we all with joyful mind  
Our hearts as living offerings bring,  
The first-fruits of our life, to find  
A Father in our heavenly King;  
And learn in life and death to bless  
Thee, "Father of the fatherless."

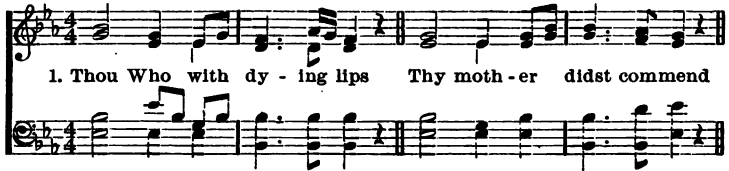


277

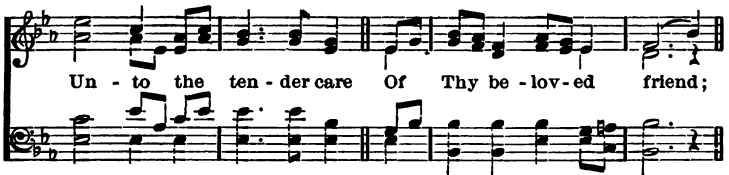
JEWETT. 6s, D.

E. WIGLESWORTH.

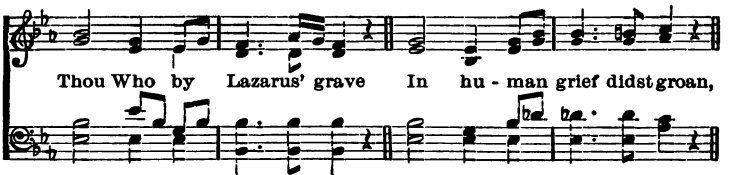
C. M. VON WEBER.



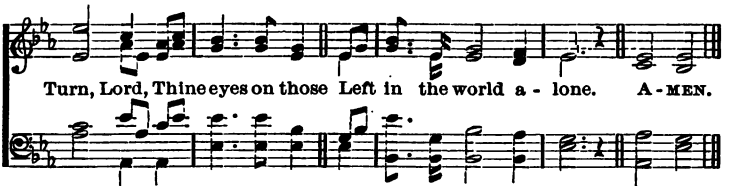
1. Thou Who with dy - ing lips Thy moth - er didst commend



Un - to the ten - der care Of Thy be - lov - ed friend;



Thou Who by Lazarus' grave In hu - man grief didst groan,



Turn, Lord, Thine eyes on those Left in the world a - lone. A - MEN.

2 Thou Who didst call Thy Twelve  
Their home and friends to leave,  
And in Thy kingdom all,  
Yea, more than all, receive,  
To those bereft of all,  
Thy pitying love extend,  
And let them find in Thee  
Father, and home, and friend.

3 Thou Who didst say of old,  
"Thine orphans lend to Me;  
Unto the fatherless  
I will a Father be,"

Thy promises are sure;  
Help us to trust Thee still;  
To those who need Thee sore,  
That faithful word fulfill.

4 Thou Who in Thy still rest  
Our dear ones safe dost keep;  
Thou Who shalt bring them back  
One day from their long sleep,  
Oh, keep us by Thy grace,  
That we at last may be,  
When that bright morning dawns,  
At home with them and Thee.

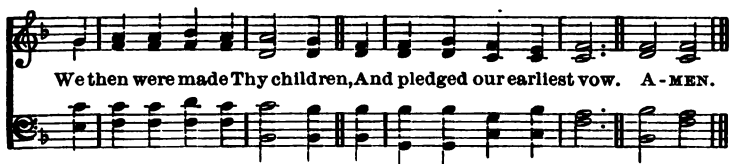
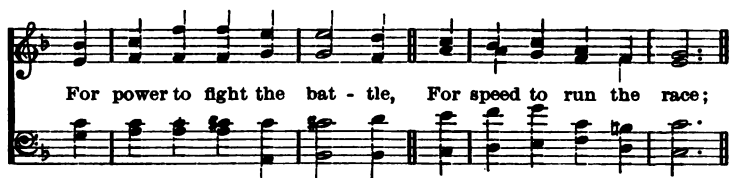
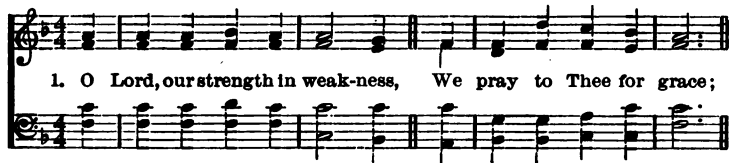
# Temperance.

278

AURELIA. 7s, 6s, D.

C. WORDSWORTH.

S. S. WESLEY.



- 2 We then were sealed and hallowed  
By Thy life-giving word;  
Were made the Spirit's temples,  
And members of the Lord;  
With His own blood He bought us,  
And made the purchase sure;  
His are we: may He keep us  
Sober, and chaste, and pure.
- 3 Conformed to His own likeness  
May we so live and die,  
That in the grave our bodies  
In holy peace may lie;
- And at the resurrection  
Forth from those graves may  
Like to the glorious body [spring,  
Of Christ, our Lord and King.
- 4 The pure in heart are blessed,  
For they shall see the Lord  
Forever and forever  
By seraphim adored;  
And they shall drink the pleasures,  
Such as no tongue can tell,  
From the clear crystal river,  
And life's eternal well.

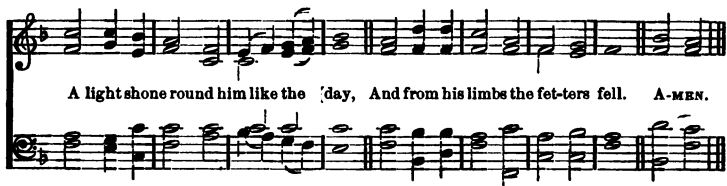
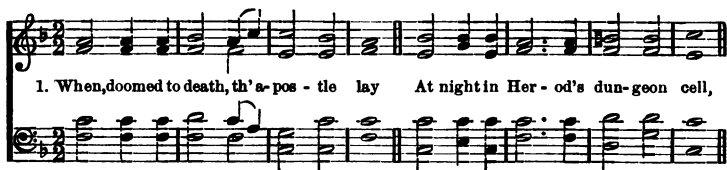
THE CHURCH—TEMPERANCE.

279

W. C. BRYANT.

FEDERAL STREET. L. M.

H. K. OLIVER.



- 2 A messenger from God was there,  
To break his chain and bid him rise;  
And lo! the saint, as free as air,  
Walked forth beneath the open skies.
- 3 Chains yet more strong and cruel bind  
The victims of that deadly thirst  
Which drowns the soul, and from the mind  
Blots the bright image stamped at first.
- 4 O God of love and mercy, deign  
To look on those with pitying eye  
Who struggle with that fatal chain,  
And send them succor from on high!
- 5 Send down, in its resistless might,  
Thy gracious Spirit, we implore,  
And lead the captive forth to light,  
A rescued soul, a slave no more!

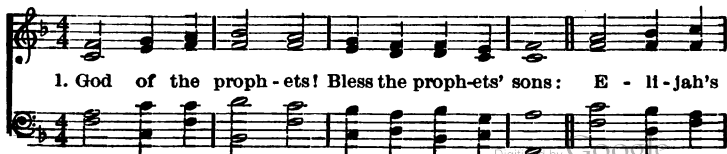
Divinity Schools.

280

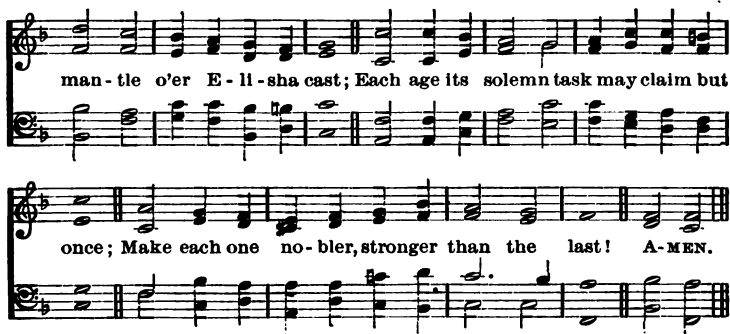
D. WORTMAN.

OLD 124th. 108.

L. BOURGEOIS.



THE CHURCH—DIVINITY SCHOOLS.



- 2 Anoint them prophets! Make their ears attend  
To Thy divinest speech; their hearts awake  
To human need; their lips make eloquent  
To assure the right, and every evil break.
- 3 Anoint them priests! Strong intercessors they  
For pardon, and for charity and peace!  
Ah, if with them the world might pass, astray,  
Into the dear Christ's life of sacrifice!
- 4 Anoint them kings! Aye kingly kings, O Lord!  
Anoint them with the spirit of Thy Son:  
Theirs, not a jewelled crown, a blood stained sword;  
Theirs, by sweet love, for Christ a kingdom won.
- 5 Make them apostles! Heralds of Thy cross,  
Forth may they go to tell all realms Thy grace;  
Inspired of Thee, may they count all but loss,  
And stand at last with joy before Thy face.
- 6 O mighty age of prophet-kings, return!  
O truth, O faith enrich our urgent time!  
Lord Jesus Christ, again with us sojourn:  
A weary world awaits Thy reign sublime!

## IV. The Holy Scriptures.

281

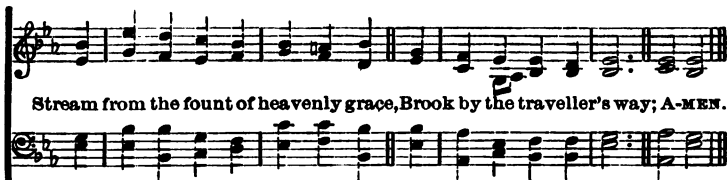
B. BARTON.

DUNDEE. C. M.

Esté's Psalter.



THE HOLY SCRIPTURES.



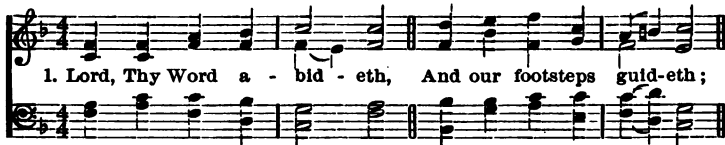
Stream from the fount of heavenly grace, Brook by the traveller's way; A-MEN.

- 2 Bread of our souls, whereon we feed,  
True manna from on high;  
Our guide and chart, wherein we read  
Of realms beyond the sky;
- 3 Pillar of fire, through watches dark,  
And radiant cloud by day;  
When waves would 'whelm our tossing bark,  
Our anchor and our stay:
- 4 Word of the everlasting God,  
Will of His glorious Son;  
Without thee how could earth be trod,  
Or heaven itself be won?
- 5 Lord, grant us all aright to learn  
The wisdom it imparts;  
And to its heavenly teaching turn,  
With simple, childlike hearts.

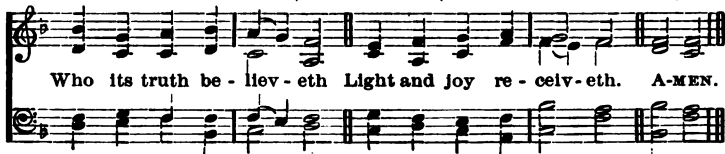
282

H. W. BAKER. RAVENSHAW. 6s. Pec.

German.



1. Lord, Thy Word a - bid - eth, And our footsteps guid-eth;



Who its truth be - liev - eth Light and joy re - ceiv - eth. A-MEN.

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| 2 When our foes are near us,<br>Then Thy Word doth cheer us,<br>Word of consolation,<br>Message of salvation.        | By Thy Word imparted<br>To the simple-hearted?   |
| 3 When the storms are o'er us,<br>And dark clouds before us,<br>Then its light directeth,<br>And our way protecteth. | 5 Word of mercy, giving<br>Succor to the living;<br>Word of life, supplying<br>Comfort to the dying!           |
| 4 Who can tell the pleasure,<br>Who recount the treasure,  | 6 Oh, that we discerning<br>Its most holy learning,<br>Lord, may love and fear Thee!<br>Evermore be near Thee! |

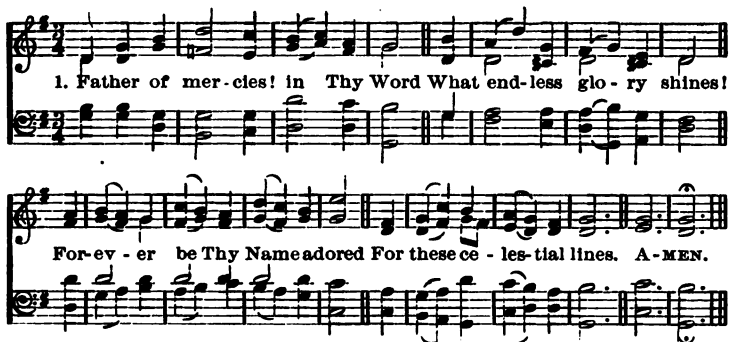
THE HOLY SCRIPTURES.

288

A. STEELE.

CHESTERFIELD. C. M.

T. HAWES.



1. Father of mer-cies! in Thy Word What end-less glo-ry shines!  
For-ev-er be Thy Name adored For these ce-les-tial lines. A-MEN.

2 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice  
Spreads heavenly peace around;  
And life and everlasting joys  
Attend the blissful sound.

3 Oh, may these heavenly pages be  
My ever dear delight;  
And still new beauties may I see,  
And still increasing light.

4 Divine Instructor, gracious Lord,  
Be Thou forever near;  
Teach me to love Thy sacred Word,  
And view my Saviour there.

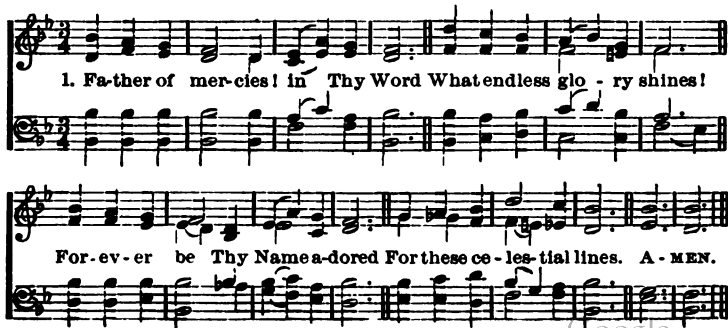
288

SAWLEY. C. M.

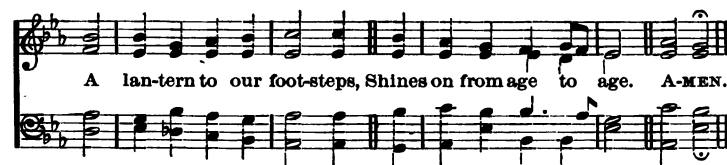
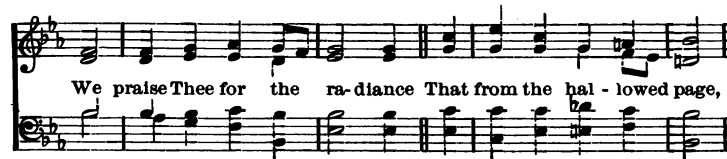
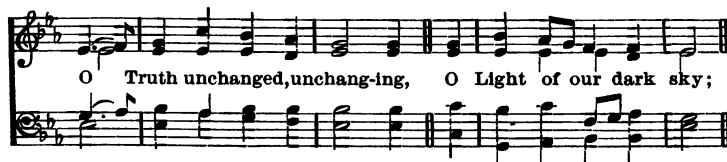
A. STEELE.

SECOND TUNE.

J. WALCH.



1. Fa-ther of mer-cies! in Thy Word What endless glo-ry shines!  
For-ev-er be Thy Name a-dored For these ce-les-tial lines. A-MEN.



2 The Church from her dear Master  
Received the gift divine,  
And still that light she lifteth  
O'er all the earth to shine.  
It is the golden casket  
Where gems of truth are stored,  
It is the heaven-drawn picture  
Of Christ, the living Word.

3 It floateth like a banner  
Before God's host unfurled;  
It shineth like a beacon  
Above the darkling world;

It is the chart and compass  
That o'er life's surging sea, [sands,  
'Mid mists, and rocks, and quick-  
Still guides, O Christ, to Thee.

4 Oh, make Thy Church, dear Saviour,  
A lamp of purest gold,  
To bear before the nations  
Thy true light as of old;  
Oh, teach Thy wandering pilgrims  
By this, their path to trace,  
Till, clouds and darkness ended,  
They see Thee face to face.

Also the following :

72.—Not by Thy mighty hand.

497.—Come, pure hearts, in sweetest measures.

## V. Special Occasions—Ordination.

285

EDEN GROVE. 7s. 6s. D.

J. S. B. MONSELL.

S. SMITH.

1. Lord of the liv - ing har - vest That whit - ens o'er the plain,  
Where an - gels soon shall gath - er Their sheaves of gold - en grain;  
Ac - cept these hands to la - bor, These hearts to trust and love,  
And deign with them to has - ten Thy kingdom from a - bove. A - MEN.

2 As laborers in Thy vineyard  
Still faithful may they be,  
Content to bear the burden  
Of weary days for Thee;  
To ask no other wages,  
When Thou shalt call them home,  
But to have shared the travail  
Which makes Thy kingdom come.

3 Come down, Thou Holy Spirit,  
And fill their souls with light;  
Clothe them in spotless raiment,  
In vesture clean and white;  
Within Thy sacred temple  
Be with them where they stand,  
To guide and teach Thy people  
Throughout our native land.

4 Be with them, God the Father!  
Be with them, God the Son!  
And God the Holy Spirit!  
Most blessed Three in One!  
Make them a holy priesthood,  
Thee humbly to adore,  
And fill them with Thy fullness  
Both now and evermore!



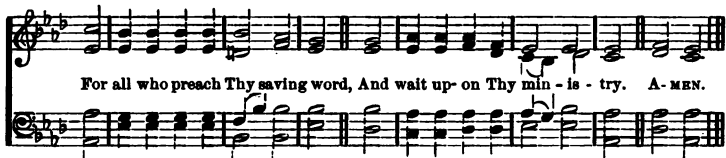
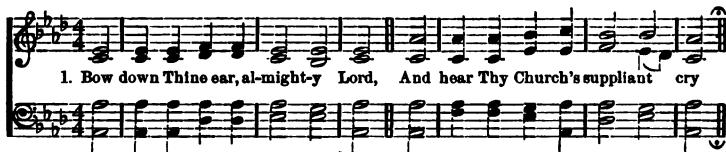
## ORDINATION.

286

T. E. POWELL.

OLIVE'S BROW. L. M.

W. B. BRADBURY.



2 In mercy, Father, now give heed,  
And pour Thy quickening Spirit's  
breath  
On those whom Thou dost call to feed  
Thy flock redeemed by Jesus' death.

3 O Saviour, from Thy pierced hand  
Shed o'er them all Thy gifts divine:  
That those who in Thy presence  
stand [Thine.  
May do Thy will with love like

4 Blest Spirit, in their hearts abide,  
And give them grace to watch and  
pray;  
That as they seek Thy flock to guide,  
Themselves may keep the narrow  
way.

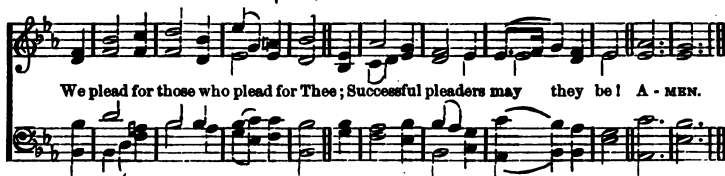
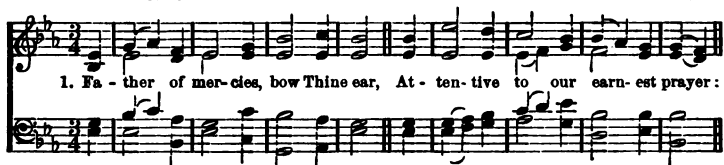
5 O God, Thy strength and mercy send  
To shield them in their strife with  
Grant them, enduring to the end, [sin;  
The crown of life at last to win.

287

B. BEDDOME.

ROCKINGHAM. L. M.

E. MILLER.



2 How great their work, how vast their  
charge!  
Do Thou their anxious souls enlarge:  
Their best acquisitions are our gain;  
We share the blessings they obtain.

3 Clothe, then, with energy divine [Thine;  
Their words, and let those words be  
To them Thy sacred truth reveal,  
Suppress their fear, inflame their zeal.

4 Teach them to sow the precious seed;  
Teach them Thy chosen flock to feed;

Teach them immortal souls to gain,  
Souls that will well reward their pain.

5 Let thronging multitudes around  
Hear from their lips the joyful sound;  
In humble strains Thy grace implore,  
And feel Thy new-creating power.

6 Let sinners break their massy chains,  
Distressed souls forget their pains;  
Let light through distant realms be  
spread,  
And Sion rear her drooping head.

## ORDINATION.

288

J. MONTGOMERY.

MELCOMBE. L. M.

S. WEBBE.

1. O Spir - it of the liv - ing God, In all Thy plen - i - tude of grace,  
Where'er the foot of man hath trod, Descend on our a - pos - tate race. A - MEN.

- 2 Give tongues of fire and hearts of love,  
To preach the reconciling word;  
Give power and unction from above,  
Whene'er the joyful sound is heard.
- 3 Be darkness, at Thy coming, light;  
Confusion, order, in Thy path;
- 4 Convert the nations! far and nigh  
The triumphs of the cross record;  
The Name of Jesus glorify,  
Till every people call Him Lord.
- 5 Souls without strength inspire with might,  
Bid mercy triumph over wrath.

289

J. COSIN.

VENI CREATOR. P. M.

J. H. HOPKINS.

1. Come, Ho - ly Ghost, our souls in - spire, And light - en with ce - les - tial fire.  
8. This may be our end - less song:

- 2 Thou the anointing Spirit art,  
Who dost Thy sevenfold gifts im - part.
- 3 Thy blessed unction from above  
Is comfort, life, and fire of love.
- 4 Enable with perpetual light  
The dullness of our blinded sight.
- 5 Anoint and cheer our soiled face  
With the abundance of Thy grace.
- 6 Keep far our foes, give peace at home:  
Where Thou art guide, no ill can
- 7 Teach us to know the Father, Son,  
And Thee of both to be but One,
- 8 That, through the ages all along,  
This may be our endless song:

9. Praise to Thy e - ter - nal mer - it, Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Spir - it. A - MEN.

*Also the following:*

- 497.—Come, pure hearts, in sweetest measures. 584.—Go, labor on! spend and be spent!  
581.—Soldiers of the cross, arise! 586.—Lord, speak to me, that I may speak.

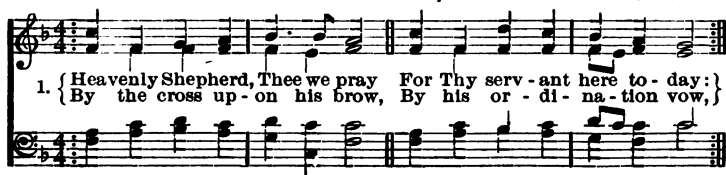
# Institution of Ministers.

290

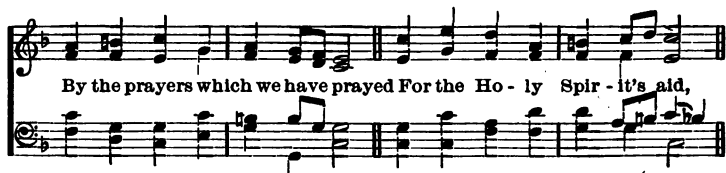
C. G. WOODHOUSE.

SILVER. 10-78.

H. P. MAIN.



1. { Heavenly Shepherd, Thee we pray For Thy serv - ant here to - day : }  
By the cross up - on his brow, By his or - di - na - tion vow, }



By the prayers which we have prayed For the Ho - ly Spir - it's aid,



By the deep and fer - vent love Ow - ing to his Lord a - bove,



Grant him faithful watch to keep, Tend Thy lambs, and feed Thy sheep. AMEN.

Copyright, 1897, by Hubert P. Main.

2 From the silent power of sin  
Lurking secretly within,  
May the grace that flows from Thee,  
Heavenly Shepherd, set him free ;  
By the blessing on him breathed,  
By the charge to him bequeathed,  
Thou the Way, the Truth, the Life, 4  
Gird him for the sacred strife,  
Aye his faithful watch to keep,  
Tend Thy lambs, and feed Thy sheep.

3 Speed him on his life-long way,  
Speed him whom we speed to-day ;  
Thou, the gracious, loving Lord,  
Give him souls for his reward :  
Till he win the promised crown,

When he lays his burden down  
Humbly at his Saviour's feet,  
Low before the mercy-seat :  
Give him, Lord, Thy grace to keep,  
Tend Thy lambs, and feed Thy sheep.

To the blessed Trinity  
Now let praise and glory be,  
In Whose Name we meet to-day  
For our guidance, as we pray  
That we may, in all we do,  
Pastor, and his flock, be true ;  
True to man in heavenly love,  
True to Thee, our God, above,  
Till we, sheep and shepherd, meet,  
Ransomed at Thy judgment seat.

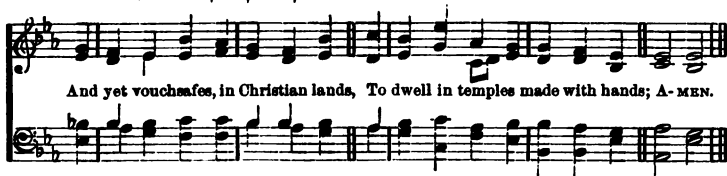
# Laying of a Corner-Stone.

291

J. M. NEALE.

DUBLIN. L. M.

J. HULLAH.



- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>2 Grant that all we who here to-day<br/>Rejoicing this foundation lay,<br/>May be in very deed Thine own,<br/>Built on the precious Corner-stone.</p> <p>3 Endue the creatures with Thy grace,<br/>That shall adorn Thy dwelling-<br/>place;<br/>The beauty of the oak and pine,<br/>The gold and silver, make them<br/>Thine.</p> <p>4 To Thee they all belong; to Thee<br/>The treasures of the earth and sea;</p> | <p>And when we bring them to Thy<br/>throne,<br/>We but present Thee with Thine own.</p> <p>5 The minds that guide, endue with<br/>skill; [ill;<br/>The hands that work, preserve from<br/>That we, who these foundations lay,<br/>May raise the top-stone in its day.</p> <p>6 Both now and ever, Lord, protect<br/>The temple of Thine own elect;<br/>Be Thou in them, and they in Thee,<br/>O ever blessèd Trinity!</p> |
|---|--|

292

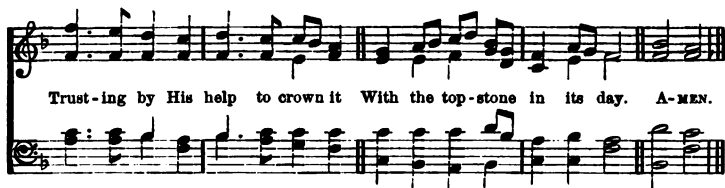
J. ELLERTON.

AUSTRIA. 8s, 7s, D.

F. J. HAYDN.



# LAYING OF A CORNER-STONE.



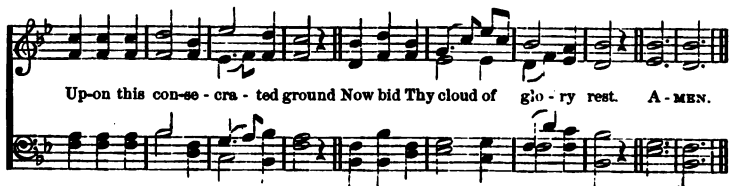
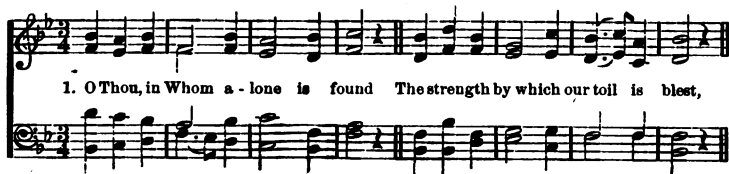
- 2 Here as in their due succession  
Stone on stone the workman place,  
Thus, we pray, unseen but surely,  
Jesu, build us up in grace;  
Till, within these walls completed,  
We complete in Thee are found;  
And to Thee, the one Foundation,  
Strong and living stones, are bound.
- 3 Fair shall be Thine earthly temple:  
Here the careless passer-by  
Shall bethink him, in its beauty,  
Of the holier House on high;  
Weary hearts and troubled spirits  
Here shall find a still retreat;  
Sinful souls shall bring their burden  
Here to the Absolver's feet.
- 4 Yet with truer, nobler beauty,  
Lord, we pray, this house adorn,  
Where Thy Bride, Thy Church re-  
deemed,  
Robes her for her marriage morn;
- Clothed in garments of salvation,  
Rich with gems of heavenly grace,  
Spouse of Christ, arrayed and wait-  
ing  
Till she may behold His face.
- 5 Here in due and solemn order  
May her ceaseless prayer arise;  
Here may strains of holy gladness  
Lift her heart above the skies;  
Here the word of life be spoken;  
Here the child of God be sealed;  
Here the Bread of Heaven be broken,  
"Till He come," Himself revealed.
- 6 Praise to Thee, O Master-BUILDER,  
Maker of the earth and skies;  
Praise to Thee, in Whom Thy temple  
Fitably framed together lies;  
Praise to Thee, eternal Spirit,  
Binding all that lives in one:  
Till our earthly praise be ended,  
And the eternal song begun!

298

H. Ware.

MENDON. L. M.

German.



- 2 In Thy great Name we place this stone;  
To Thy great truth these walls we rear:  
Long may they make Thy glory known,  
And long our Saviour triumph here.

Digitized by Google

# LAYING OF A CORNER-STONE.

3 And while Thy sons, from earth apart,  
Here seek the truth from heaven that sprung,  
Fill with Thy Spirit every heart,  
With living fire touch every tongue.

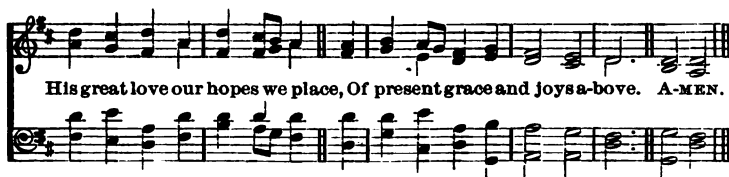
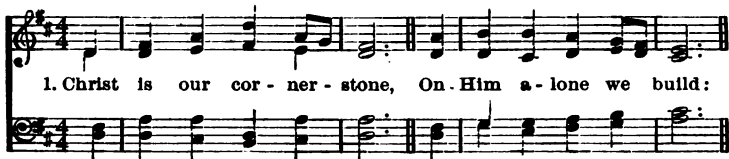
4 Lord, feed Thy Church with peace and love;  
Let sin and error pass away,  
Till truth's full influence from above  
Rejoice the earth with cloudless day.

294

Tr. J. CHANDLER.

BEVERLY. 6s, 8s.

Anon.



2 Oh, then with hymns of praise  
These hallowed courts shall ring;  
Our voices we will raise  
The Three in One to sing,  
And thus proclaim in joyful song,  
Both loud and long, that glorious Name.

3 Here, gracious God, do Thou  
For evermore draw nigh;  
Accept each faithful vow,  
And mark each suppliant sigh;  
In copious shower on all who pray,  
Each holy day Thy blessings pour.

4 Here may we gain from heaven  
The grace which we implore;  
And may that grace, once given,  
Be with us evermore;  
Until that day when all the blest  
To endless rest are called away.

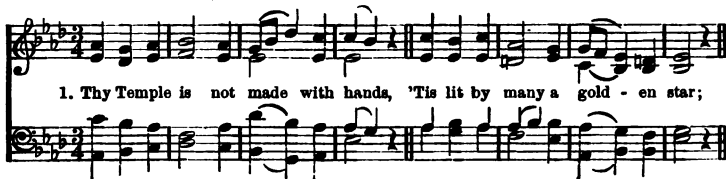
# Consecration of Churches.

295

C. F. ALEXANDER.

BOWEN. L. M.

F. J. HAYDN.



1. Thy Temple is not made with hands, 'Tis lit by many a gold - en star;



The purple heights of mountain lands Its ev - er - last - ing pil - lars are. A - MEN.

2 Thee, highest heaven cannot contain,  
Great Lord of earth, and sky, and  
sea!

Yet enter in, and bless the fane  
Adoring hands have reared for Thee.

3 [\* Unworthy gift and touched with  
fears,  
And memories of our loved at rest;  
Draw nigh, O Lord, and dry our tears,  
And be Thy presence here confest.]

4 For welcome to the babe new-born,  
For strengthening hands on bended  
head,

\* To be used of a memorial church.

For blessings on the marriage morn,  
And sweet words whispered o'er the  
dead;

5 For food divine to souls sufficed,  
For words that warn, for prayers  
that press,  
Arise and enter in, O Christ!  
And with Thy presence all things  
bless.

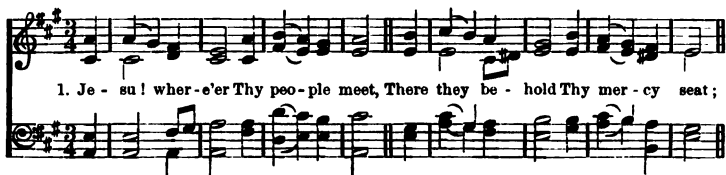
6 So praise to Thy great Name shall rise  
Up from these walls, this sacred floor,  
Who made, Who saves, Who sancti-  
Forever and for evermore. [fls,

296

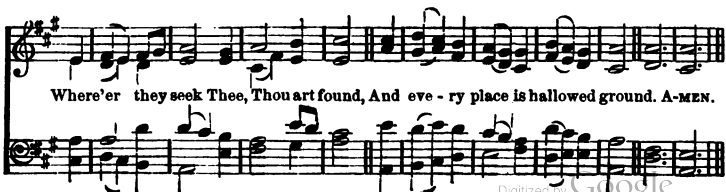
W. COOPER.

WAREHAM. L. M.

W. KNAPP.



1. Je - su ! wher - e'er Thy peo - ple meet, There they be - hold Thy mer - cy seat ;



Where'er they seek Thee, Thou art found, And eve - ry place is hallowed ground. A - MEN.

# CONSECRATION OF CHURCHES.

2 And since within no walls confined,  
Thou dwellest in the humble mind ;  
Let all within Thy house who come,  
Departing, take Thee to their home.

3 Yet everywhere Thou guid'st Thine own  
To raise for Thee an earthly throne ;  
And where Thy Name Thou dost record,  
There Thou wilt come and bless them, Lord !

4 [\* Behold, at Thy commanding word,  
We stretch the curtain and the cord ;  
Come, Thou and fill this wider space,  
And bless us with a large increase.]

5 Great Shepherd of Thy chosen few,  
Thy former mercies here renew ;  
And here to wayward hearts proclaim  
The sweetness of Thy saving Name !

\* For enlargement of the Church.

6 Here may we prove the might of prayer,  
To strengthen faith and sweeten care :  
To teach our faint desires to rise,  
And bring all heaven before our eyes !

7 Here to the babe new-born on earth,  
Grant Thou the newer, better birth ;  
By water and the Holy Ghost  
Restoring all that Adam lost.

8 Here to the weary, hungry soul,  
Give Thou the gift that maketh whole ;  
The bread that is Christ's flesh, for food,  
The wine that is the Saviour's blood.

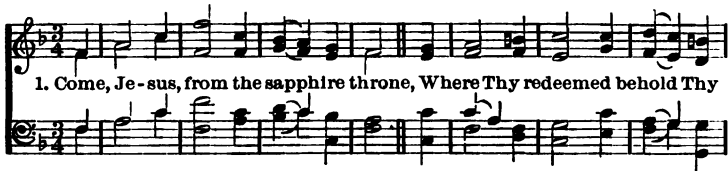
9 Lord, we are few, but Thou art near ;  
Nor short Thine arm, nor deaf Thine ear ;  
Oh, rend the heavens, come quickly down,  
And make a thousand hearts Thine own !

297

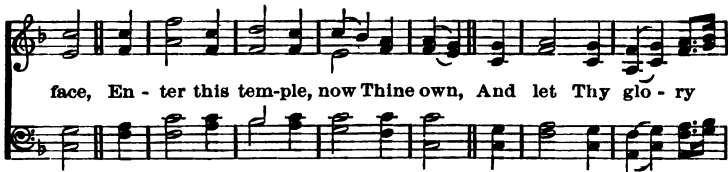
R. PALMER.

ROTHWELL. L.M.

W. TANSUR.



1. Come, Je - sus, from the sapphire throne, Where Thy redeemed behold Thy



face, En - ter this tem - ple, now Thine own, And let Thy glo - ry



fill the place, And let Thy glo - ry fill the place. A - MEN.

2 We praise Thee that to-day we see  
Its sacred walls before Thee stand ;  
'Tis Thine for us : 'tis ours for Thee ;  
Reared by Thy kind assisting hand.

3 Oft as returns the day of rest,  
Let heartfelt worship here ascend ;  
With Thine own joy fill every breast,  
With Thine own power Thy word attend.

4 Here in the dark and sorrowing day,  
Bid Thou the throbbing heart be still ;

Oh, wipe the mourner's tears away,  
And give new strength to meet Thy will.

5 When round this Board Thine own shall  
And keep the feast of dying love, [meet,  
Be our communion ever sweet  
With Thee, and with Thy Church above.

6 Come, faithful Shepherd, feed Thy sheep ;  
In Thine own arms the lambs infold ;  
Give help to climb the heavenward steep,  
Till Thy full glory we behold.



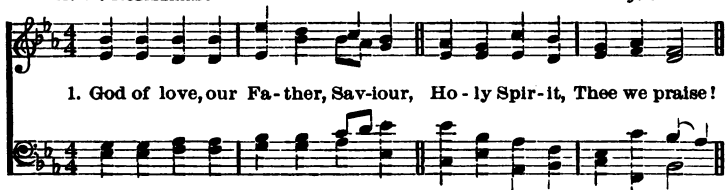
CONSECRATION OF CHURCHES.

298

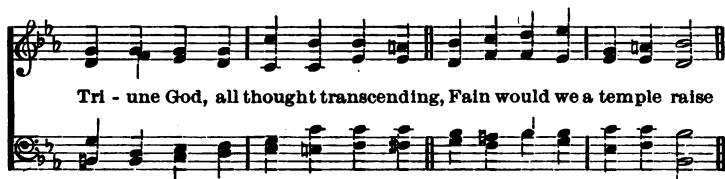
GOSS. 8s, 7s, 6 lines.

H. W. ROBILLIARD.

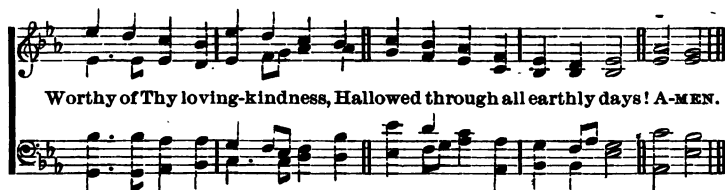
J. Goss.



1. God of love, our Fa-ther, Sav-iour, Ho-ly Spir-it, Thee we praise!



Tri - une God, all thought transcending, Fain would we a temple raise



Worthy of Thy loving-kindness, Hallowed through all earthly days! A-MEN.

2 Make these stones a hallowed symbol,  
Saints of God who run may read,  
Types of those whom, blest Redeemer,  
Thou from sin and woe hast freed,  
Pillars Thou hast hewn and shapen,  
Thine elect in very deed!

3 Lord! restore the gates of Sion,  
Let her courts with praise resound!  
May Thy light and love descending  
Shed their radiant joys around,  
So shall man reveal Thy glory:  
Earth, like heaven, be hallowed ground!

*Also the following :*

382.—Spirit divine, attend our prayers.  
479.—Oh, with due reverence let us all.  
482.—In loud exalted strains.

483.—Christ is made the sure foundation.  
484.—We love the place, O God.  
489.—Pleasant are Thy courts above.

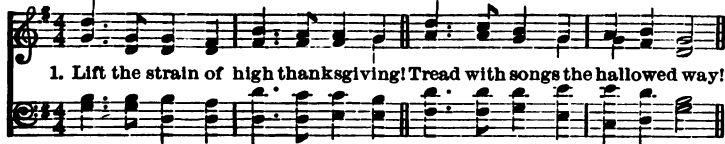
# Restoration of a Church.

299

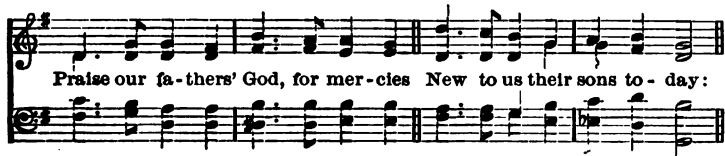
J. ELLERTON.

MOULTRIE. 8s, 7s, D.

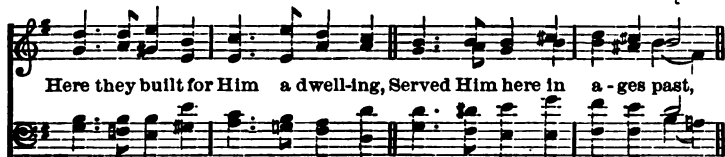
G. F. COBB.



1. Lift the strain of high thanksgiving! Tread with songs the hallowed way!



Praise our fa-thers' God, for mer-cies New to us their sons to-day:



Here they built for Him a dwell-ing, Served Him here in a-ges past,



Fixed it for His sure possession, Holy ground, while time shall last. AMEN.

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>2 When the years had wrought their changes,<br/>He, our own unchanging God,<br/>Thought on this His habitation,<br/>Looked on His decayed abode;<br/>Heard our prayers, and helped our counsels,<br/>Blessed the silver and the gold,<br/>Till once more His house is standing<br/>Firm and stately as of old.</p> | <p>4 Fill this latter house with glory<br/>Greater than the former knew;<br/>Clothe with righteousness its priesthood,<br/>Guide us all to reverence true;<br/>Let Thy Holy One's anointing<br/>Here its sevenfold blessing shed;<br/>Spread for us the heavenly banquet,<br/>Satisfy Thy poor with bread.</p>   |
| <p>3 Entering then Thy gates with praises,<br/>Lord, be ours Thine Israel's prayer:<br/>"Rise into Thy place of resting,<br/>Show Thy promised presence there!"<br/>Let the gracious word be spoken<br/>Here, as once on Sion's height,<br/>"This shall be My rest forever,<br/>This My dwelling of delight."</p>     | <p>5 Praise to Thee, almighty Father,<br/>Praise to Thee, eternal Son,<br/>Praise to Thee, all-quicken-<br/>ing Spirit,<br/>Ever blessed Three in One:<br/>Threefold Power and Grace and<br/>Wisdom,<br/>Molding out of sinful clay,<br/>Living stones for that true temple<br/>Which shall never know decay</p> |

# Dedication of Houses, Places, and Things.

800

SILVER STREET. S.M.

W. A. WHITE.

HOSPITAL.

I. SMITH.

1. Spir-it of truth, we call On Thee this house to bless, Give wis-dom,

strength and grace to all Who here Thy Name con-fess. A-MEN.

2 Spirit of mercy, bring  
Thy balm the sick to heal;  
And make the weary ones to sing,  
Who shall Thy presence feel.

Let care for souls and bodies blend  
In ministries of love.

3 Spirit of peace, descend,  
Thyself the heavenly Dove;

4 Spirit of Christ, abide  
In every heart alway;  
And crown, O Jesus crucified,  
The work begun to-day.

801

MARTYN. 7s. D.

B. H. HALL.

HOME FOR THE AGED.

S. B. MARSH.

FINE.

1. { Lord of life, of love, of light, Clothed in mer-cy, armed with might, }  
{ Wor-ship cen-tres at Thy throne, Praise be-ongs to Thee a-lone! }

D.C.—Feed the souls that hereshall meet, From Thy boun-ty pure and sweet.

Be this house forev-er Thine; Through it let Thy fa-vor shine. A-MEN.

2 Write salvation on these walls;  
Succor those whom sin entralls;  
Lightened with celestial rays,  
Let these gates reflect Thy praise.  
Thou Who dwellest where is sung  
Praise to Thee by human tongue,  
With the presence of Thy grace  
Dwell henceforth within this place.

3 On Thine aged servants pour  
Richest mercies from Thy store,  
And till life's brief hour shall end,  
Be their Guardian, Saviour, Friend.  
Father holy! Christ most blest!  
Evermore within us rest!  
Spirit pure, illumine our ways  
With Thy bright, celestial rays!

DEDICATION OF HOUSES, PLACES, AND THINGS.

302

SWISS TUNE. 6-8s.

J. ELLERTON.

BURIAL GROUND.

Anon.

1. O Thou, in Whom, Thy saints re- pose, When life's brief con- flict ends its close;

Be- hold us met be- fore Thy face To hal- low this their rest- ing- place:

Safe are the souls whom Thou dost keep; And safe- ly here their dust shall sleep. A- MEN.

2 Thou knowest, Lord,—for Thou hast wept  
Beside the tomb where Lazarus slept,—  
What tears must flow, what hearts must bleed,  
When here we sow the precious seed:  
Thou still rememberest, on Thy throne,  
Thy garden grave and sealèd stone.

3 Bid then Thy hosts encamp around  
This chosen spot of holy ground:  
Here let calm hope with memory dwell,  
And faith of heavenly comfort tell:  
No thought of ill, no footstep rude  
Profane the sacred solitude.

4 Here when Thy mourners shall repair  
In lonely grief and trembling prayer,  
Lift Thou sad hearts and streaming eyes  
To those fair glades of Paradise,  
Where safe within the guarded gate  
Thy ransomed souls in patience wait.

5 And when the valley, thick with corn,  
Shall laugh to see Thy harvest-morn,  
Here may the angel-reapers find  
Full many a sheaf for Thee to bind,  
And in Thy golden garner store,  
Our fruit of tears for evermore.

DEDICATION OF HOUSES, PLACES, AND THINGS.

303

MOUNT VERNON. 8s, 7s.

W. B. SMITH.

CHURCH BELLS.

L. MASON.



1. Rais'd be-tween the earth and heav-en, Now our bells are set on high;  
In the Name of Him Who giveth Skill, and strength and industry. A - MEN.

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| 2 For His praise we meekly lay<br>them<br>As a gift beneath His throne;<br>All their sweet and noblest music<br>Shall resound for Him alone.      | 5 They who languish, sick and lonely,<br>Shall be minded, as they sigh,<br>Of the Church's one communion,<br>God's true home and family.                        |
| 3 Faithful men afar shall listen,<br>'Mid their daily toil or rest,<br>While the melody shall bid them<br>Love the Church where all are<br>blest. | 6 When the spirits of the faithful<br>Pass away to light and peace;<br>Solemn tones shall then forewarn us,<br>Soon our life and work must cease.               |
| 4 Earth's rejoicings, bright and holy,<br>Shall be signed with joyful peal;<br>And the music from the steeple<br>Shall our faith and love reveal. | 7 May these loud and well-tuned<br>voices,<br>Pealing forth in grand accord,<br>Lift our hearts through joy and<br>sorrow<br>To Thy throne, most gracious Lord. |

304

ANGEL VOICES. 8s, 5s, 8, 7.

F. POTT.

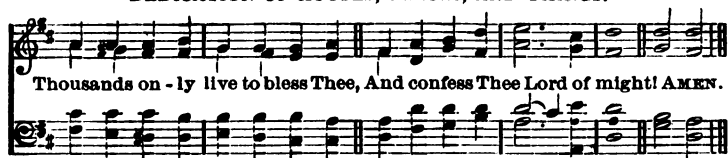
AN ORGAN.

E. G. MONK.



1. An - gel - voic - es, ev - er sing-ing Round Thy throne of light:  
An - gel-harps, for - ev - er ring-ing, Rest not day nor night;

# DEDICATION OF HOUSES, PLACES, AND THINGS.



Thousands on - ly live to bless Thee, And confess Thee Lord of might! AMEN.

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>2 Lord, we know Thy love rejoices<br/>O'er each work of Thine;<br/>Thou didst ears, and hands, and<br/>voices<br/>For Thy praise combine;<br/>Craftsman's art and music's measure<br/>For Thy pleasure<br/>Didst design.</p> | <p>All unworthily,<br/>Hearts and minds, and hands and<br/>In our choicest [voices,<br/>Melody.</p>  |
| <p>3 Here, great God, to-day we offer<br/>Of Thine own to Thee;<br/>And for Thine acceptance proffer,</p>   | <p>4 Honor, glory, might, and merit,<br/>Thine shall ever be!<br/>Father, Son, and Holy Spirit,<br/>Blessed Trinity!<br/>Of the best that Thou hast given,<br/>Earth and heaven<br/>Render Thee!</p> |

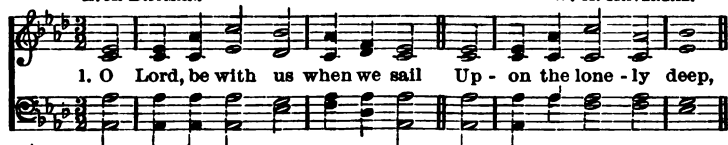
## Travellers by Sea or Land.

805

E. A. DAYMAN.

EVAN. C. M.

W. H. HAVERGAL.



1. O Lord, be with us when we sail Up - on the lone - ly deep,



Our guard, when on the si - lent deck The nightly watch we keep. A-MEN.

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <p>2 We need not fear, though all around,<br/>'Mid rising winds, we hear<br/>The multitude of waters surge;<br/>For Thou, O God, art near.</p>       | <p>6* If duty calls, from threatened<br/>strife<br/>To guard our native shore,<br/>And shot and shell are answering<br/>The booming cannon's roar;</p>            |
| <p>3 The calm, the breeze, the gale, the<br/>The ocean and the land, [storm,<br/>All, all are Thine, and held within<br/>The hollow of Thy hand.</p> | <p>7 Be Thou the main guard of our<br/>host<br/>Till war and dangers cease,<br/>Defend the right, put up the sword,<br/>And through the world make<br/>peace.</p> |
| <p>4 As when on blue Gennesareth<br/>Rose high the angry wave,<br/>And Thy disciples quailed in dread,<br/>One word of Thine could save;</p>         | <p>8 Across this troubled tide of life<br/>Thyself our pilot be,<br/>Until we reach that better land,<br/>The land that knows no sea.</p>                         |
| <p>5 So when the fiercer storms arise<br/>From man's unbridled will,<br/>Be Thou, Lord, present in our hearts<br/>To whisper, "Peace, be still."</p> |   |

\* To be added in time of war.

TRAVELLERS BY SEA OR LAND.

306

W. WHITING.

MELITA. 6-8s.

J. B. DYKES.

1. E - ter - nal Fa - ther! strong to save, Whose arm hath bound the rest - less wave,

Who bidd'st the might - y o - cean deep Its own ap - point - ed lim - its keep;

Oh, hear us when we cry to Thee For those in per - il on the sea! A-MEN.

2 O Christ! Whose voice the waters heard  
And hushed their raging at Thy word,  
Who walked'st on the foaming deep,  
And calm amidst its rage didst sleep;  
Oh, hear us when we cry to Thee  
For those in peril on the sea!

3 Most Holy Spirit! Who didst brood  
Upon the chaos dark and rude,  
And bid its angry tumult cease,  
And give, for wild confusion, peace;  
Oh, hear us when we cry to Thee  
For those in peril on the sea!

4 O Trinity of love and power!  
Our brethren shield in danger's hour;  
From rock and tempest, fire and foe,  
Protect them wheresoe'er they go;  
Thus evermore shall rise to Thee  
Glad hymns of praise from land and sea.

TRAVELLERS BY SEA OR LAND.

807

E. H. BICKERSTETH. MENDON. L.M.

German.

1. Almighty Fa-ther, hear our cry, As o'er the track-less deep we roam;

Be Thou our ha-ven al-ways nigh, On homeless wa-ters, Thou our home. A-MEN.

2 O Jesus, Saviour, at Whose voice  
The tempest sank to perfect rest,  
Bid Thou the fearful heart rejoice,  
And cleanse and calm the troubled  
breast.

Command Thy blessing in this hour,  
Thy fostering warmth, Thy quick-  
ening might.

3 O Holy Ghost, beneath Whose power  
The ocean woke to life and light,

4 Great God of our salvation, Thee  
We love, we worship, we adore;  
Our refuge on time's changeful sea,  
Our joy on heaven's eternal shore.

808

G. BURGESS.

GRACE CHURCH. L.M.

I. PLEYEL.

1. While o'er the deep Thy serv-ants sail, Send Thou, O Lord, the prosperous gale;

And on their hearts, where'er they go, Oh, let Thy heavenly breez-es blow. A-MEN.

2 If on the morning's wings they fly,  
They will not pass beyond Thine eye:  
The wanderer's prayer Thou bend'st  
to hear,  
And faith exults to know Thee near.

When in the tempting port they ride,  
Oh, keep them safe at Jesus' side!

3 When tempests rock the groaning  
bark,  
Oh, hide them safe in Jesus' ark!

4 If life's wide ocean smile or roar,  
Still guide them to the heavenly  
shore;  
And grant their dust in Christ may  
sleep,  
Abroad, at home, or in the deep.



309

## ANCIENT LITANY. 7s.

H. COPPÉE.

1. Safe up - on the bil-lowy deep, Lov - ing Lord, Thy servants keep;

Helpless, trusting pilgrims they, Guard them on their watery way. A-MEN.

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| 2 In the morning fill their sails,<br>'Mid the dark send favoring gales;<br>If their sky be overcast,<br>Calm the waves, and still the blast. | 4 Thus as hour by hour rolls by<br>Watch them with Thy sleepless eye:<br>Guide with Thine almighty hand<br>Safe unto the haven-land.            |
| 3 Let Thy sunshine guide by day;<br>Send at eve the starry ray;<br>Through the watches of the night,<br>Be Thou, Lord, their shining light.   | 5 And at last, life's voyage o'er,<br>Take us to the heavenly shore,<br>Safe in port, to dwell with Thee<br>Where there shall be "no more sea." |

309

## ST. LUKE. 7s.

H. COPPÉE.

SECOND TUNE.

J. H. WILLCOX.

1. Safe up - on the billowy deep, Lov - ing Lord, Thy servants keep;

Help-less, trusting pilgrims they, Guard them on their watery way. A-MEN.

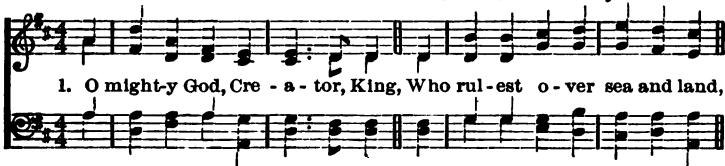
TRAVELLERS BY SEA OR LAND.

310

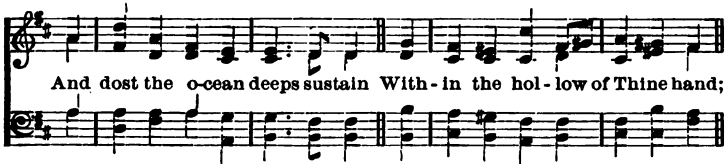
G. THRING.

WOODLEIGH. 7-8s, 7.

J. BARNEY.



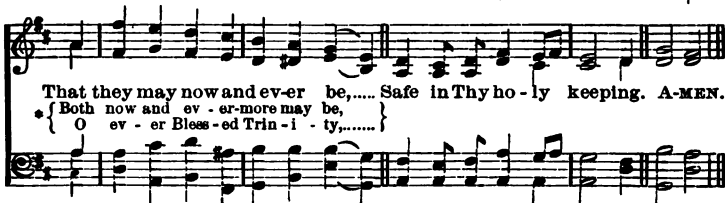
1. O might-y God, Cre - a - tor, King, Who rul - est o - ver sea and land,



And dost the o - cean deeps sustain With - in the hol - low of Thine hand;



Oh, hear us as we cry to Thee For those who traverse land or sea,



That they may now and ev - er be, Safe in Thy ho - ly keeping. A-MEN.

\* { Both now and ev - er - more may be,  
O ev - er Bless - ed Trin - i - ty, }

\* For 3d. Verse.

2 And Thou Who cam'st on earth to breathe  
The breath of peace o'er heath and hill,  
Didst walk upon the angry wave,  
And bid the troubled sea "be still;"  
Oh, hear us as we cry to Thee  
For those who traverse land or sea,  
That they may now and ever be  
Safe in Thy holy keeping.

3 Wherever danger threatens, then,  
O Holy Spirit, be Thou there,  
And breathe into each trembling heart  
The will and power of fervent prayer;  
That we and all who cry to Thee,  
With those who traverse land or sea,  
\* { Both now and evermore may be, }  
O ever Blessèd Trinity,  
Safe in Thy holy keeping.

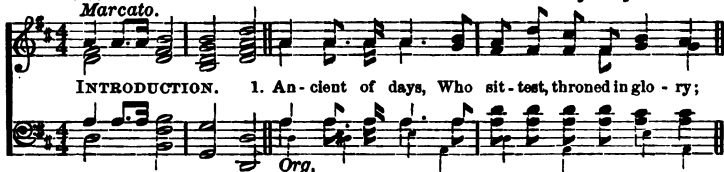
## VI. General.

311

ALBANY. 118, 108.

W. C. DOANE.  
*Marcato.*

J. A. JEFFERY.

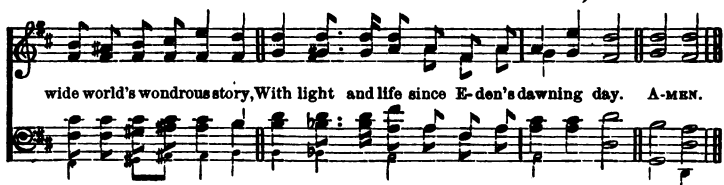


INTRODUCTION. 1. An-cient of days, Who sit-test, throned in glo-ry;

*Org.*



To Thee all knees are bent, all voi-ces pray; Thy love has blest the



wide world's wondrous story, With light and life since E-den's dawning day. A-MEN.

- 2 O Holy Father, Who hast led Thy children  
In all the ages, with the Fire and Cloud,  
Through seas dry-shod; through weary wastes bewildering;  
To Thee, in reverent love, our hearts are bowed.
- 3 O Holy Jesus, Prince of Peace and Saviour,  
To Thee we owe the peace that still prevails,  
Stilling the rude wills of men's wild behavior,  
And calming passion's fierce and stormy gales.
- 4 O Holy Ghost, the Lord and the Life-giver,  
Thine is the quickening power that gives increase:  
From Thee have flowed, as from a pleasant river,  
Our plenty, wealth, prosperity, and peace.
- 5 O Triune God, with heart and voice adoring,  
Praise we the goodness that doth crown our days;  
Pray we, that Thou wilt hear us, still imploring  
Thy love and favor, kept to us always.

## GENERAL.

312

## RATISBON. 6-78.

C. WESLEY.

Arr. by W. H. HAVERGAL.

1. Christ, Whose glo-ry fills the skies, Christ, the true, the on - ly light,

Sun of Righteous-ness, a - rise! Tri-umph o'er the shades of night!

Day-spring from on high, be near; Day-star, in my heart ap-pear. A-MEN.

2 Dark and cheerless is the morn  
Unaccompanied by Thee;  
Joyless is the day's return,  
Till Thy mercy's beams I see;  
Till Thou inward light impart,  
Glad my eyes, and warm my heart.

3 Visit then this soul of mine!  
Pierce the gloom of sin and grief!  
Fill me, Radiancy divine!  
Scatter all my unbelief!  
More and more Thyself display,  
Shining to the perfect day!

318

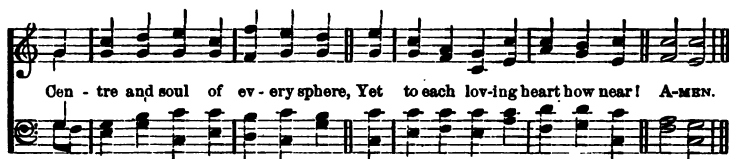
O. W. HOLMES.

## WINCHESTER. L. M.

B. CRASSELLUS.

1. Lord of all be-ing; throned a - far, Thy glo - ry flames from sun and star;

GENERAL.



Gen - tre and soul of ev - ery sphere, Yet to each lov - ing heart how near! A-MEN.

- 2 Sun of our life, Thy quickening ray  
Sheds on our path the glow of day;  
Star of our hope, Thy softened light  
Cheers the long watches of the night.
- 3 Our midnight is Thy smile with-  
drawn;  
Our noontide is Thy gracious dawn;  
Our rainbow arch, Thy mercy's sign;  
All, save the clouds of sin, are  
Thine.
- 4 Lord of all life, below, above,  
Whose light is truth, Whose warmth  
is love,  
Before Thy ever-blazing throne  
We ask no lustre of our own.
- 5 Grant us Thy truth to make us free,  
And kindling hearts that burn for  
Thee,  
Till all Thy living altars claim  
One holy light, one heavenly flame.

314


A. C. COXE.

GRANT. 6-8s.

J. STAINER.



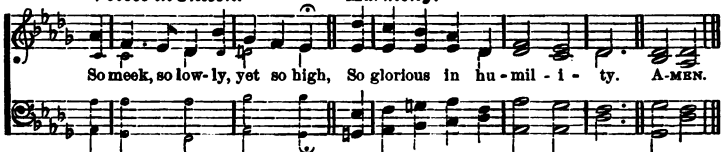
1. Oh, who like Thee, so calm, so bright, Lord Je - sus Christ, Thou Light of Light!



Oh, who like Thee did ev - er go So pa - tient through a world of woe!

*Voices in Unison.*

*Harmony.*



So meek, so low - ly, yet so high, So glorious in hu - mil - i - ty. A-MEN.

- 2 O wondrous Lord, our souls would  
be [Thee;  
Still more and more conformed to  
Would lose the pride, the taint of sin,  
That burns these fevered veins  
within;  
And learn of Thee, the lowly One,  
And like Thee all our journey run.
- 3 Oh, grant us ever on the road  
To trace the footsteps of our God;  
That when Thou shalt appear,  
arrayed [dead,  
In light to judge the quick and  
We may to life immortal soar,  
Through Thee, Who livest ever-  
more.

315

Anon.

## ROCKINGHAM. L. M.

E. MILLER.

1. Where'er have trod Thy sa-cred feet, Teach us, O Lord, Thy steps to trace,

Where men in bus-y concourse meet, Or in the lone-ly wil-der-ness. A-MEN.

- 2 Bid us with Thee to watch and pray,  
With Thee to die, with Thee to rise,  
With Thee to bear our cross each day,  
With Thee to soar beyond the skies.
- 3 Where'er Thou art may we remain ;  
Where'er Thou goest may we go :  
With Thee, O Lord, no grief is pain ;  
Away from Thee, all joy is woe.
- 4 Oh, may we in each holy Tide,  
Each solemn season, dwell with Thee !  
Content if only by Thy side  
In life or death we still may be.

316

R. HEBER.

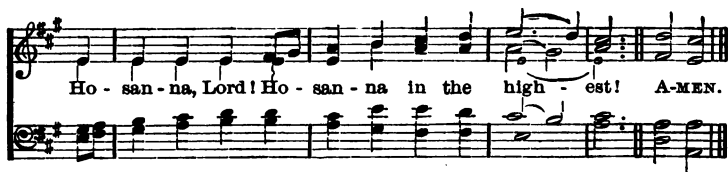
## HOSANNA. 8s, 11.

J. B. DYKES.

1. Ho-san-na to the liv-ing Lord ! Ho-san-na to th'incarnate Word !

To Christ, Cre-a-tor, Sav-iour, King, Let earth, let heaven, Hosanna sing !

GENERAL.



2 Hosanna, Lord! Thine angels cry;  
Hosanna, Lord! Thy saints reply;  
Above, beneath us, and around,  
The dead and living swell the sound;  
Hosanna, Lord! Hosanna in the highest!

3 O Saviour, with protecting care,  
Return to this Thy house of prayer:  
Assembled in Thy sacred Name,  
Where we Thy parting promise claim:  
Hosanna, Lord! Hosanna in the highest!

4 But, chiefest, in our cleansèd breast,  
Eternal! bid Thy Spirit rest;  
And make our secret soul to be  
A temple pure, and worthy Thee.  
Hosanna, Lord! Hosanna in the highest!

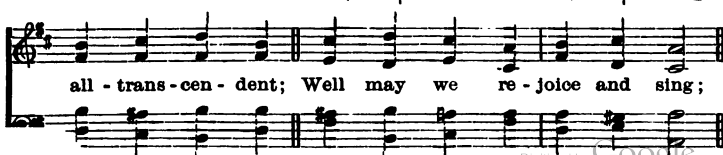
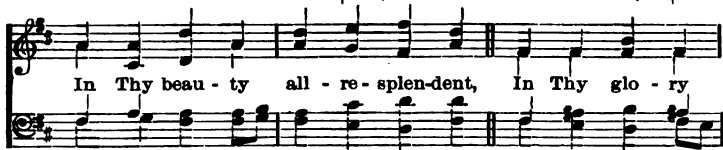
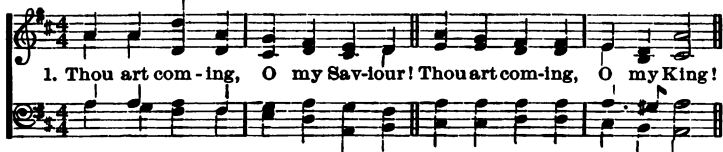
5 So in the last and dreadful day,  
When earth and heaven shall melt away,  
Thy flock, redeemed from sinful stain,  
Shall swell the sound of praise again.  
Hosanna, Lord! Hosanna in the highest!

317

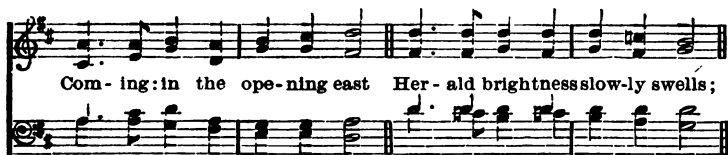
F. R. HAVERGAL.

MONK. 8, 7, 8s, 7s.

W. H. MONK.



GENERAL.



- 2 Thou art coming, Thou art coming;  
We shall meet Thee on Thy way;  
We shall see Thee, we shall know Thee,  
We shall bless Thee, we shall show Thee  
All our hearts could never say;  
What an anthem that will be,  
Music rapturously sweet,  
Pouring out our love to Thee  
At Thine own all-glorious feet.
- 3 Thou art coming; at Thy table  
We are witnesses for this;  
While remembering hearts Thou meetest  
In communion clearest, sweetest,  
Earnest of our coming bliss;  
Showing not Thy death alone,  
And Thy love exceeding great,  
But Thy coming, and Thy throne,  
All for which we long and wait.
- 4 Thou art coming; we are waiting  
With a hope that cannot fail;  
Asking not the day or hour,  
Resting on Thy word of power,  
Anchored safe within the veil.  
Time appointed may be long,  
But the vision must be sure;  
Certainty shall make us strong,  
Joyful patience can endure.
- 5 Oh, the joy to see Thee reigning,  
Thee, our own beloved Lord!  
Every tongue Thy Name confessing,  
Worship, honor, glory, blessing  
Brought to Thee with one accord;  
Thee, our Master, and our Friend,  
Vindicated and enthroned;  
Unto Earth's remotest end  
Glorified, adored, and owned!



1. Je-sus came, the heavens a-dor-ing, Came with peace from realms on high ;

Je-sus came for man's re-demption, Low-ly came on earth to die ;

Al-le-lu-ia! Al-le-lu-ia! Came in deep hu-mil-i-ty. A-MEN.

- 2 Jesus comes again in mercy,  
 When our hearts are bowed with care;  
 Jesus comes again in answer  
 To an earnest, heart-felt prayer;  
 Alleluia! Alleluia!  
 Comes to save us from despair.
- 3 Jesus comes to hearts rejoicing,  
 Bringing news of sins forgiven;  
 Jesus comes in sounds of gladness,  
 Leading souls redeemed to heaven;  
 Alleluia! Alleluia!  
 Now the gate of death is riven.
- 4 Jesus comes in joy and sorrow,  
 Shares alike our hopes and fears;  
 Jesus comes, whate'er befalls us,  
 Glads our hearts, and dries our tears;  
 Alleluia! Alleluia!  
 Cheering e'en our failing years.
- 5 Jesus comes on clouds triumphant,  
 When the heavens shall pass away;  
 Jesus comes again in glory;  
 Let us then our homage pay,  
 Alleluia! ever singing,  
 Till the dawn of endless day.

1. { Thou didst leave Thy throne and Thy king - ly crown, When Thou  
But in Beth - le - hem's home was there found no room For Thy

cam - est to earth for me; } Oh, come to my heart, Lord Je - sus! Oh,  
ho - ly Na - tiv - i - ty. }

come to my heart, Lord Je - sus! There is room in my heart for Thee. A-MEN.

2 Heaven's arches rang when the angels sang,  
Proclaiming Thy royal degree;  
But in lowly birth didst Thou come to earth,  
And in great humility.  
Oh, come to my heart, Lord Jesus!  
There is room in my heart for Thee.

3 The foxes found rest, and the birds had their nest  
In the shade of the forest tree;  
But Thy couch was the sod, O Thou Son of God,  
In the desert of Galilee.  
Oh, come to my heart, Lord Jesus!  
There is room in my heart for Thee.

4 Thou camest, O Lord, with the living word,  
That should set Thy people free;  
But with mocking scorn, and with crown of thorn,  
They bore Thee to Calvary.  
Oh, come to my heart, Lord Jesus!  
Thy cross is my only plea.

5 When the heavens shall ring, and the angels sing  
And Thy coming to victory,  
Let Thy voice call me home, saying, "Yet there is room,  
There is room at My side for Thee."  
And my heart shall rejoice, Lord Jesus,  
When Thou comest and callest for me.

820

M. LUTHER.

SEFTON. L. M.

J. B. CALKIN.

1. All praise to Thee, e - ter - nal Lord, Who wore the garb of flesh and blood; And

chose a man - ger for Thy throne, While worlds on worlds were Thine alone. A - MEN.

- 2 Once did the skies before Thee bow: 4 Thou comest in the darksome night,  
A virgin's arms contain Thee now;  
While angels who in Thee rejoice  
To make us children of the light,  
Now listen for Thine infant voice. To make us, in the realms divine,  
Like Thine own angels, round Thee  
shine.
- 3 A little child, Thou art our guest,  
That weary ones in Thee may rest: 5 All this for us Thy love hath done;  
Forlorn and lowly is Thy birth, By this to Thee our love is won;  
That we may rise to heaven from For this our joyful songs we raise;  
earth. For this we sing Thee ceaseless praise.

821

Tr. J. M. NEALE.

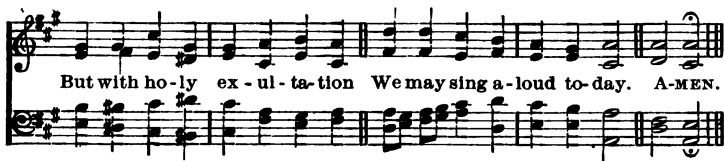
ORIEL. 8s, 7s, 6 lines.

Arr. W. H. MONK.

1. To the Name of our sal - va - tion, Laud and hon - or let us pay,

Which for many a gen - er - a - tion Hid in God's fore - knowl - edgelay;

GENERAL.



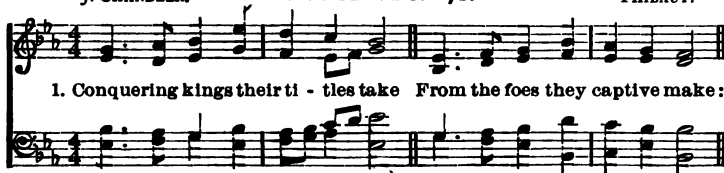
- 2 Jesus is the Name we treasure ;  
 Name beyond what words can  
 tell ; [ure,  
 Name of gladness, Name of pleas-  
 Ear and heart delighting well ;  
 Name of sweetness, passing meas-  
 ure,  
 Saving us from sin and hell.
- 4 'Tis the Name that whoso preacheth  
 Speaks like music to the ear ;  
 Who in prayer this Name beseech-  
 eth  
 Sweetest comfort findeth near ;  
 Who its perfect wisdom reacheth,  
 Heavenly joy possesseth here.
- 3 'Tis the Name for adoration,  
 Name for songs of victory,  
 Name for holy meditation  
 In this vale of misery,  
 Name for joyful veneration  
 By the citizens on high.
- 5 Therefore we in love adoring,  
 This most blessed Name revere ;  
 Holy Jesus, Thee imploring  
 So to write it in us here,  
 That hereafter, heavenward soar-  
 ing,  
 We may sing with angels there.

322

J. CHANDLER.

INNOCENTS. 7s.

THIBAUT.



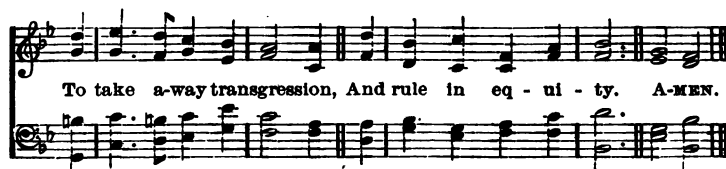
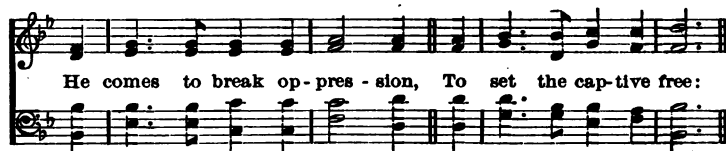
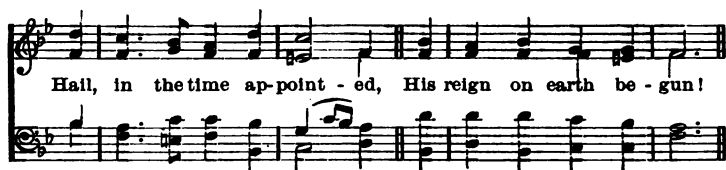
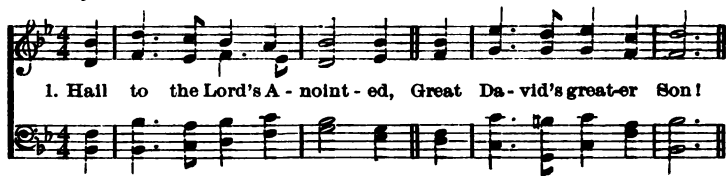
- 2 Yes : none other Name is given  
 Unto mortals under heaven,  
 Which can make the dead arise,  
 And exalt them to the skies.
- 3 We would gladly for that Name  
 Bear the cross, endure the shame :  
 Joyfully for Him to die,  
 Is not death but victory.
- 4 Jesus, Who dost condescend  
 To be called the sinner's Friend,  
 Hear us, as to Thee we pray,  
 Glorifying in Thy Name to-day.

323

J. MONTGOMERY.

ZOAN. 7s, 6s. D.

W. H. HAVERGAL.



2 He comes with succor speedy  
To those who suffer wrong,  
To help the poor and needy,  
And bid the weak be strong;  
To give them songs for sighing,  
Their darkness turn to light,  
Whose souls, condemned and dying,  
Were precious in His sight.

3 He shall come down like showers  
Upon the fruitful earth,  
And love, joy, hope, like flowers,  
Spring in His path to birth:  
Before Him on the mountains  
Shall peace, the herald, go;  
And righteousness in fountains  
From hill to valley flow.

4 Kings shall bow down before Him,  
And gold and incense bring;  
All nations shall adore Him,  
His praise all people sing;  
To Him shall prayer unceasing  
And daily vows ascend;  
His kingdom still increasing,  
A kingdom without end.

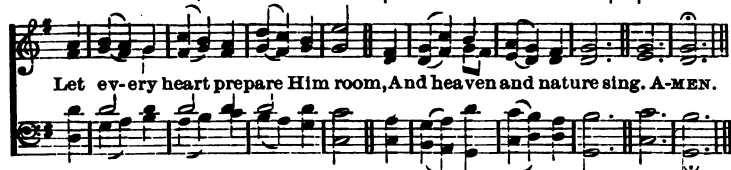
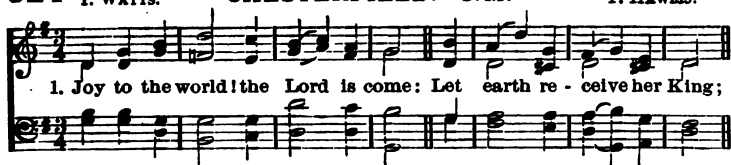
5 O'er every foe victorious,  
He on His throne shall rest;  
From age to age more glorious,  
All-blessing and all-blest:  
The tide of time shall never  
His covenant remove;  
His Name shall stand forever,  
His changeless Name of Love.

324

I. WATTS.

CHESTERFIELD. C. M.

T. HAWES.



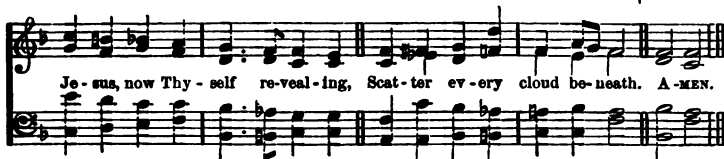
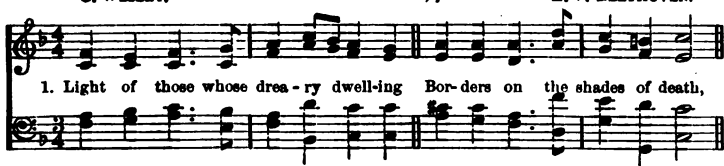
- 2 Joy to the world! the Saviour He comes to make His blessings  
reigns: flow  
Let men their songs employ; Far as the curse is found.  
While fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains,  
Repeat the sounding joy. 4 He rules the world with truth and  
grace,  
And makes the nations prove  
3 No more let sins and sorrows grow The glories of His righteousness,  
For thorns infest the ground; And wonders of His love.

325

C. WESLEY.

SARDIS. 8s, 7s.

L. V. BEETHOVEN.



- 2 Still we wait for Thine appearing; 3 Show Thy power in every nation,  
Life and joy Thy beams impart, O Thou Prince of Peace and  
Chasing all our doubts, and cheer- Love!  
ing Give the knowledge of salvation,  
Every meek and contrite heart. Fix our hearts on things above.

- 4 By Thine all-sufficient merit,  
Every burdened soul release :  
By the presence of Thy Spirit,  
Guide us into perfect peace.

## GENERAL.

326

J. M. NEALE.

ORTONVILLE. C. M.

T. HASTINGS.

1. O ver - y God of ver - y God, And ver - y Light of Light, Whose feet this earth's dark

val - ley trod, That so it might be bright; That so it might be bright; A - MEN.

2 Our hopes are weak, our fears are strong,  
Thick darkness blinds our eyes;  
Cold is the night; Thy people long  
That Thou, their Sun, wouldst rise.

4 Oh, guide us till our path is done,  
And we have reached the shore  
Where Thou, our everlasting Sun,  
Art shining evermore!

3 And even now, though dull and gray,  
The east is brightening fast,  
And kindling to the perfect day,  
That never shall be past.

5 We wait in faith, and turn our face  
To where the daylight springs,  
Till Thou shalt come our gloom  
to chase,  
With healing in Thy wings.

326

TOPPING. C. M.

J. M. NEALE.

SECOND TUNE.

G. J. GEER.

1. O ver - y God of ver - y God, And ver - y Light of Light,

Whose feet this earth's dark valley trod, That so it might be bright; A - MEN.

327

J. MARIOTT.

ITALIAN HYMN. 6s, 4s.

F. GIARDINI.

1. Thou, Whose al - mighty word Cha - os and dark - ness heard,  
And took their flight; Hear us, we hum - bly pray, And, where the  
gos - pel day Sheds not its glo - rious ray, Let there be light! A-MEN.

2 Thou Who didst come to bring  
On Thy redeeming wing  
Healing and sight,  
Health to the sick in mind,  
Sight to the inly-blind,  
Oh, now, to all mankind,  
Let there be light!

3 Spirit of truth and love,  
Life-giving, holy Dove,  
Speed forth Thy flight!

Move on the waters' face,  
Bearing the lamp of grace,  
And, in earth's darkest place  
Let there be light!

4 Holy and blessed Three,  
Glorious Trinity,  
Wisdom, Love, Might;  
Boundless as ocean's tide,  
Rolling in fullest pride,  
Through the world, far and wide,  
Let there be light!

328

H. STOWELL.

Second Hymn.

1 Lord of all power and might,  
Father of love and light,  
Speed on Thy word!  
Oh, let the Gospel sound  
All the wide world around,  
Wherever man is found!  
God speed His word!

2 Hail, blessed Jubilee!  
Thine, Lord, the glory be;  
Alleluia!  
Thine was the mighty plan;  
From Thee the work began;  
Away with praise of man!  
Glory to God!

3 Lo, what embattled foes,  
Stern in their hate, oppose  
God's holy word!  
One for His truth we stand,  
Strong in His own right hand,  
Firm as a martyr-band:  
God shield His word!

4 Onward shall be our course,  
Despite of fraud or force;  
God is before.  
His words ere long shall run  
Free as the noon-day sun;  
His purpose must be done:  
God bless His word!



## GENERAL.

329

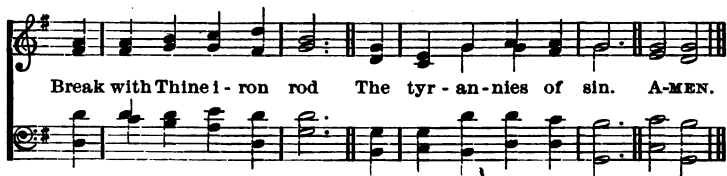
L. HENSLEY.

ST. CECELIA. 6s.

L. G. HAYNE.



1. Thy king-dom come, O God! Thy rule, O Christ, be - gin!



Break with Thine i - ron rod The tyr - an - nies of sin. A-MEN.

2 Where is Thy reign of peace,  
And purity, and love?  
When shall all hatred cease,  
As in the realms above?

4 We pray Thee, Lord, arise,  
And come in Thy great might;  
Revive our longing eyes,  
Which languish for Thy sight.

3 When comes the promised time  
That war shall be no more,  
Oppression, lust, and crime  
Shall flee Thy face before?

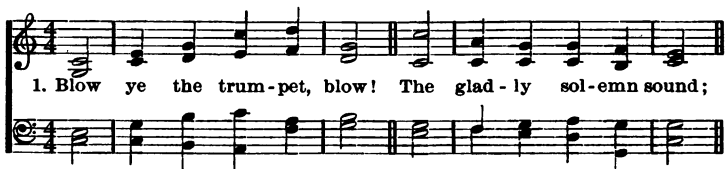
5 O'er heathen lands afar  
Thick darkness broodeth yet:  
Arise, O morning Star,  
Arise, and never set.

330

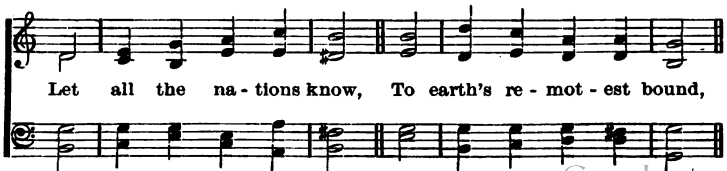
CHRISTCHURCH. 6s, 8s.

C. WESLEY.

C. STEGGALL.

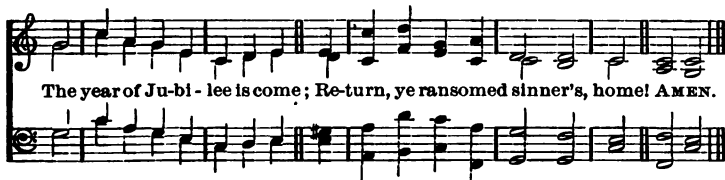


1. Blow ye the trum-pet, blow! The glad - ly sol-emn sound;



Let all the na - tions know, To earth's re - mot - est bound,

GENERAL.



2 Jesus, our great High-Priest,  
Hath full atonement made;  
Ye weary spirits, rest!  
Ye mournful souls, be glad!  
The year of Jubilee is come;  
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home!

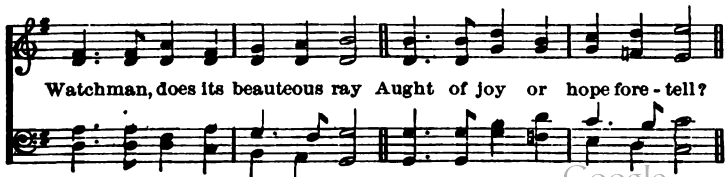
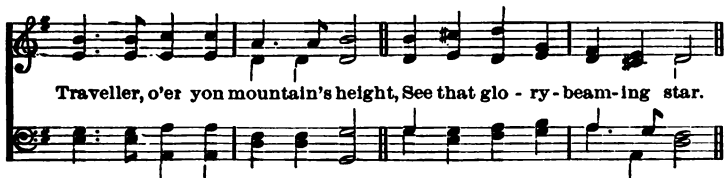
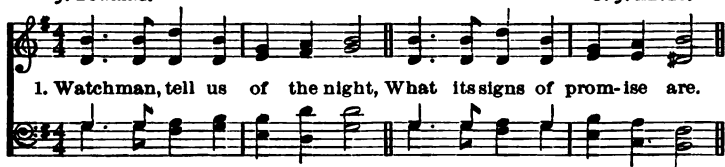
3 Extol the Lamb of God!  
The all-atoning Lamb;  
Redemption by His blood  
Through all the world proclaim!  
The year of Jubilee is come;  
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home!

381

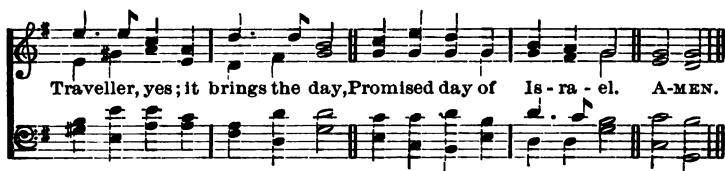
ST. GEORGE'S, WINDSOR. 7s. D.

J. BOWRING.

G. J. ELVEY.



GENERAL.



2 Watchman, tell us of the night;  
Higher yet that star ascends.  
Traveller, blessedness and light,  
Peace and truth, its course por-  
tends.  
Watchman, will its beams alone  
Gild the spot that gave them  
Traveller, ages are its own; [birth?  
See, it bursts o'er all the earth.

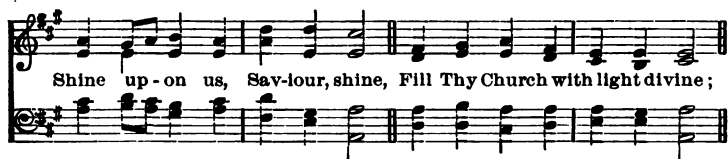
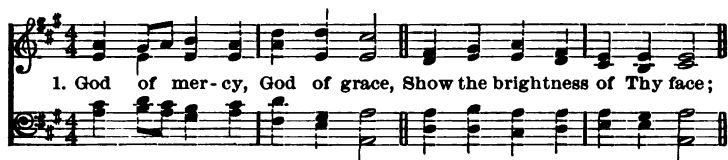
3 Watchman, tell us of the night,  
For the morning seems to dawn.  
Traveller, darkness takes its flight;  
Doubt and terror are withdrawn.  
Watchman, let thy wanderings  
cease;  
Hie thee to thy quiet home.  
Traveller, lo! the Prince of Peace,  
Lo! the Son of God is come.

332

H. F. LYTE.

DIX. 6-7s.

C. KOCHER.



2 Let the people praise Thee, Lord;  
Be by all that live adored;  
Let the nations shout and sing  
Glory to their Saviour King;  
At Thy feet their tribute pay,  
And Thy holy will obey.

3 Let the people praise Thee, Lord;  
Earth shall then her fruits afford;  
God to man His blessing give,  
Man to God devoted live;  
All below, and all above,  
One in joy, and light, and love.

## GENERAL.

838

H. F. LYTE.

LYTE. S. M.

J. P. WILKES.



1. Far from my heavenly home, Far from my Fa-ther's breast, Fainting I  
cry, blest Spir-it, come, And speed me to my rest. A-MEN.

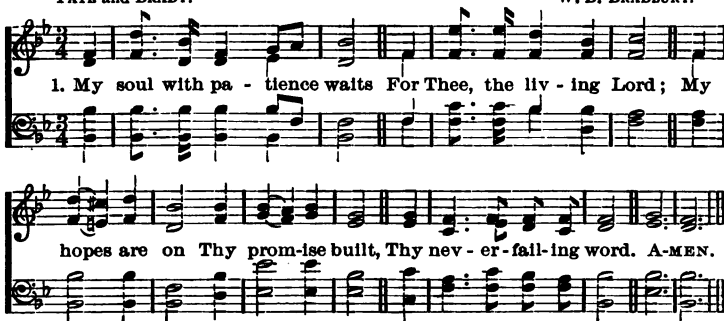
- 2 My spirit homeward turns,  
And fain would thither flee;  
My heart, O Sion, droops and  
When I remember thee. [yearns,
- 4 God of my life, be near:  
On Thee my hopes I cast: [here,  
Oh, guide me through the desert  
And bring me home at last!
- 3 To thee, to thee I press,  
A dark and toilsome road;

834

BRADEN. S. M.

TATE and BRADY.

W. B. BRADBURY.



1. My soul with pa - tience waits For Thee, the liv - ing Lord; My  
hopes are on Thy prom-ise built, Thy nev - er-fail-ing word. A-MEN.

- 2 My longing eyes look out  
For Thy enlivening ray,  
More duly than the morning  
watch  
To spy the dawning day.
- 3 Let Israel trust in God;  
No bounds His mercy knows;  
The plenteous source and spring  
from whence  
Eternal succor flows;
- 4 Whose friendly streams to us  
Supplies in want convey;  
A healing spring, a spring to cleanse  
And wash our guilt away.

385

C. WESLEY.

MARTYN. 78, D.

S. B. MARSH.

FINE.

1. { Je - su, lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly, }  
 { While the nearer wa - ters roll, While the tempest still is high: }

*D.C.*—Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, Oh, receive my soul at last!

*D.C.*

Hide me, O my Saviour, hide, Till the storm of life be past; A-MEN.

2 Other refuge have I none,  
 Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;  
 Leave, ah! leave me not alone,  
 Still support and comfort me:  
 All my trust on Thee is stayed;  
 All my help from Thee I bring;  
 Cover my defenseless head  
 With the shadow of Thy wing.

3 Plenteous grace with Thee is found,  
 Grace to cleanse from every sin;  
 Let the healing streams abound,  
 Make and keep me pure within:  
 Thou of life the fountain art,  
 Freely let me take of Thee:  
 Spring Thou up within my heart,  
 Rise to all eternity.

386

A. M. TOPLADY.

TOPLADY. 6-78.

T. HASTINGS.

FINE.

1. Rock of a - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee;

*D.C.*—Be of sin the double cure, Save from wrath, and make me pure.

*D.C.*

Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy side, a healing flood, A-MEN.

2 Should my tears forever flow,  
 Should my zeal no languor know,  
 All for sin could not atone,  
 Thou must save, and Thou alone;  
 In my hand no price I bring,  
 Simply to Thy cross I cling.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,  
 When mine eyelids close in death,  
 When I rise to worlds unknown,  
 And behold Thee on Thy throne,  
 Rock of ages, cleft for me,  
 Let me hide myself in Thee.

## GENERAL.

337

H. H. MILMAN.

ST. PETER. C. M.

A. R. REINAGLE.

1. Oh, help us, Lord; each hour of need Thy heavenly suc - cor give:

Help us in thought, in word, and deed, Each hour on earth we live! AMEN.

2 Oh, help us when our spirits cry  
With contrite anguish sore;  
And when our hearts are cold and  
dry,  
Oh, help us, Lord, the more!

For still the more the servant  
bath,  
The more shall he receive.

3 Oh, help us through the prayer of  
faith  
More firmly to believe!

4 Oh, help us, Saviour, from on  
high:  
We have no help but Thee.  
Oh, help us so to live and die  
As Thine in heaven to be!

338

A. STEELE.

BEDFORD. C. M.

W. WEALE.

1. O gra-cious God, in Whom I live, My fee - ble ef - forts aid:

Help me to watch, and pray, and strive, Tho' trembling and afraid. A-MEN.

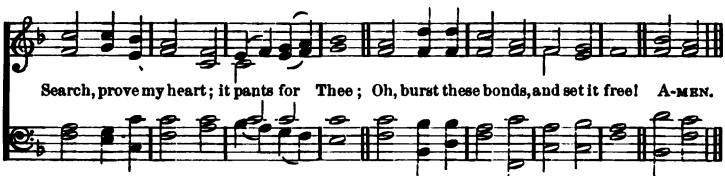
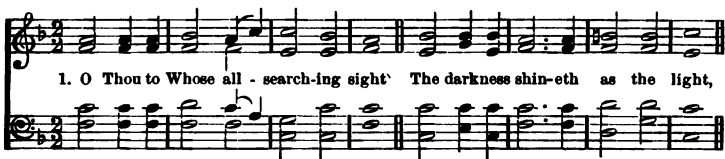
2 Increase my faith, increase my hope,  
When foes and fears prevail;  
And bear my fainting spirit up,  
Or soon my strength will fail.

My God, Thy powerful aid impart,  
My guardian and my guide.

3 Where'er temptations fright my  
Or lure my feet aside [heart,

4 Oh, keep me in Thy heavenly way,  
And bid the tempter flee;  
And let me never, never stray  
From happiness and Thee.

389

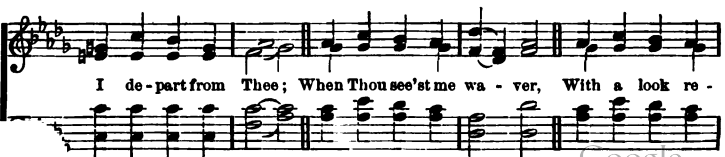
Tr. J. WESLEY. **FEDERAL STREET. L.M. H. K. OLIVER.**

- 2 Wash out its stains, refine its dross,  
Nail my affections to the cross;  
Hallow each thought; let all within  
Be clean, as Thou, my Lord, art clean.
- 3 If in this darksome wild I stray,  
Be Thou my light, be Thou my way;  
No foes, no violence I fear,  
No harm, while Thou, my God, art near.
- 4 When rising floods my soul o'erflow,  
When sinks my heart in waves of woe,  
Jesu, Thy timely aid impart,  
And raise my head, and cheer my heart.
- 5 Saviour, where'er Thy steps I see,  
Dauntless, untired, I follow Thee;  
Oh, let Thy hand support me still,  
And lead me to Thy holy hill!

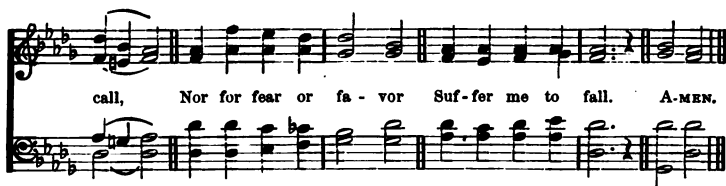
340

**SPENCER LANE. 6s, 5s. D.**J. MONTGOMERY, *et al.*

English.



GENERAL.



2 With forbidden pleasures  
Would this vain world charm;  
Or its sordid treasures  
Spread to work me harm;  
Bring to my remembrance  
Sad Gethsemane,  
Or, in darker semblance,  
Cross-crowned Calvary.

Grant that I may never  
Fail Thy hand to see;  
Grant that I may ever  
Cast my care on Thee.

3 Should Thy mercy send me  
Sorrow, toil, and woe;  
Or should pain attend me  
On my path below;

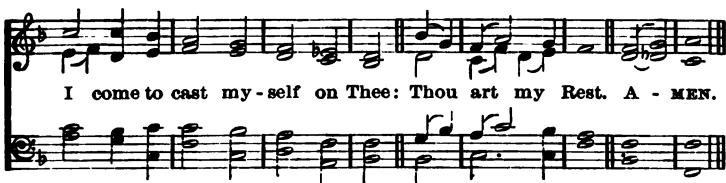
4 When my last hour cometh,  
Fraught with strife and pain,  
When my dust returneth  
To the dust again;  
On Thy truth relying,  
Through that mortal strife,  
Jesu, take me, dying,  
To eternal life.

341

UNSELD. 8s, 4.

C. ELLIOTT.

H. P. MAIN.



Copyright, 1897, by Hubert F. Main.

2 Look down on me, for I am weak;  
I feel the toilsome journey's length;  
Thine aid omnipotent I seek:  
Thou art my Strength.

Thy cross a hiding-place imparts:  
Thou art my Peace.

3 I am bewildered on my way,  
Dark and tempestuous is the night;  
Oh, send Thou forth some cheering  
Thou art my Light. [ray]

5 Standing alone on Jordan's brink,  
In that tremendous, latest strife,  
Thou wilt not suffer me to sink:  
Thou art my Life.

4 When Satan flings his fiery darts,  
I look to Thee; my terrors cease;

6 Thou wilt my every want supply,  
E'en to the end, whate'er befall;  
Through life, in death, eternally,  
Thou art my All.



342

J. M. NEALE.

STEPHANOS. 8, 5, 8, 3.

H. W. BAKER.

1. Art thou wea-ry, art thou lan-guid, Art thou sore dis-trest?  
 "Come to Me," saith One, "and coming, Be at rest." A-MEN.

2 Hath He marks to leads me to Him,  
 If He be my guide? [prints,  
 "In His feet and hands are wound-  
 And His side."

5 If I still hold closely to Him,  
 What hath He at last?  
 "Sorrow vanquished, labor ended,  
 Jordan past."

3 Is there diadem, as monarch,  
 That His brow adorns?  
 "Yea, a crown, in very surety,  
 But of thorns."

6 If I ask Him to receive me,  
 Will He say me nay?  
 "Not till earth, and not till heaven  
 Pass away."

4 If I find Him, if I follow,  
 What His guerdon here?  
 "Many a sorrow, many a labor,  
 Many a tear."

7 Finding, following, keeping strugg-  
 Is He sure to bless? [ling,  
 Saints, apostles, prophets, martyrs,  
 Answer, "Yea."

343

J. S. B. MONSELL.

MOSELEY. 6s.

H. SMART.

1. I hun-ger and I thirst; Je-su, my Man-na be:  
 Ye-liv-ing wa-ters, burst Out of the Rock for me. A-MEN.

2 Thou bruised and broken Bread,  
 My life-long wants supply;  
 As living souls are fed,  
 Oh, feed me, or I die!

4 Rough paths my feet have trod,  
 Since first their course began;  
 Feed me, Thou Bread of God;  
 Help me, Thou Son of Man.

3 Thou true life-giving Vine,  
 Let me Thy sweetness prove;  
 Renew my life with Thine,  
 Refresh my soul with love.

5 For still the desert lies  
 My thirsting soul before;  
 Oh, living waters, rise  
 Within me evermore!

## GENERAL.

344

S. F. ADAMS.

BETHANY. 6s, 4s.

L. MASON.

1. { Near-er, my God, to Thee, Near-er to Thee,  
E'en though it be a cross (*Omit*.....) That rais-eth me;

*D.C.*—Near-er, my God, to Thee, (*Omit*.....) Near-er to Thee.

*D.C.*  
Still all my song shall be, Near-er, my God, to Thee. A-MEN.

Used by per. the Oliver Ditson Co.

2 Though like a wanderer,  
Weary and lone,  
Darkness comes over me,  
My rest a stone;  
Yet in my dreams I'd be,  
Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
Nearer to Thee.

3 There let my way appear  
Steps unto heaven;  
All that Thou sendest me  
In mercy given,  
Angels to beckon me  
Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
Nearer to Thee.

4 Then with my waking thoughts  
Bright with Thy praise,  
Out of my stony griefs  
Altars I'll raise;  
So by my woes to be  
Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
Nearer to Thee.

5 Or if on joyful wing,  
Cleaving the sky,  
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,  
Upward I fly,  
Still all my song shall be  
Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
Nearer to Thee.

345

R. PALMER.

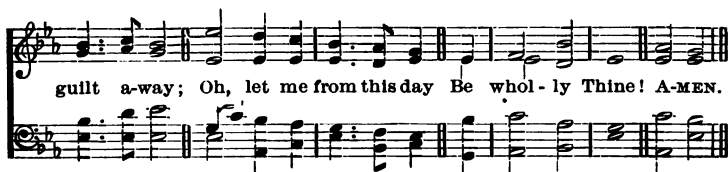
OLIVET. 6s. 4s,

L. MASON.

1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry,

Sav - our di - vine! Now hear me while I pray; Take all my

GENERAL.



guilt a-way; Oh, let me from this day Be whol-ly Thine! A-MEN.

2 May Thy rich grace impart  
Strength to my fainting heart,  
My zeal inspire;  
As Thou hast died for me,  
Oh, may my love to Thee  
Pure, warm, and changeless be,  
A living fire.

3 While life's dark maze I tread,  
And griefs around me spread,  
Be Thou my guide;  
Bid darkness turn to day;  
Wipe sorrows' tears away;  
Nor let me ever stray  
From Thee aside!

4 When ends life's transient dream,  
When death's cold, sullen stream  
Shall o'er me roll;  
Blest Saviour, then in love,  
Fear and distrust remove;  
Oh, bear me safe above,  
A ransomed soul!

846

ST. AGNES. C. M.

J. H. GURNEY.

J. B. DYKES.



1. Lord, as to Thy dear cross we flee, And plead to be for-given,



So let Thy life our pat-tern be, And form our souls for heaven. A - MEN.

2 Help us, through good report and  
Our daily cross to bear; [ill,  
Like Thee, to do our Father's will;  
Our brethren's grief to share.

4 If joy shall at Thy bidding fly,  
And grief's dark day come on,  
We in our turn would meekly cry,  
"Father, Thy will be done."

3 Let grace our selfishness expel,  
Our earthliness refine;  
' kindness in our bosoms dwell,  
free and true as Thine.

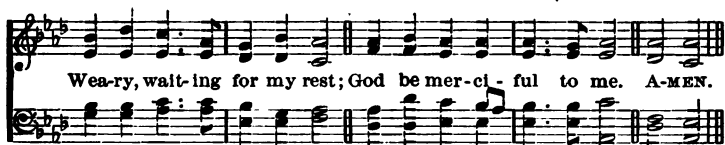
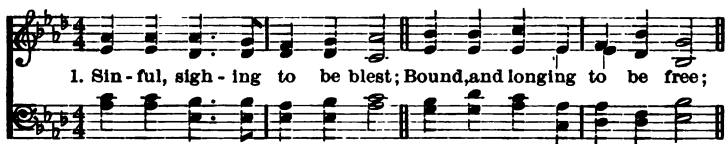
5 Kept peaceful in the midst of strife,  
Forgiving and forgiven,  
Oh, may we lead the pilgrim's life,  
And follow Thee to heaven!

847

J. S. B. MONSELL.

ST. BEES. 7s.

J. B. DYKES.



2 Goodness I have none to plead,  
Sinfulness in all I see,  
I can only bring my need;  
God be merciful to me.

3 Broken heart and downcast eyes  
Dare not lift themselves to Thee;  
Yet Thou canst interpret sighs:  
God be merciful to me.

4 From this sinful heart of mine  
To Thy bosom I would flee:

I am not my own but Thine:  
God be merciful to me.

5 There is One beside the throne,  
And my only hope and plea  
Are in Him, and Him alone:  
God be merciful to me.

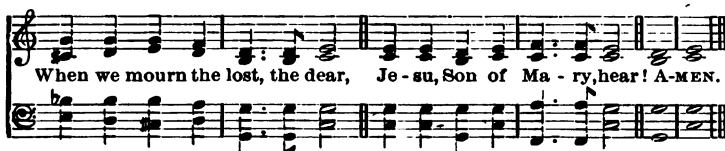
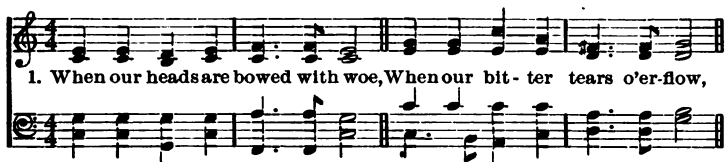
6 He my cause will undertake,  
My Interpreter will be;  
He's my all; and for His sake  
God be merciful to me.

848

H. H. MILMAN.

MANT. 7s.

R. REDHEAD.



2 Thou our throbbing flesh hast worn,  
Thou our mortal griefs hast borne,  
Thou hast shed the human tear;  
Jesu, Son of Mary, hear!

3 When the solemn death-bell tolls  
For our own departing souls,  
When our final doom is near,  
Jesu, Son of Mary, hear!

4 Thou hast bowed the dying head,  
Thou the blood of life hast shed,

Thou hast filled a mortal bier;  
Jesu, Son of Mary, hear!

5 When the heart is sad within  
With the thought of all its sin,  
When the spirit shrinks with fear,  
Jesu, Son of Mary, hear!

6 Thou the shame, the grief, hast  
known,  
Though the sins were not Thine own;  
Thou hast deigned their load to bear;  
Jesu, Son of Mary, hear!

349

## BRADEN. S. M.

H. W. BAKER.

W. B. BRADBURY.

1. Out of the deep I call To Thee, O Lord, to Thee; Be -

fore Thy throne of grace I fall; Be mer-ci-ful to me. A-MEN.

2 Out of the deep I cry,  
The woful deep of sin,  
Of evil done in days gone by,  
Of evil now within.

3 Out of the deep of fear,  
And dread of coming shame,  
From morning watch till night is  
I plead the precious Name. [near

4 Lord, there is mercy now,  
As ever was, with Thee;  
Before Thy throne of grace I bow;  
Be merciful to me.

350

## ST. RAPHAEL. 8s, 7s, 4, 7.

J. J. CUMMINS.

E. J. HOPKINS.

1. Je-su, Lord of life and glo-ry, Bend from heaven Thy gracious ear;

While our waiting souls a-dore Thee, Friend of help-less sin-ners, hear:

# GENERAL.



By Thy mer-cy, Oh, de-liv-er us, good Lord. A-MEN.

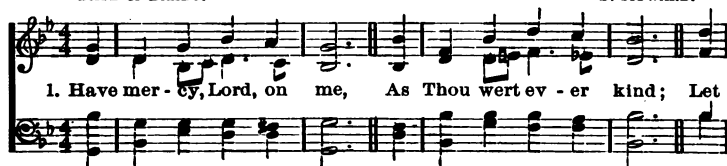
- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>2 From the depths of nature's blindness,<br/>From the hardening power of sin,<br/>From all malice and unkindness,<br/>From the pride that lurks within,<br/>By Thy mercy,<br/>Oh, deliver us, good Lord.</p> <p>3 When temptation sorely presses,<br/>In the day of Satan's power,<br/>In our times of deep distresses,<br/>In each dark and trying hour,<br/>By Thy mercy,<br/>Oh, deliver us, good Lord.</p> <p>4 When the world around is smiling,<br/>In the time of wealth and ease,<br/>Earthly joys our hearts beguiling,</p> | <p>In the day of health and peace,<br/>By Thy mercy,<br/>Oh, deliver us, good Lord.</p> <p>5 In the weary hours of sickness,<br/>In the times of grief and pain,<br/>When we feel our mortal weakness,<br/>When all human help is vain,<br/>By Thy mercy,<br/>Oh, deliver us, good Lord.</p> <p>6 In the solemn hour of dying,<br/>In the awful judgment day,<br/>May our souls, on Thee relying,<br/>Find Thee still our hope and<br/>By Thy mercy, [stay:<br/>Oh, deliver us, good Lord.</p> |
|---|--|

351

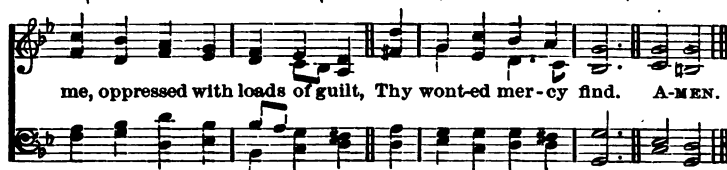
TATE & BRADY.

ST. BRIDE. S. M.

S. HOWARD.



1. Have mer-cy, Lord, on me, As Thou wert ev-er kind; Let



me, oppressed with loads of guilt, Thy wont-ed mer-cy find. A-MEN.

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <p>2 Wash off my foul offense,<br/>And cleanse me from my sin;<br/>For I confess my crime, and see<br/>How great my guilt has been.</p> <p>3 Against Thee, Lord, alone,<br/>And only in Thy sight, [demned,<br/>Have I transgressed; and, though con-<br/>Must own Thy judgment right.</p> <p>4 Blot out my crying sins,<br/>Nor me in anger view:</p> | <p>Create in me a heart that's clean,<br/>An upright mind renew.</p> <p>5 Withdraw not Thou Thy help,<br/>Nor cast me from Thy sight;<br/>Nor let Thy Holy Spirit take<br/>His everlasting flight.</p> <p>6 The joy Thy favor gives<br/>Let me, O Lord, regain;<br/>And Thy free Spirit's firm sup-<br/>My fainting soul sustain.</p> |
|--|---|

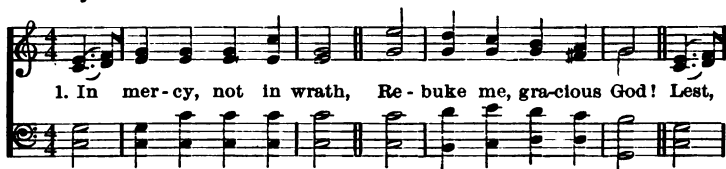
## GENERAL.

352

J. NEWTON.

LABAN. S. M.

L. MASON.



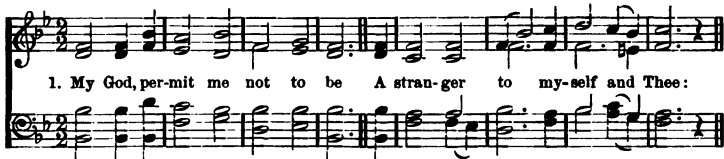
- 2 Touched by Thy quickening power, My load of guilt I feel;  
The wounds Thy Spirit hath un-closed,  
Oh, let that Spirit heal.
- 4 Oh, come, ere life expire;  
Send down Thy power to save;  
For who shall sing Thy Name in death,  
Or praise Thee in the grave?
- 3 In trouble and in gloom, Must I forever mourn?  
And wilt Thou not at length, O God,  
In pitying love return?
- 5 Why should I doubt Thy grace,  
Or yield to dread despair?  
Thou wilt fulfill Thy promised word,  
And grant me all my prayer.

353

I. WATTS.

WARD. L. M.

Arr. by L. MASON.



- 2 Why should my passions mix with earth,  
And thus debase my heavenly birth?  
Why should I cleave to things below,  
And all my purest joys forego?
- 3 Call me away from flesh and sense;  
Thy grace, O Lord, can draw me thence:  
I would obey the voice divine,  
And all inferior joys resign.

## GENERAL.

854 J. D. CARLYLE.

NAOMI. C. M.

L. MASON.

1. Lord, when we bend be - fore Thy throne, And our con-fes-sions pour,

Teach us to feel the sins we own, And hate what we de-plore. A-MEN.

2 Our broken spirits, pitying, see;  
True penitence impart;  
And let a kindling glance from Thee  
Beam hope upon the heart.

3 When we disclose our wants in prayer,  
May we our wills resign;  
And not a thought our bosom share  
Which is not wholly Thine.

4 Let faith each weak petition fill,  
And waft it to the skies,  
And teach our hearts 'tis goodness still  
That grants it, or denies.

855 A. M. TOPLADY.

FRANKFORT. 78. D.

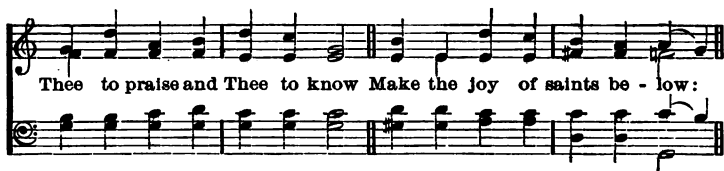
F. MENDELSSOHN.

1. Sav-iour, Whom I fain would love, Je - sus, cru - ci - fied for me,

Fix my rov-ing heart a - bove, Draw me near-er un - to Thee.



GENERAL.



Thee to praise and Thee to know Make the joy of saints be - low:



Thee to see and Thee to love Make the bliss of saints a - bove. A-MEN.

2 Lord, it is not life to live,  
If Thy presence Thou deny;  
Lord, if Thou Thy presence give,  
'Tis no longer death to die.

Source and Giver of repose,  
Only from Thy love it flows;  
Peace and happiness are Thine,  
Mine they are, if Thou art mine.

856

G. THRING.

ST. PHILIP. 3-78.

W. H. MONK.



1. Heal me, O my Sav - iour, heal; Heal me as I



sup - pliant kneel; Heal me, and my par - don seal. A - MEN.

2 Fresh the wounds that sin hath made;  
Hear the prayers I oft have prayed,  
And in mercy send me aid.

3 Helpless, none can help me now;  
Cheerless, none can cheer but Thou;  
Suppliant, Lord, to Thee I bow.

4 Thou the true Physician art;  
Thou, O Christ, canst health impart,  
Binding up the bleeding heart.

5 Other comforters are gone;  
Thou canst heal, and Thou alone,  
Thou for all my sin atone.

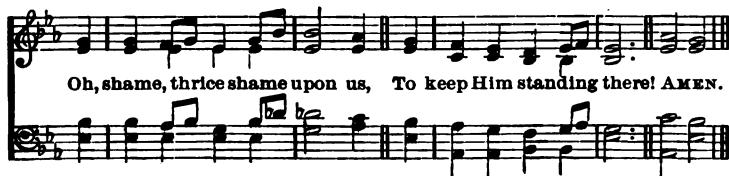
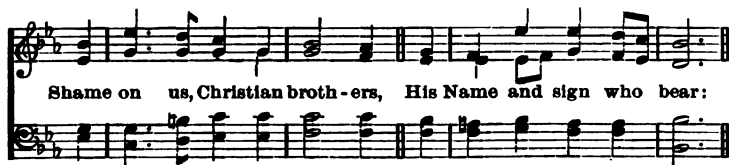
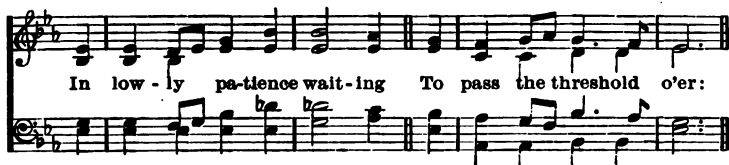
6 Heal me, then, my Saviour, heal;  
Heal me, as I suppliant kneel;  
To Thy mercy I appeal.

GENERAL.

857

W. W. How.

ST. HILDA. 7s, 6s. D. J. H. KNECHT, *et al.*



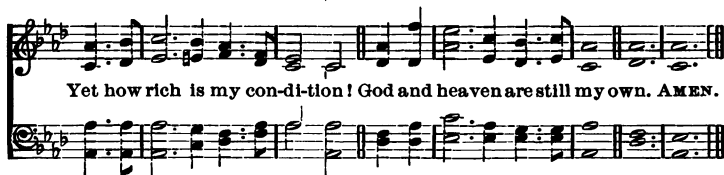
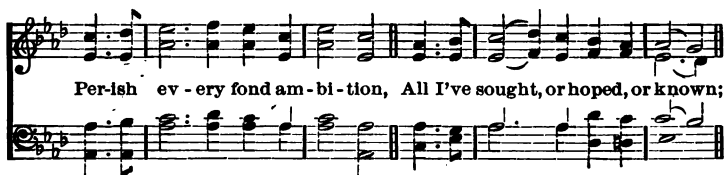
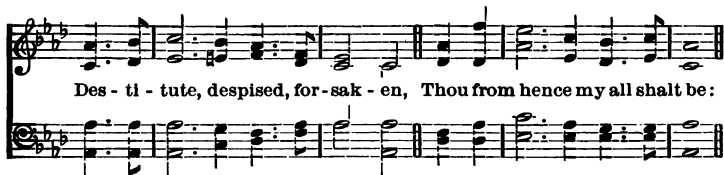
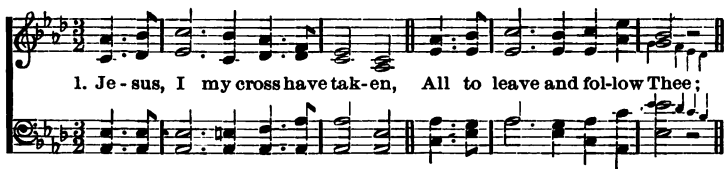
2 O Jesu, Thou art knocking:  
And lo! that hand is scarred,  
And thorns Thy brow encircle,  
And tears Thy face have marred:  
O love that passeth knowledge,  
So patiently to wait!  
O sin that hath no equal,  
So fast to bar the gate!

3 O Jesu, Thou art pleading  
In accents meek and low,  
"I died for you, My children,  
And will ye treat Me so?"  
O Lord, with shame and sorrow  
We open now the door:  
Dear Saviour, enter, enter,  
And leave us nevermore.

Digitized by Google

H. F. LYTE.

F. H. BARTHELEMON.



2 Man may trouble and distress me,  
'Twill but drive me to Thy breast;  
Life with trials hard may press me,  
Heaven will bring me sweeter rest.  
Oh, 'tis not in grief to harm me,  
While Thy love is left to me:  
Oh, 'twere not in joy to charm me,  
Were that joy unmixed with Thee.

3 Take, my soul, thy full salvation;  
Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care;  
Joy to find in every station  
Something still to do or bear:  
Think what Spirit dwells within  
thee;

What a Father's smile is thine;  
What a Saviour died to win thee;  
Child of heaven, shouldst thou  
repine?

4 Haste then on from grace to glory,  
Armed by faith, and winged by  
prayer,  
Heaven's eternal day's before thee,  
God's own hand shall guide thee  
there.  
Soon shall close thy earthly mission,  
Swift shall pass thy pilgrim days;  
Hope soon change to glad fruition,  
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

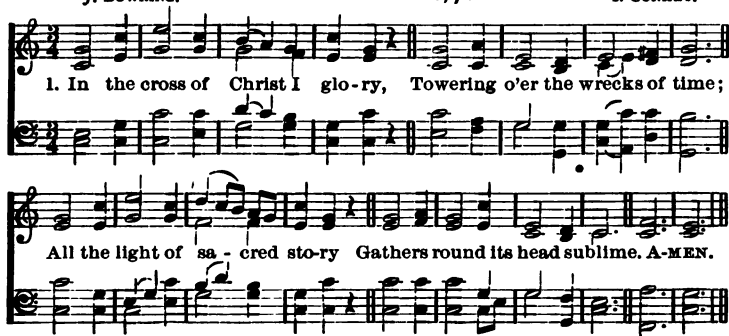
## GENERAL.

359

J. BOWRING.

RATHBUN. 8s, 7s.

I. CONKEY.



1. In the cross of Christ I glo-ry, Towering o'er the wrecks of time;  
All the light of sa-cred sto-ry Gathers round its head sublime. A-MEN.

- 2 When the woes of life o'ertake me,  
Hopes deceive, and fears annoy,  
Never shall the cross forsake me:  
Lo! it glows with peace and joy.
- 3 When the sun of bliss is beaming  
Light and love upon my way,  
From the cross the radiance streaming,  
Adds new lustre to the day.
- 4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,  
By the cross are sanctified;  
Peace is there that knows no measure,  
Joys that through all time abide.
- 5 In the cross of Christ I glory,  
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;  
All the light of sacred story  
Gathers round its head sublime.

359

ST. LAWRENCE. 8s, 7s.

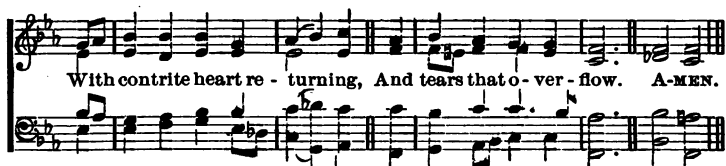
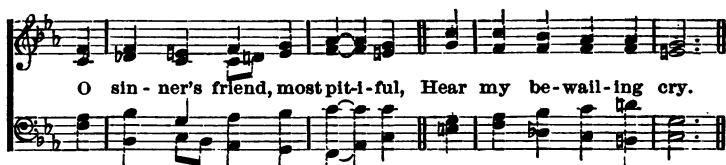
J. BOWRING.

SECOND TUNE.

F. TOZER.



1. In the cross of Christ I glo-ry, Towering o'er the wrecks of time;  
All the light of sa-cred sto-ry Gathers round its head sublime. A-MEN.



2 O gracious Intercessor!

O Priest within the veil!

Plead, for a lost transgressor,

The blood that cannot fail.

I spread my sins before Thee,

I tell them one by one;

Oh, for Thy Name's great glory,

Forgive all I have done!

3 Oh, by Thy cross and passion,

Thy tears and agony,

And crown of cruel fashion,

And death on Calvary;

By all that untold suffering

Endured by Thee alone;

O Priest! O spotless Offering!

Plead, for Thou didst atone!

4 And in this heart now broken,

Re-enter Thou and reign;

And say, by that dear token,

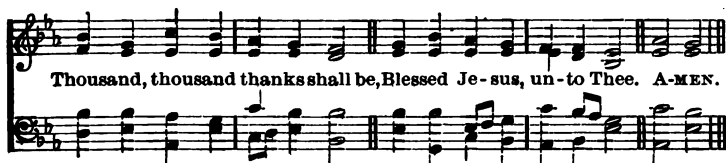
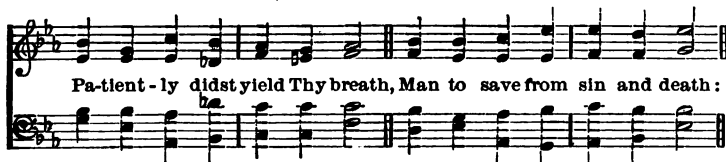
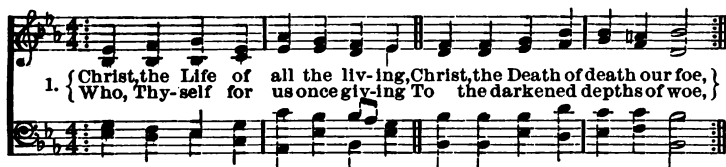
I am absolved again;

And build me up, and guide me,

And guard me day by day;

And in Thy presence hide me,

And keep my soul away.



2 Thou, ah, Thou hast taken on Thee  
 Bitter strokes, a cruel rod ;  
 Pain and scorn were heaped upon Thee,  
 O Thou sinless Son of God ;  
 Only thus for us to win  
 Rescue from the bonds of sin :  
 Thousand, thousand thanks shall be,  
 Blessèd Jesus, unto Thee.

3 Thou didst bear the smiting, only  
 That it might not fall on me ;  
 Stoodest falsely charged and lonely,  
 That I might be safe and free ;  
 Comfortless, that I might know  
 Comfort from Thy boundless woe :  
 Thousand, thousand thanks shall be,  
 Blessèd Jesus, unto Thee.

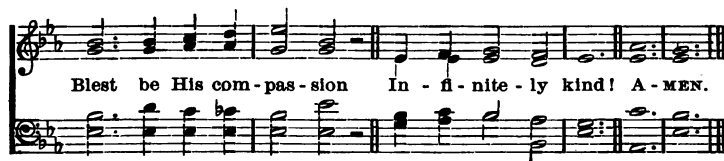
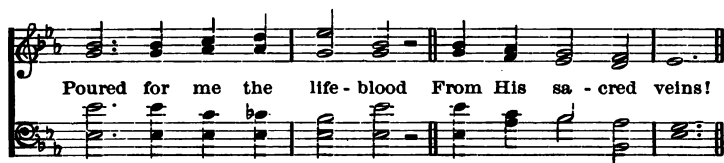
4 Then for all that wrought our pardon,  
 For Thy sorrows deep and sore,  
 For Thine anguish in the garden,  
 I will thank Thee evermore ;  
 Thank Thee with the latest breath  
 For Thy sad and cruel death ;  
 For that last most bitter cry,  
 Praise Thee evermore on high.

362

Tr. E. CASWALL.

FANCE. 6s, 5s, D.

Anon.



2 Blest through endless ages  
 Be the precious stream,  
 Which from sin and sorrow  
 Does the world redeem!  
 Abel's blood for vengeance  
 Pleaded to the skies;  
 But the blood of Jesus  
 For our pardon cries.

3 Oft as earth exulting  
 Wafts its praise on high,  
 Angel hosts, rejoicing,  
 Make their glad reply.  
 Lift ye then your voices;  
 Swell the mighty flood;  
 Louder still and louder,  
 Praise the precious Blood.

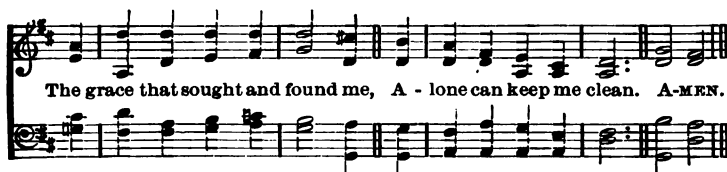
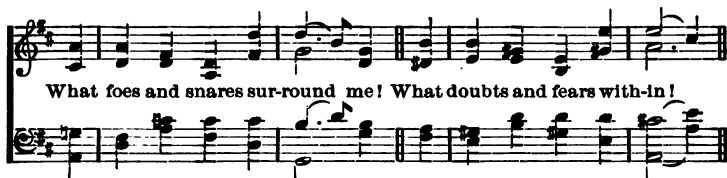
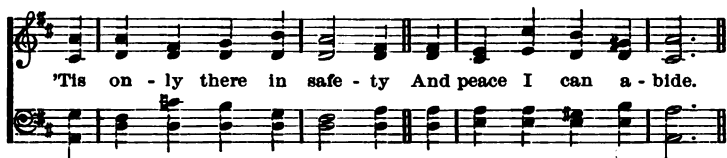
## GENERAL.

368

J. G. DECK.

LANCASHIRE. 7s, 6s, D.

H. SMART.



2 'Tis only in Thee hiding,  
 I feel my life secure;  
 Only in Thee abiding,  
 The conflict can endure;  
 Thine arm the victory gaineth  
 O'er every hateful foe;  
 Thy love my heart sustaineth  
 In all its care and woe.

3 Soon shall my eyes behold Thee,  
 With rapture, face to face;  
 One half hath not been told me  
 Of all Thy power and grace:  
 Thy beauty, Lord, and glory,  
 The wonders of Thy love,  
 Shall be the endless story  
 Of all Thy saints above.



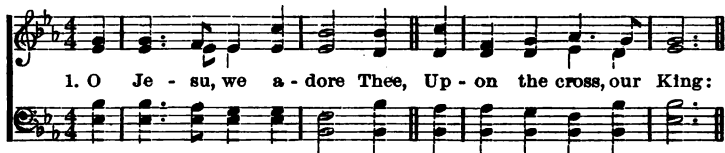
GENERAL.

364

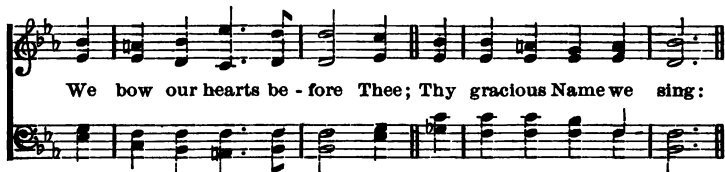
A. T. RUSSELL.

CLARE. 7s, 6s. D.

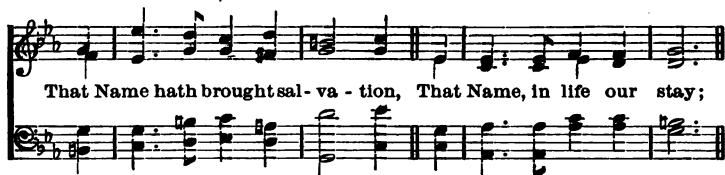
H. P. MAIN.



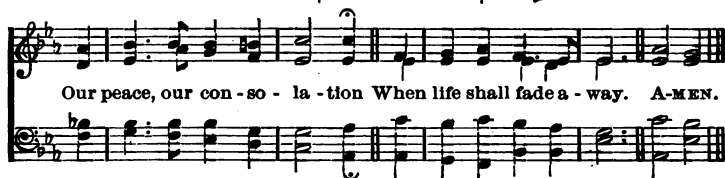
1. O Je - su, we a - dore Thee, Up - on the cross, our King:



We bow our hearts be - fore Thee; Thy gracious Name we sing:



That Name hath brought sal - va - tion, That Name, in life our stay;



Our peace, our con - so - la - tion When life shall fade a - way. A-MEN.

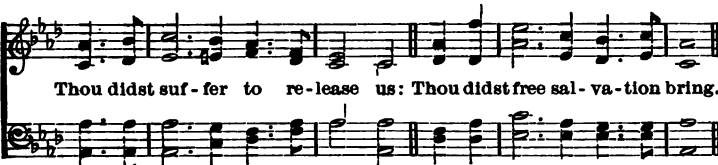
- 2 Yet doth the world disdain Thee,  
 Still pressing by Thy cross:  
 Lord, may our hearts retain Thee,  
 Counting all else but loss.  
 The grief Thy soul endured,  
 Who can that grief declare?  
 Thy pains have thus assurèd  
 That Thou Thy foes wilt spare.
- 3 Ah, Lord, our sins arraigned Thee,  
 And nailed Thee to the tree:  
 Our pride, O Lord, disdained Thee;  
 Yet deign our hope to be.  
 O glorious King, we bless Thee,  
 No longer pass Thee by;  
 O Jesu, we confess Thee  
 Our Lord enthroned on high.

J. BAKEWELL, *et al.*

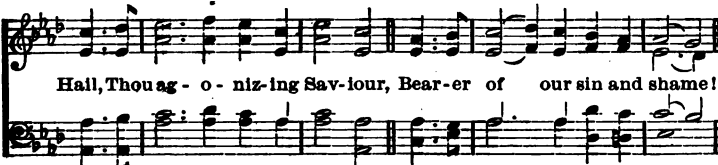
F. H. BARTHELEMON.



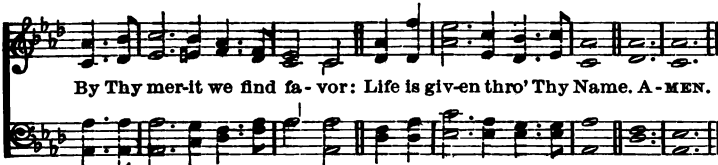
1. Hail, Thou once-de-spis-ed Je-sus! Hail, Thou Gal-i-le-an King!



Thou didst suf-fer to re-lease us: Thou didst free sal-va-tion bring.



Hail, Thou ag-o-niz-ing Sav-iour, Bear-er of our sin and shame!



By Thy mer-it we find fa-vor: Life is giv-en thro' Thy Name. A-MEN.

2 Paschal Lamb, by God appointed,  
 All our sins on Thee were laid:  
 By almighty love anointed,  
 Thou hast full atonement made.  
 All Thy people are forgiven  
 Through the virtue of Thy blood:  
 Opened is the gate of heaven,  
 Peace is made 'twixt man and God.

3 Jesus, hail! enthroned in glory,  
 There forever to abide;  
 All the heavenly hosts adore Thee,  
 Seated at Thy Father's side.

There for sinners Thou art pleading:  
 There Thou dost our place prepare:  
 Ever for us interceding,  
 Till in glory we appear.

4 Worship, honor, power, and blessing  
 Thou art worthy to receive:  
 Loudest praises, without ceasing,  
 Meet it is for us to give.  
 Help, ye bright angelic spirits!  
 Bring your sweetest, noblest lays!  
 Help to sing our Saviour's merits!  
 Help to chant Emmanuel's praise!

366

## THORNEY. 8s, 6, D. With Alleluia.

A. T. RUSSELL.

R. JACKSON.

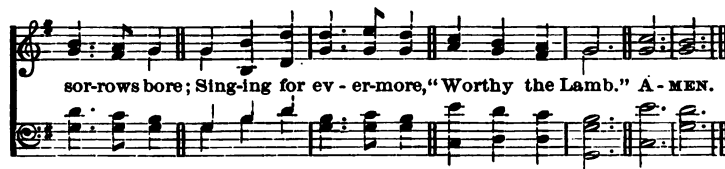
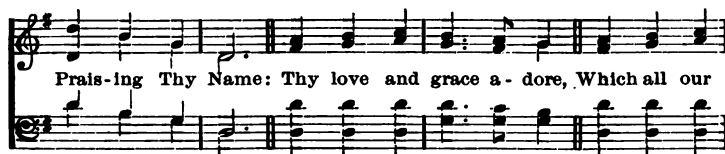
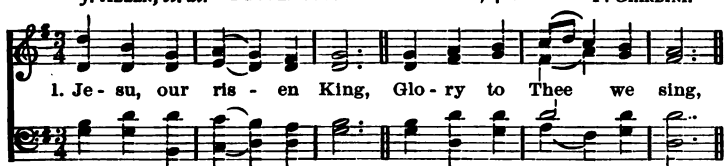
1. To Him Who for our sins was slain, To Him for all His  
dy-ing pain, Sing we Al-le-lu-ia! To Him, the  
Lamb our sac-ri-fice, Who gave His blood our  
ran-som-price, Sing we Al-le-lu-ia! A-MEN.

- 2 To Him Who died that we might die  
To sin, and live with Him on high,  
Sing we Alleluia!  
To Him Who rose that we might rise,  
And reign with Him beyond the skies.  
Sing we Alleluia!
- 3 To Him Who now for us doth plead,  
And helpeth us in all our need,  
Sing we Alleluia!  
To Him Who doth prepare on high  
Our home in immortality,  
Sing we Alleluia!
- 4 To Him be glory evermore:  
Ye heavenly hosts, your Lord adore;  
Sing we Alleluia!  
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
Our God most great, our joy, our boast,  
Sing we Alleluia!

367

J. ALLEN, *et. al.* ITALIAN HYMN. 6s, 4s.

F. GIARDINI.



2 Oh, haste, ye ransomed race!  
For all His gifts of grace  
Praise ye His Name:  
He wondrous things hath done;  
Triumph o'er death hath won;  
Heaven's gate hath open thrown;  
"Worthy the Lamb."

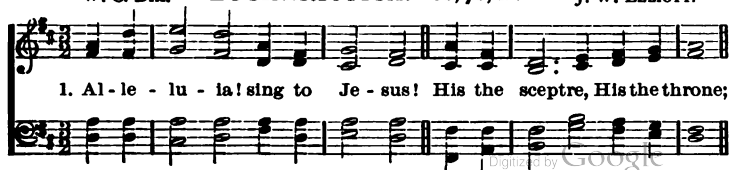
3 Come, all ye hosts above!  
Join in one song of love,  
Praising His Name:  
To Him ascribed be  
Honor and majesty  
Through all eternity:  
"Worthy the Lamb."

4 Blessèd and Holy Three,  
Glorious Trinity,  
Praise to Thy Name:  
Father, Thy love we bless;  
Spirit of holiness,  
We praise Thee and confess,  
"Worthy the Lamb."

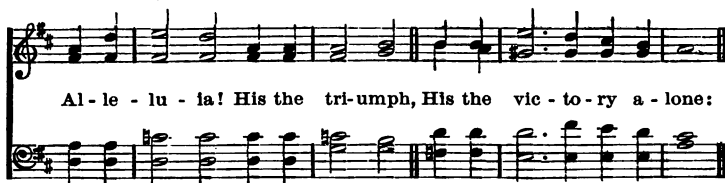
368

W. C. DIX. EUCHARISTICA. 8s, 7s, D.

J. W. ELLIOTT.



GENERAL.

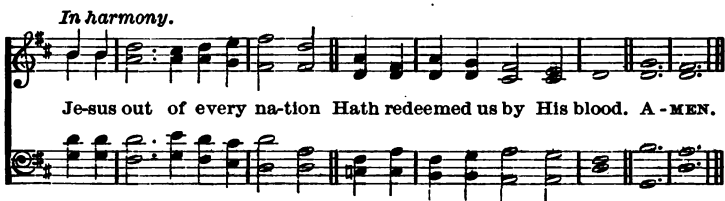


Al-le-lu-lia! His the tri-umph, His the vic-to-ry a-lone:



*Voices in unison.*

Hark! the songs of peaceful Si-on Thunder like a mighty flood;



*In harmony.*

Je-sus out of every na-tion Hath redeemed us by His blood. A-MEN.

2 Alleluia! not as orphans  
Are we left in sorrow now;  
Alleluia! He is near us,  
Faith believes, nor questions  
how:  
Though the cloud from sight re-  
ceived Him,  
When the forty days were o'er:  
Shall our hearts forget His promise,  
"I am with you evermore?"

4 Alleluia! King eternal,  
Thee the Lord of lords we own;  
Alleluia! born of Mary,  
Earth Thy footstool, heaven Thy  
throne:  
Thou within the veil hast entered,  
Robed in flesh, our great High-  
Priest;  
Thou on earth both Priest and  
Victim  
In the Eucharistic feast.

3 Alleluia! Bread of Heaven,  
Thou on earth our Food, our  
Stay!  
Alleluia! here the sinful  
Flee to Thee from day to day:  
Intercessor, Friend of sinners,  
Earth's Redeemer, plead for me,  
Where the songs of all the sinless  
Sweep across the crystal sea.

5 Alleluia! sing to Jesus!  
His the sceptre, His the throne;  
Alleluia! His the triumph,  
His the victory alone;  
Hark! the songs of holy Sion  
Thunder like a mighty flood;  
Jesus out of every nation  
Hath redeemed us by His blood.

GENERAL.

369

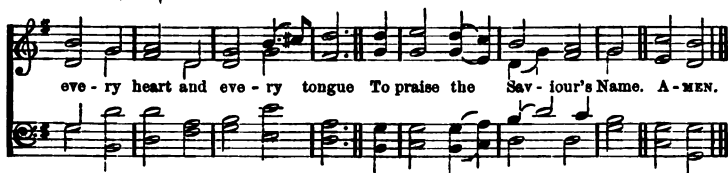
W. HAMMOND.

ST. THOMAS. S. M.

G. F. HANDEL.



1. A - wake, and sing the song Of Mo - ses and the Lamb! Wake



eve - ry heart and eve - ry tongue To praise the Sav - iour's Name. A - MEN.

2 Sing of His dying love!  
Sing of His rising power!  
Sing how He intercedes above  
For those whose sins He bore!

4 Soon shall ye hear Him say,  
"Ye blessed children, come;"  
Soon will He call you hence away,  
And take His wanderers home.

3 Sing on your heavenly way!  
Ye ransomed sinners, sing!  
Sing on, rejoicing every day  
In Christ, the eternal King!

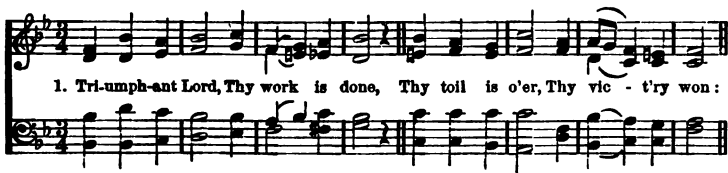
5 There shall our raptured tongue  
His endless praise proclaim,  
And sweeter voices swell the song  
Of glory to the Lamb.

370

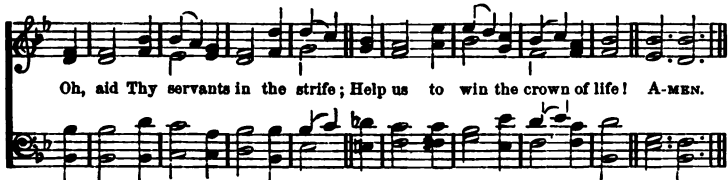
W. J. IRONS.

GERMANY. L. M.

L. VAN BEETHOVEN.



1. Tri-umph-ant Lord, Thy work is done, Thy toil is o'er, Thy vic - t'ry won:



Oh, aid Thy servants in the strife; Help us to win the crown of life! A-MEN.

2 Presenting Thine own sacrifice, [rise;  
Our prayers like incense round Thee  
For "Thou art Priest forever," Thou  
Art interceding for us now.

3 Oh, by Thy spotless, wondrous birth,  
And by Thy bitter death on earth,  
And by Thy rising from the grave,  
Ascended Lord, Thy people save!

4 "Thou art the King of Glory," Thine  
All honor, praise, and power divine;  
One with the Father now confest,  
And with the Spirit ever blest.

371

Tr. J. R. WOODFORD. STOCKWELL. 8s, 7s.

D. E. JONES.

1. Christ, a - bove all glo - ry seat - ed! King e - ter - nal, strong to save!  
 Dy - ing, Thou hast death de - feat - ed, Bur - ied, Thou hast spoiled the grave. A - MEN.

- 2 Thou art gone, where now is given  
 What no mortal might could gain,  
 On the eternal throne of heaven  
 In Thy Father's power to reign.
- 3 There Thy kingdoms all adore Thee,  
 Heaven above and earth below;  
 While the depths of hell before  
 Thee  
 Trembling and defeated bow.
- 4 We, O Lord, with hearts adoring,  
 Follow Thee above the sky;
- Hear our prayers, Thy grace im -  
 ploring,  
 Lift our souls to Thee on high;
- 5 So, when Thou again in glory [shine,  
 On the clouds of heaven shalt  
 We Thy flock may stand before Thee,  
 Owned for evermore as Thine.
- 6 Hail! all hail! In Thee confiding,  
 Jesu, Thee shall all adore,  
 In Thy Father's might abiding  
 With one Spirit evermore!

372

T. KELLY.

ALLHALLOWS'. C. M.

S. WEBBER.

1. The Head, that once was crowned with thorns, Is crowned with glo - ry now;  
 A roy - al di - a - dem a - dorns The might - y Vic - tor's brow. A - MEN.

- 2 The highest place that heaven affords  
 Is His, is His by right,  
 The King of kings, and Lord of lords,  
 And heaven's eternal Light.
- 3 The joy of all who dwell above;  
 The joy of all below,  
 To whom He manifests His love  
 And grants His Name to know.
- 4 To them the cross with all its shame,  
 With all its grace is given;
- Their name, an everlasting name,  
 Their joy, the joy of heaven.
- 5 They suffer with their Lord below,  
 They reign with Him above,  
 Their profit and their joy to know  
 The mystery of His love.
- 6 The cross He bore is life and health,  
 Though shame and death to Him:  
 His people's hope, His people's wealth,  
 Their everlasting theme.

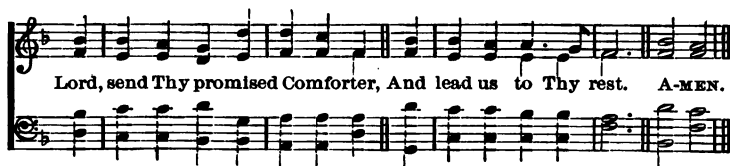
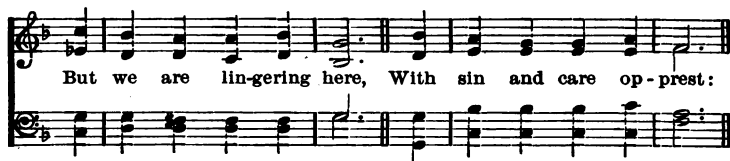
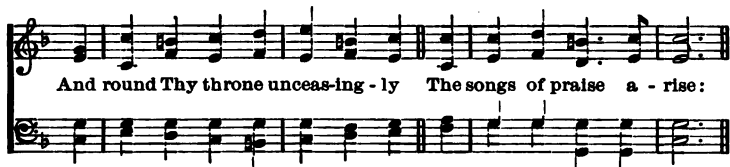
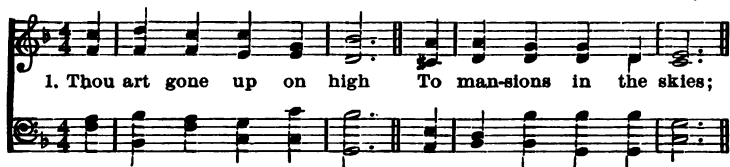
## GENERAL.

378

E. TOKR.

CHALVEY. S. M. D.

L. G. HAYNE.



- 2 Thou art gone up on high ;  
 But Thou didst first come down,  
 Through earth's most bitter agony,  
 To pass unto Thy crown ;  
 And girt with griefs and fears  
 Our onward course must be ;  
 But only let that path of tears  
 Lead us at last to Thee.
- 3 Thou art gone up on high ;  
 But Thou shalt come again,  
 With all the bright ones of the sky  
 Attendant in Thy train.  
 Lord, by Thy saving power,  
 So make us live and die,  
 That we may stand, in that dread hour,  
 At Thy right hand on high.




374

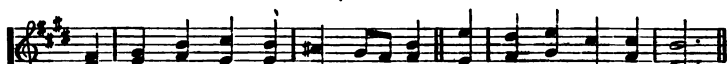
M. BRIDGES.

DIADEMATA. S. M. D.


G. J. ELVERT.



1. Crown Him with ma - ny crowns, The Lamb up - on His throne;



Hark! how the heavenly an-them drowns All mu-sic but its own:



A - wake, my soul, and sing Of Him Who died for thee,



And hail Him as thy matchless King Thro' all e - ter - ni - ty. AMEN.

2 Crown Him the Son of God  
Before the worlds began,  
And ye, who tread where He hath  
trod,  
Crown Him the Son of Man;  
Who every grief hath known  
That wrings the human breast,  
And takes and bears them for His  
own,  
That all in Him may rest.

3 Crown Him the Lord of Life,  
Who triumphed o'er the grave,  
And rose victorious in the strife  
For those He came to save;  
His glories now we sing  
Who died, and rose on high,  
Who died, eternal life to bring,  
And lives that death may die.

4 Crown Him of lords the Lord,  
Who over all doth reign, [Word,  
Who once on earth, the Incarnate  
For ransomed sinners slain,  
Now lives in realms of light,  
Where saints with angels sing  
Their songs before Him day and  
night,  
Their God, Redeemer, King.

5 Crown Him the Lord of heaven,  
Enthroned in worlds above;  
Crown Him the King, to Whom is  
given,  
The wondrous name of Love.  
Crown Him with many crowns,  
As thrones before Him fall,  
Crown Him, ye kings, with many  
For He is King of all. [crowns,

## GENERAL.

375

H. AUER.

ST. CUTHBERT. 8, 6, 8, 4.

J. B. DYKES.

1. Our blest Re-deem - er, ere He breathed His ten - der, last fare - well,

A Guide, a Com - fort - er, be-queathed With us to dwell. A-MEN.

2 He came sweet influence to impart,  
A gracious, willing guest,  
While He can find one humble heart  
Wherein to rest.

4 And every virtue we possess,  
And every victory won,  
And every thought of holiness  
Are His alone.

3 And His that gentle voice we hear,  
Soft as the breath of even,  
That checks each thought, that calms  
each fear,  
And speaks of heaven.

5 Spirit of purity and grace,  
Our weakness, pitying, see:  
Oh, make our hearts Thy dwelling-  
place,  
And worthier Thee.

376

J. HART, *alt.*

STATE STREET. S.M.

J. C. WOODMAN.

1. Come, Ho-ly Spir - it, come! Let Thy bright beams a - rise; Dis -

pel the sor - row from our minds, The darkness from our eyes. AMEN.

2 Revive our drooping faith,  
Our doubts and fears remove,  
And kindle in our breasts the flame  
Of never-dying love.

4 'Tis Thine to cleanse the heart,  
To sanctify the soul,  
To pour fresh life in every part,  
And new-create the whole.

3 Convince us of our sin;  
Then lead to Jesus' blood,  
And to our wondering view reveal  
The secret love of God.

5 Dwell therefore in our hearts;  
Our minds from bondage free;  
Then shall we know, and praise, and  
The Father, Son, and Thee. [love

## GENERAL.

377

I. WATTS.

## ST. AGNES. C. M.

J. B. DYKES.

1. Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, heav-enly Dove, With all Thy quick-en-ing powers ;

Kin-dle a flame of sa-cred love In these cold hearts of ours. A - MEN.

2 See how we grovel here below,  
Fond of these earthly toys:  
Our souls, how heavily they go,  
To reach eternal joys.

Hosannas languish on our tongues,  
And our devotion dies.

3 In vain we tune our lifeless songs,  
In vain we strive to rise:

4 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,  
With all Thy quickening powers:  
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,  
And that shall kindle ours.

378

Tr. E. CASWALL.

## ST. PHILIP. 6-7s.

W. H. MONK.

1. { Come, Thou Ho - ly Spir - it, come! And from Thy ce -  
Come, Thou fa - ther of the poor! Come, Thou source of

les - tial home Shed a ray of light di - vine!  
all our store! Come, with-in our bo - som shine! A - MEN.

2 Thou, of comforters the best; [guest;  
Thou, the soul's most welcome  
Sweet refreshment here below;  
In our labor, rest most sweet;  
Grateful coolness in the heat;  
Solace in the midst of woe.

4 Heal our wounds; our strength  
renew;

On our dryness pour Thy dew;  
Wash the stains of guilt away:  
Bend the stubborn heart and will;  
Melt the frozen, warm the chill;  
Guide the steps that go astray.

3 O most blessed Light divine,  
Shine within these hearts of Thine,  
And our inmost being fill!  
Where Thou art not, man hath  
naught,  
'thing good in deed or thought,  
othing free from taint of ill.

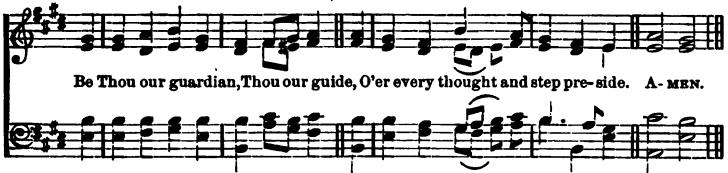
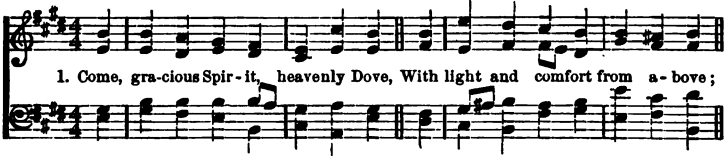
5 On the faithful, who adore  
And confess Thee, evermore  
In Thy sevenfold gifts descend;  
Give them virtue's sure reward;  
Give them Thy salvation, Lord;  
Give them joys that never end.

379

S. BROWN, *alt.*

MELCOMBE. L. M.

S. WEBBE.

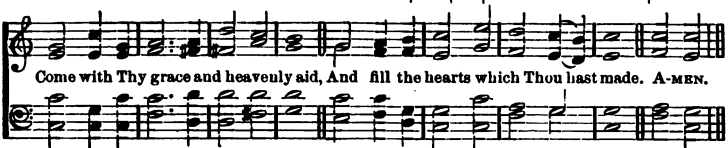
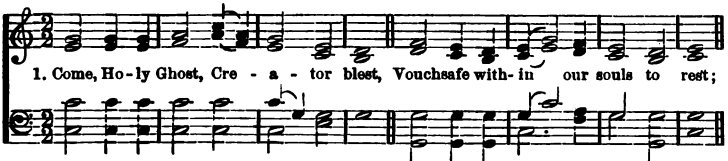


- 2 The light of truth to us display,  
And make us know and choose  
Thy way;  
Plant holy fear in every heart,  
That we from Thee may ne'er de-  
part.
- 3 Lead us to Christ, the living Way,  
Nor let us from His precepts stray;
- 4 Lead us to holiness, the road  
That we must take to dwell with  
God.
- 4 Lead us to heaven, that we may  
share  
Fullness of joy forever there:  
Lead us to God, our final rest,  
To be with Him forever blest.

380

Tr. E. CASWELL, *et al.* ZEPHYR. L. M.

W. B. BRADBURY.



- 2 To Thee, the Comforter, we cry;  
To Thee, the gift of God most High;  
The fount of life, the fire of love,  
The soul's anointing from above.
- 3 The sacred, sevenfold grace is Thine,  
Dread Finger of the Hand divine:  
The promise of the Father Thou!  
Who dost the tongue with power  
endow.
- 4 Thy light to every sense impart,  
And shed Thy love in every heart;  
Thine own unfailing might supply  
To strengthen our infirmity.
- 5 Drive far away our ghostly foe,  
And Thine abiding peace be-  
stow;  
If Thou be our preventing guide,  
No evil can our steps betide.

GENERAL.

381

S. DRYDEN.

GRANT. 6-8s.

J. STAINER.

1. Cre - ator Spirit, by Whose aid The world's foundations first were laid,

Come, vis - it every humble mind; Come, pour Thy joys on human kind;

*Voices in Unison.* *Harmony.*

From sin and sorrow set us free, And make Thy temples worthy Thee. AMEN.

2 O source of uncreated light,  
The Father's promised Paraclete!  
Thrice holy fount, thrice holy fire,  
Our hearts with heavenly love inspire;  
Come, and Thy sacred unction bring  
To sanctify us while we sing.

3 Plenteous of grace, come from on high,  
Rich in Thy sevenfold energy;  
Make us eternal truth receive,  
And practice all that we believe;  
Give us Thyself, that we may see  
The Father and the Son by Thee.

382

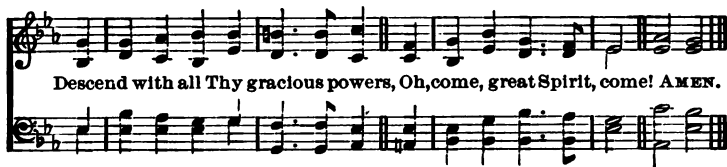
A. REED.

HOLY TRINITY. C. M.

J. BARNEY.

1. Spir - it di-vine, at-tend our prayers, And make this house Thy home;

GENERAL.



Descend with all Thy gracious powers, Oh, come, great Spirit, come! AMEN.

- 2 Come as the light ; to us reveal  
Our emptiness and woe :  
And lead us in those paths of life,  
Whereon the righteous go.
- 3 Come as the fire, and purge our hearts  
Like sacrificial flame ;  
Let our whole soul an offering be  
To our Redeemer's Name.
- 4 Come as the dove, and spread Thy wings,  
The wings of peaceful love ;  
And let Thy Church on earth become  
Blest as the Church above.
- 5 Spirit divine, attend our prayers ;  
Make a lost world Thy home ;  
Descend with all Thy gracious powers,  
Oh, come, great Spirit, come!

383

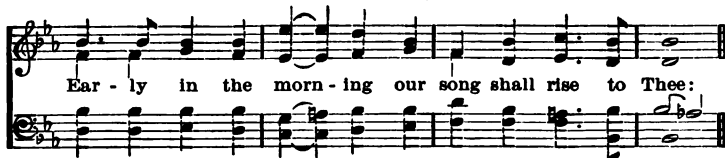
R. HEBER.

NICÆA. II, 128, 10.

J. B. DYKES.



1. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! Lord God Al - might - y!



Ear - ly in the morn - ing our song shall rise to Thee:



Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! mer - ci - ful and might - y!

GENERAL.

God in Three Per - sons, bless - ed Trin - i - ty. A-MEN.

2 Holy, Holy, Holy! All the saints adore Thee,  
Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea;  
Cherubim and seraphim falling down before Thee,  
Which wert, and art and evermore shalt be.

3 Holy, Holy, Holy! though the darkness hide Thee,  
Though the eye of sinful man Thy glory may not see,  
Only Thou art holy; there is none beside Thee,  
Perfect in power, in love, and purity.

4 Holy, Holy, Holy! Lord God Almighty!  
All Thy works shall praise Thy Name, in earth, and sky, and  
Holy, Holy, Holy! merciful and mighty! [sea:  
God in Three Persons, blessed Trinity!

384

J. HOLME.

REDHEAD, No. 76. 6-7s.

R. REDHEAD.

1. God, my Fa - ther, hear me pray, Wash my crim - son guilt a - way;

Wretched, help-less, lost, un-done, Hear me for Thy blessed Son.

Lord, unnumbered sins are mine, But e - ter - nal love is Thine. A-MEN.

2 God, my Saviour, look on me ;  
All my guilt I cast on Thee :  
Give my troubled spirit peace ;  
Bid my fears and sorrows cease.  
Lord, unnumbered sins are mine,  
But eternal love is Thine.

3 God, my Comforter, my Light,  
Strengthen me with holy might,  
Make Thy dwelling in my heart :

Faith, and joy, and hope impart.  
Lord, unnumbered sins are mine,  
But eternal love is Thine.

4 Blessèd, glorious Trinity !  
Holy, everlasting Three !  
Hear, oh, hear my earnest prayer,  
And my soul for heaven prepare !  
Lord, unnumbered sins are mine,  
But eternal love is Thine.

385

C. WORDSWORTH.

MAIDSTONE. 6-7s.

W. B. GILBERT.

1. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Lord, God of Hosts, e - ter - nal King,  
By the heavens and earth a - dored ; An - gels and arch - an - gels sing,  
Chanting ev - er - last - ing - ly To the bless - ed Trin - i - ty. A - MEN.

2 Since by Thee were all things made,  
And in Thee do all things live,  
Be to Thee all honor paid,  
Praise to Thee let all things give,  
Singing everlastingly  
To the blessed Trinity.

3 Thousands, tens of thousands stand,  
Spirits blest before Thy throne,  
Speeding thence at Thy command ;  
And when Thy command is done,  
Singing everlastingly  
To the blessed Trinity.

4 Cherubim and seraphim  
Veil their faces with their wings ;  
Eyes of angels are too dim

To behold the King of kings,  
While they sing eternally  
To the blessed Trinity.

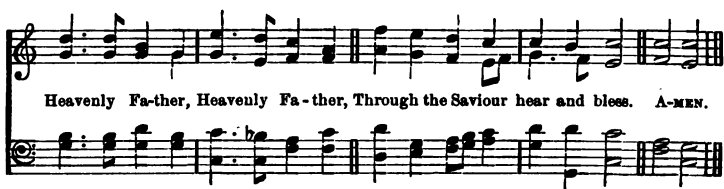
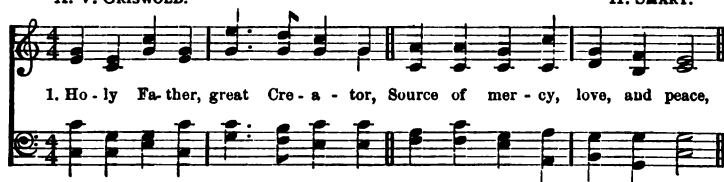
5 Thee, apostles, prophets, Thee,  
Thee, the noble martyr band,  
Praise with solemn jubilee,  
Thee, the Church in every land ;  
Singing everlastingly  
To the blessed Trinity.

6 Alleluia ! Lord, to Thee,  
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
Three in One, and One in Three,  
Join we with the heavenly host,  
Singing everlastingly  
To the blessed Trinity.

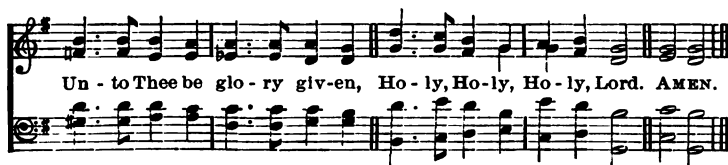
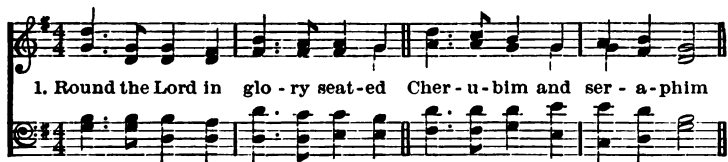


A. V. GRISWOLD.

H. SMART.



- 2 Holy Jesus, Lord of glory,  
 Whom angelic hosts proclaim,  
 While we hear Thy wondrous story,  
 Meet and worship in Thy Name,  
 Dear Redeemer,  
 In our hearts Thy peace proclaim.
- 3 Holy Spirit, Sanctifier,  
 Come with unction from above,  
 Raise our hearts to raptures higher,  
 Fill them with the Saviour's love!  
 Source of comfort,  
 Cheer us with the Saviour's love.
- 4 God the Lord, through every nation  
 Let Thy wondrous mercies shine!  
 In the song of Thy salvation  
 Every tongue and race combine!  
 Great Jehovah,  
 Form our hearts and make them Thine.



2 Heaven is still with glory ringing,  
 Earth takes up the angels' cry,  
 "Holy, Holy, Holy," singing,  
 "Lord of Hosts, the Lord most High."  
 With His seraph train before Him,  
 With His holy Church below,  
 Thus unite we to adore Him,  
 Bid we thus our anthem flow :

3 "Lord, Thy glory fills the heaven,  
 Earth is with Thy fullness stored ;  
 Unto Thee be glory given,  
 Holy, Holy, Holy Lord."  
 Thus Thy glorious Name confessing,  
 With Thine angel hosts we cry  
 "Holy, Holy, Holy," blessing  
 Thee, the Lord of Hosts most high.

## ITALIAN HYMN. 6s, 4s.

C. WESLEY. (?)

F. GIARDINI.

1. Come, Thou al - might - y King, Help us Thy Name to sing,

Help us to praise! Fa - ther all glo - ri - ous, O'er all vic -

to - ri - ous, Come and reign o - ver us, An - cient of days! A - MEN.

2 Come, Thou Incarnate Word,  
Gird on Thy mighty sword;  
Our prayer attend!  
Come, and Thy people bless;  
Come, give Thy word success;  
'Stablish Thy righteousness,  
Saviour and Friend!

3 Come, Holy Comforter,  
Thy sacred witness bear,  
In this glad hour!  
Thou, Who almighty art,  
Now rule in every heart,  
And ne'er from us depart,  
Spirit of power!

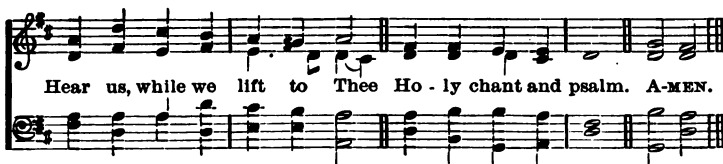
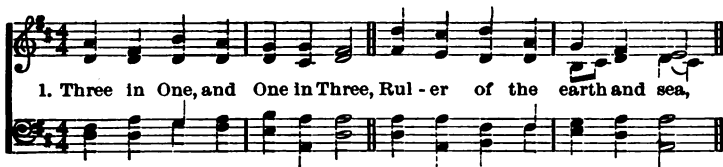
4 To Thee, great One in Three,  
The highest praises be,  
Hence evermore;  
Thy sovereign majesty  
May we in glory see,  
And to eternity  
Love and adore.

389

G. RORISON.

CAPETOWN. 78, 5.

F. FILITZ.



2 Light of lights! with morning-  
Lift on us Thy light divine; [shine,  
And let charity benign  
Breathe on us her balm.

Fold us in the peace of heaven ;  
Shed a holy calm.

3 Light of lights! when falls the even,  
Let it close on sin forgiven ;

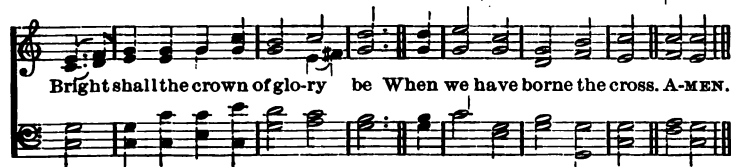
4 Three in One, and One in Three,  
Dimly here we worship Thee ;  
With the saints hereafter we  
Hope to bear the palm.

390

H. W. BAKER.

LABAN. S. M.

L. MASON.



2 Keen was the trial once,  
Bitter the cup of woe, [blood,  
When martyred saints, baptized in  
Christ's sufferings shared below.

4 Lord, may that grace be ours,  
Like them in faith to bear  
All that of sorrow, grief, or pain  
May be our portion here :

3 Bright is their glory now,  
Boundless their joy above,  
Where, on the bosom of their God,  
They rest in perfect love.

5 Enough if Thou at last  
The word of blessing give,  
And let us rest beneath Thy feet,  
Where saints and angels live.

391

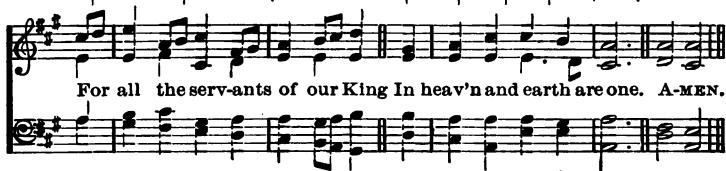
C. WESLEY.

BRISTOL. C. M.

E. HODGES.



1. Let saints on earth in con - cert sing With those whose work is done;



For all the serv - ants of our King In heav'n and earth are one. A-MEN.

2 One family, we dwell in Him,  
One Church, above, beneath;  
Though now divided by the stream,  
The narrow stream of death.

4 E'en now to their eternal home  
There pass some spirits blest;  
While others to the margin come,  
Waiting their call to rest.

3 One army of the living God,  
To His command we bow; [flood,  
Part of the host have crossed the  
And part are crossing now.

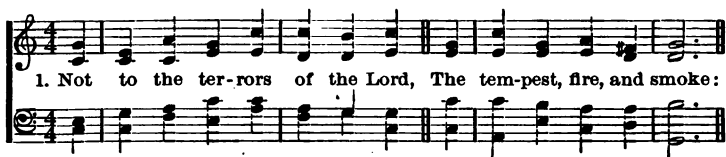
5 Jesus, be Thou our constant guide;  
Then, when the word is given,  
Bid Jordan's narrow stream divide,  
And bring us safe to heaven.

392

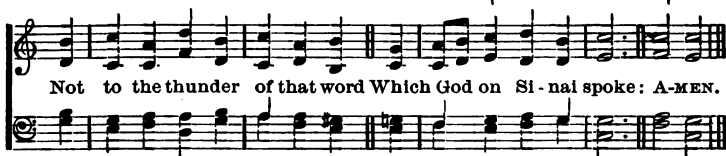
I. WATTS.

ST. ANN'S. C. M.

W. CROFT.



1. Not to the ter - rors of the Lord, The tem - pest, fire, and smoke:



Not to the thunder of that word Which God on Si - nai spoke: A-MEN.

2 But we are come to Sion's hill,  
The city of our God;  
Where milder words declare His  
will,  
And spread His love abroad.

4 Behold the blest assembly there  
Whose names are writ in heaven;  
Hear God, the Judge of all, declare  
Their sins, through Christ, for -  
given.

3 Behold the innumerable host  
angels clothed in light:  
'd the spirits of the just,  
whose faith is changed to sight.

5 Angels, and living saints, and dead,  
But one communion make:  
All join in Christ, their living Head,  
And of His love partake.

398

## BEMERTON. C. M.

Anon.

H. W. GREATOREX.

1. Lo! what a cloud of wit-ness-es En-com-pass us a-round!

Men once like us with suffering tried, But now with glory crowned. A-MEN.

- 2 Let us, with zeal like theirs  
inspired,  
Strive in the Christian race;  
And, freed from every weight of  
sin,  
Their holy footsteps trace.
- 3 Behold a Witness nobler still,  
Who trod affliction's path;  
Jesus, the author, finisher,  
Rewarder of our faith.
- 4 He, for the joy before Him set,  
And moved by pitying love,  
Endured the cross, despised the  
shame,  
And now He reigns above.
- 5 Thither, forgetting things behind,  
Press we to God's right hand;  
There, with the Saviour and His  
saints,  
Triumphantly to stand.

398

## MANOAH. C. M.

Anon.

SECOND TUNE.

F. J. HAYDN.

1. Lo! what a cloud of wit-ness-es En-com-pass us a-round!

Men once like us with suffering tried, But now with glory crowned. A-MEN.

F. W. FABER.

J. BARNEY.

1. O Par - a - dise, O Par - a - dise, Who doth not crave for rest?

Who would not seek the hap - py land Where they that loved are blest ;

Where loy - al hearts, and true,  
Where loy - - al hearts, and true, Stand ev - er in the light,

All rapture, through and through, In God's most ho - ly sight? A - MEN.

2 O Paradise, O Paradise,  
The world is growing old ;  
Who would not be at rest and free  
Where love is never cold?  
Where loyal hearts, etc.

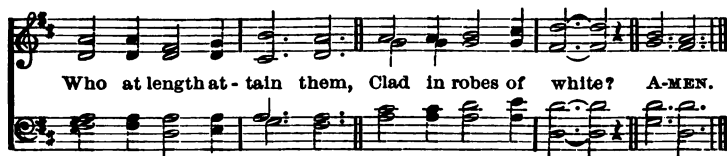
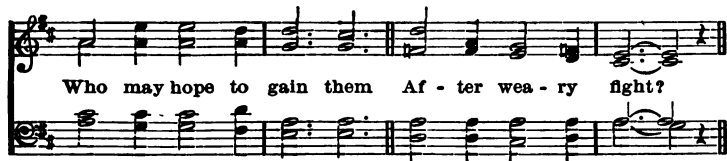
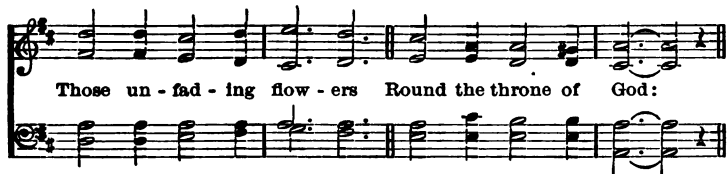
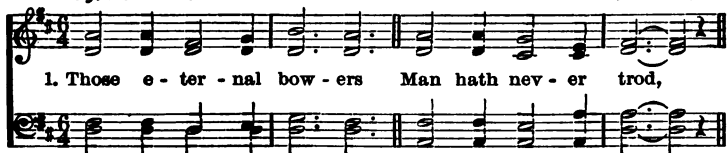
4 O Paradise, O Paradise,  
We shall not wait for long ;  
E'en now the loving ear may catch  
Faint fragments of thy song ;  
Where loyal hearts, etc.

3 O Paradise, O Paradise,  
We long to sin no more ;  
long to be as pure on earth  
on thy spotless shore ;  
Where loyal hearts, etc.

5 Lord Jesus, King of Paradise,  
Oh, keep us in Thy love,  
And guide us to that happy land  
Of perfect rest above ;  
Where loyal hearts, etc.

Tr. J. M. NEALE.

E. BARKER.



2 He who wakes from slumber  
At the Spirit's voice,  
Daring here to number  
Things unseen his choice:  
He who casts his burden  
Down at Jesus' cross;  
Christ's reproach his guerdon,  
All beside but loss.

3 He who gladly barter  
All on earthly ground;  
He who, like the martyrs,  
Says, "I will be crowned:"  
He whose one oblation  
Is a life of love,  
Knit in God's salvation  
To the blest above.

4 Shame upon you, legions  
Of the heavenly King,  
Citizens of regions  
Past imagining!  
What, with pipe and tabor  
Dream away the light!  
When He bids you labor,  
When He tells you, "Fight?"

5 Jesu, Lord of glory,  
As we breast the tide,  
Whisper Thou the story  
Of the other side;  
Where the saints are casting  
Crowns before Thy feet,  
Safe for everlasting,  
In Thyself complete.

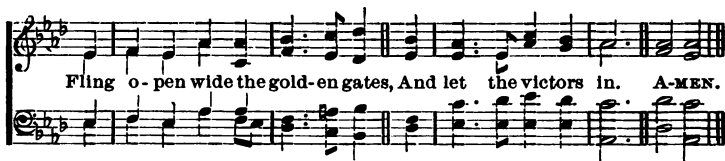
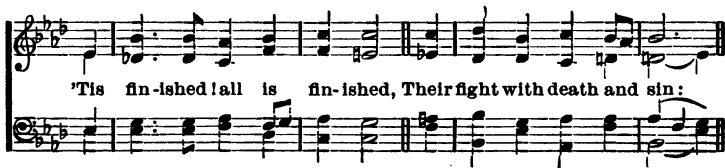
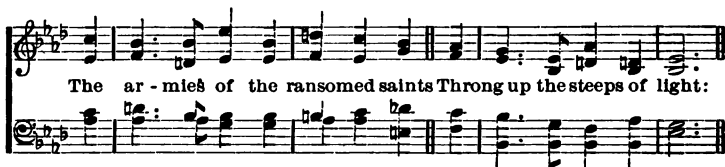
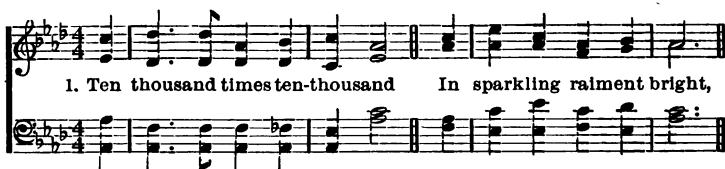


396

H. ALFORD.

ALFORD. 7, 6, 8, 6. D.

J. B. DYKES.



2 What rush of alleluias  
Fills all the earth and sky!  
What ringing of a thousand harps  
Bespeaks the triumph nigh!  
O day, for which creation  
And all its tribes were made!  
O joy, for all its former woes  
A thousand-fold repaid!

3 Oh, then what raptured greetings  
On Canaan's happy shore! [up,  
What knitting severed friendships  
Where partings are no more!  
Then eyes with joy shall sparkle  
That brimmed with tears of late;  
Orphans no longer fatherless,  
Nor widows desolate.

4 Bring near Thy great salvation,  
Thou Lamb for sinners slain;  
Fill up the roll of Thine elect,  
Then take Thy power and reign!  
Appear, Desire of nations!  
Thine exiles long for home:  
Show in the heavens Thy promised sign!  
Thou Prince and Saviour, come!

## O QUANTA QUALIA. 108.

Tr. J. M. NEALE.

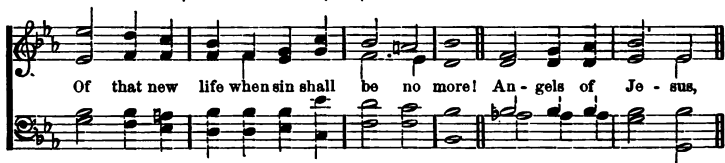
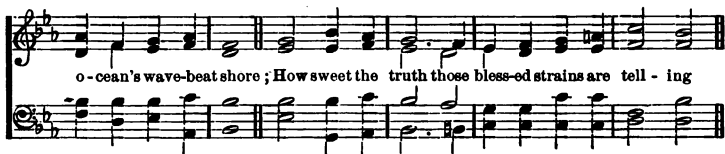
Arr. J. B. DYKES.

1. Oh, what the joy and the glo - ry must be, Those endless Sabbaths the  
 bless - ed ones see! Crown for the val - iant, to wea - ry ones  
 rest; God shall be all, and in all ev - er blest. A-MEN.

- 2 What are the Monarch, His court, and His throne?  
 What are the peace and the joy that they own?  
 Oh, that the blest ones, who in it have share,  
 All that they feel could as fully declare!
- 3 Truly Jerusalem name we that shore,  
 Vision of peace, that brings joy evermore;  
 Wish and fulfilment can severed be ne'er,  
 Nor the thing prayed for come short of the prayer.
- 4 There, where no troubles distraction can bring,  
 We the sweet anthems of Sion shall sing;  
 While for Thy grace, Lord, their voices of praise  
 Thy blessed people eternally raise.
- 5 There dawns no Sabbath, no Sabbath is o'er,  
 Those Sabbath-keepers have one evermore;  
 One and unending is that triumph-song  
 Which to the angels and us shall belong.
- 6 Now, in the meanwhile, with hearts raised on high,  
 We for that country must yearn and must sigh;  
 Seeking Jerusalem, dear native land,  
 Through our long exile on Babylon's strand.
- 7 Low before Him with our praises we fall,  
 Of Whom, and in Whom, and through Whom are all;  
 Of Whom, the Father; and in Whom, the Son;  
 Through Whom, the Spirit, with Them ever One.

F. W. FABER.

H. SMART.



- 2 Onward we go, for still we hear them singing,  
 "Come, weary souls, for Jesus bids you come;"  
 And through the dark, its echoes sweetly ringing,  
 The music of the Gospel leads us home — REF.
- 3 Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing,  
 The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and sea,  
 And laden souls by thousands meekly stealing,  
 Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to Thee. — REF.
- 4 Rest comes at length, though life be long and dreary,  
 The day must dawn, and darksome night be past;  
 Faith's journeys end in welcome to the weary,  
 And heaven, the heart's true home, will come at last. — REF.
- 5 Angels, sing on! your faithful watches keeping;  
 Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above;  
 Till morning's joy shall end the night of weeping,  
 And life's long shadows break in cloudless love. — REF.

GENERAL.

398

SAUNDERS. II, 108, 9, II.

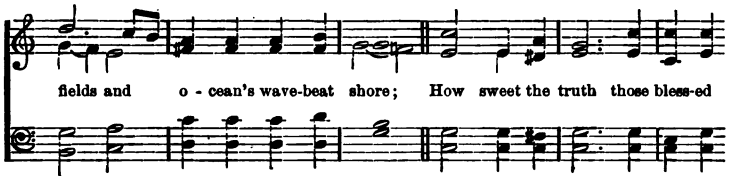
F. W. FABER.

SECOND TUNE.

H. P. MAIN.



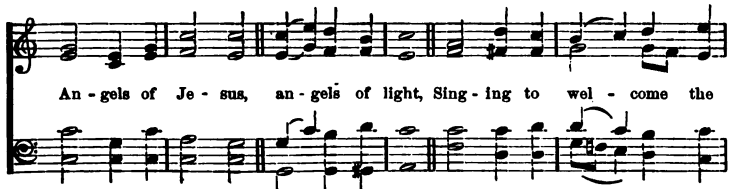
1. Hark! hark, my soul! An - gel - ic songs are swell - ing O'er earth's green



fields and o - cean's wave-beat shore; How sweet the truth those bless-ed



strains are tell - ing Of that new life when sin shall be no more.



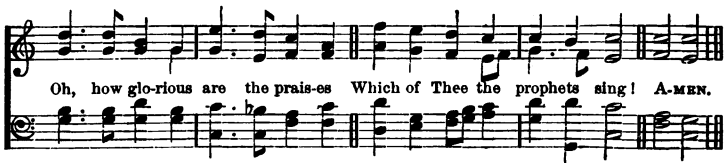
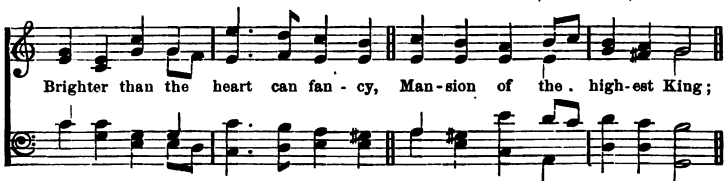
An - gels of Je - sus, an - gels of light, Sing - ing to wel - come the



pilgrims of the night, Sing-ing to wel-come the pilgrims of the night. A-MEN.

Tr. J. M. NEALE.

H. SMART.



- 2 There forever and forever  
Alleluia is outpoured;  
For unending, for unbroken  
Is the feast-day of the Lord;  
All is pure and all is holy  
That within Thy walls is stored.
- 3 There no cloud nor passing vapor  
Dims the brightness of the air;  
Endless noon-day, glorious noon-day,  
From the Sun of suns is there;  
There no night brings rest from labor,  
For unknown are toil and care.
- 4 Oh, how glorious and resplendent,  
Fragile body, shalt thou be,  
When endued with so much beauty,  
Full of health, and strong, and free,  
Full of vigor, full of pleasure  
That shall last eternally!
- 5 Now with gladness, now with courage,  
Bear the burden on thee laid,  
That hereafter these thy labors  
May with endless gifts be paid,  
And in everlasting glory  
Thou with brightness be arrayed.

## GENERAL.

400

Tr. J. M. NEALE.

ORIEL. 8s, 7s. 6 lines.

W. H. MONK.



- 2 From celestial realms descending,  
 Bridal glory round thee shed,  
 Meet for Him Whose love espoused thee,  
 To thy Lord shalt thou be led;  
 All thy streets, and all thy bulwarks  
 Of pure gold are fashioned.
- 3 Bright thy gates of pearl are shining,  
 They are open evermore;  
 And by virtue of His merits  
 Thither faithful souls do soar,  
 Who for Christ's dear Name, in this world  
 Pain and tribulation bore.
- 4 Many a blow and biting sculpture  
 Polished well those stones elect,  
 In their places now compacted  
 By the heavenly Architect,  
 Who therewith hath willed forever  
 That His palace should be decked.
- 5 Laud and honor to the Father,  
 Laud and honor to the Son,  
 Laud and honor to the Spirit,  
 Ever Three, and ever One,  
 Consubstantial, Co-eternal,  
 While unending ages run.

## GENERAL.

401

Tr. I. WILLIAMS.

ST. ALPHEGE. 7s, 6s.

H. J. GAUNTLETT.

1. O heavenly Je - ru - sa - lem, Of ev - er - last - ing halls,  
Thrice bless - ed are the peo - ple Thou stor - est in thy walls. A - MEN.

2 Thou art the golden mansion,  
Where saints forever sing,  
The seat of God's own chosen,  
The palace of the king.

3 There God forever sitteth,  
Himself of all the crown;  
The Lamb, the Light that shineth,  
And never goeth down.

4 Naught to this seat approacheth  
Their sweet peace to molest;

They sing their God forever,  
Nor day nor night they rest.

5 Sure hope doth thither lead us;  
Our longings thither tend;  
May short-lived toll ne'er daunt us  
For joys that cannot end.

6 To Christ, the Sun that lightens  
His Church above, below;  
To Father, and to Spirit  
All things created bow.

402

J. MONTGOMERY.

SOUTHWELL. C. M.

H. S. IRONS.

1. Je - ru - sa - lem, my hap - py home, Name ev - er dear to me,  
When shall my la - bors have an end In joy, and peace, and thee? A - MEN.

2 When shall these eyes thy heaven-  
built walls  
And pearly gates behold?  
Thy bulwarks, with salvation strong,  
And streets of shining gold?

3 There happier bowers than Eden's  
bloom,  
Nor sin nor sorrow know:  
Blest seats! through rude and stormy  
scenes  
I onward press to you.

4 Why should I shrink from pain and  
Or feel at death dismay? [woe,  
I've Canaan's goodly land in view,  
And realms of endless day.

5 Apostles, martyrs, prophets, there  
Around my Saviour stand;  
And soon my friends in Christ below  
Will join the glorious band.

6 Jerusalem, my happy home,  
My soul still pants for thee;  
Then shall my labors have an end,  
When I thy joys shall see.

408

## MATERNA. C. M. D.

D. DICKSON?

S. A. WARD.

1. O Moth-er dear, Je - ru - sa - lem, When shall I come to Thee?

When shall my sor-rows have an end? Thy joys when shall I see?

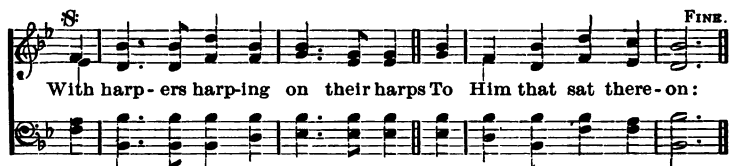
2. O hap - py har - bor of God's saints! O sweet and pleasant soil!

In thee no sor-row can be found, Nor grief, nor care, nor toil. A-MEN.

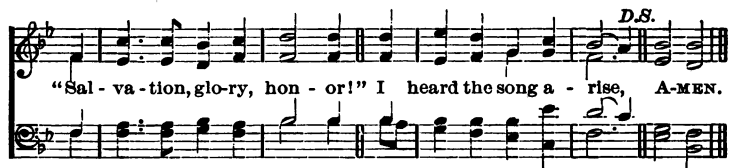
Copyright, 1875, by S. A. Ward.

- 3 No murky cloud o'ershadows thee, 6 Right through thy streets, with silver  
Nor gloom, nor darksome night; The living waters flow, [sound,  
But every soul shines as the sun; And on the banks, on either side,  
For God Himself gives light. The trees of life do grow.
- 4 O my sweet home, Jerusalem, 7 Those trees for evermore bear fruit,  
Thy joys when shall I see? And evermore do spring:  
The King that sitteth on thy throne There evermore the angels are,  
In His felicity? And evermore do sing.
- 5 Thy gardens and thy goodly walks 8 Jerusalem, my happy home,  
Continually are green, [flowers Would God I were in Thee!  
Where grow such sweet and pleasant Would God my woes were at an end,  
As nowhere else are seen. Thy joys that I might see!





*D.S.*—As through the courts of heaven it rolled In wondrous har-mo-nies.



2 From every clime and kindred,  
And nations from afar,  
As serried ranks returning home  
In triumph from a war,  
I heard the saints upraising,  
The myriad hosts among, [lives,  
In praise of Him Who died and  
Their one glad triumph-song.

4 And there no sun was needed,  
Nor moon to shine by night,  
God's glory did enlighten all,  
The Lamb Himself, the light;  
And there His servants serve Him,  
And, life's long battle o'er,  
Enthroned with Him, their Saviour,  
They reign for evermore. [King,

3 I saw the holy city,  
The New Jerusalem, [adorned  
Come down from heaven, a bride  
With jewelled diadem;  
The flood of crystal waters  
Flowed down the golden street;  
And nations brought their honors  
And laid them at her feet. [there,

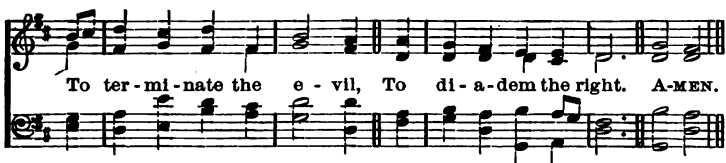
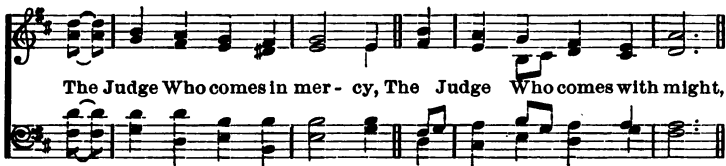
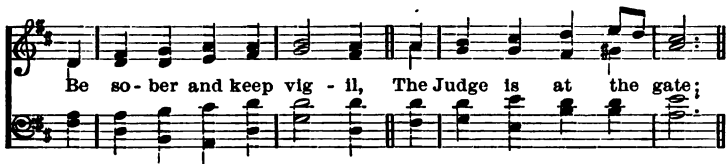
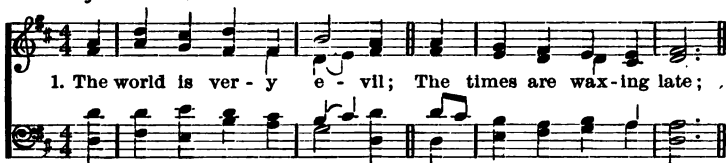
5 O great and glorious vision !  
The Lamb upon His throne;  
O wondrous sight for man to see !  
The Saviour with His own:  
To drink the living waters  
And stand upon the shore,  
Where neither sorrow, sin, nor  
Shall ever enter more. [death

6 O Lamb of God Who reignest !  
Thou Bright and Morning Star,  
Whose glory lightens that new earth  
Which now we see from far !  
O worthy Judge eternal !  
When Thou dost bid us come,  
Then open wide the gates of pearl,  
And call Thy servants home.

Tr. J. M. NEALE.

PART I.

German.



2 Arise, arise, good Christian,  
Let right to wrong succeed;  
Let penitential sorrow  
To heavenly gladness lead:  
To the home of fadeless splendor,  
Of flowers that bear no thorn,  
Where they shall dwell as children  
Who here as exiles mourn;

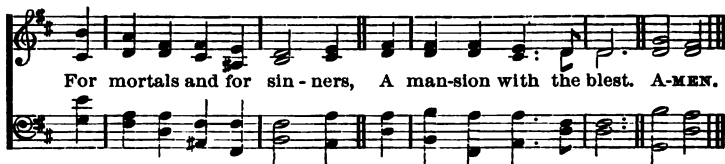
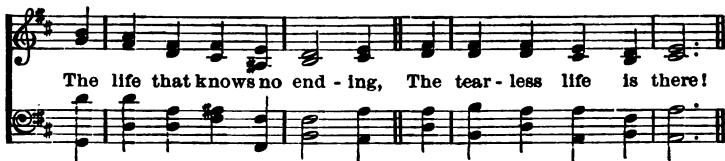
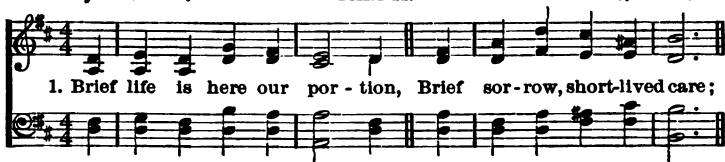
3 'Mid power that knows no limit,  
And wisdom free from bound,  
Where rests a peace untroubled,  
Peace holy and profound.  
O happy, holy portion,  
Refection for the blest,  
True vision of true beauty,  
Sweet cure for all distrest!

4 Thou hast no shore, fair ocean!  
Thou hast no time, bright day!  
Dear fountain of refreshment  
To pilgrims far away!  
Strive, man, to win that glory;  
Toil, man, to gain that light;  
Send hope before to grasp it,  
Till hope be lost in sight.

Tr. J. M. NEALE.

PART II.

A. EWING.



- 2 There grief is turned to pleasure ;  
 Such pleasure as below  
 No human voice can utter,  
 No human heart can know ;  
 And after fleshly weakness,  
 And after this world's night,  
 And after storm and whirlwind,  
 Are calm, and joy, and light.
- 4 And now we watch and struggle,  
 And now we live in hope,  
 And Sion in her anguish,  
 With Babylon must cope ;  
 But there is David's fountain,  
 And life in fullest glow ;  
 And there the light is golden,  
 And milk and honey flow.
- 3 And now we fight the battle,  
 But then shall wear the crown  
 Of full and everlasting  
 And passionless renown ;  
 And He Whom now we trust in,  
 Shall then be seen and known,  
 They that know and see Him,  
 I have Him for their own.
- 5 The morning shall awaken,  
 The shadows flee away,  
 And each true-hearted servant  
 Shall shine as doth the day ;  
 For God our King and portion,  
 In fullness of His grace,  
 We then shall see forever,  
 And worship face to face.

## GENERAL.

407

## ST. ALPHEGE. 7s, 6. D.

Tr. J. M. NEALE.

PART III.

H. J. GAUNTLETT.

1. { For thee, O dear, dear coun-try, Mine eyes their vig - ils keep;  
The men-tion of thy glo - ry Is unc-tion to the breast,

For ve - ry love be - hold-ing Thy ho - ly name, they weep. } A-MEN.  
And med - i - cine in sickness, And love, and life, and rest. }

- 2 O one, O only mansion!  
O Paradise of joy!  
Where tears are ever banished  
And smiles have no alloy;  
Thy loveliness oppresses  
All human thought and heart,  
And none, O Peace, O Sion,  
Can sing thee as thou art.
- Thine ageless walls are bonded  
With amethyst unpriced;  
The saints build up thy fabric,  
And the corner stone is Christ.
- 3 With jaspers glow thy bulwarks,  
Thy streets with emeralds blaze;  
The sardius and the topaz  
Unite in thee their rays;
- 4 The cross is all thy splendor,  
The Crucified thy praise;  
His laud and benediction  
Thy ransomed people raise:  
Upon the Rock of Ages  
They build thy holy tower;  
Thine is the victor's laurel,  
And thine the golden dower.

408

## LE JEUNE. 7s, 6s. D. With Refrain.

Tr. J. M. NEALE.

PART IV.

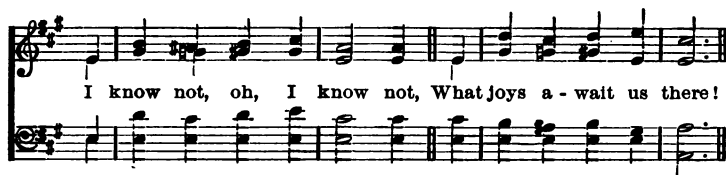
G. F. LE JEUNE.

\* 1. Je - ru - sa - lem, the gold - en! With milk and hon - ey blest;

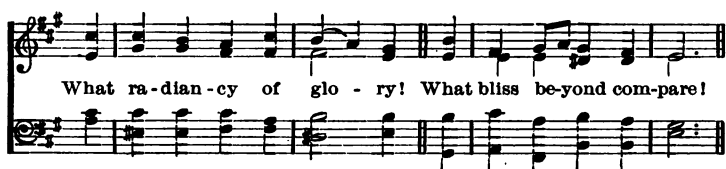
Be - neath thy con - tem - pla - tion Sink heart and voice op - prest.

\* May be sung to *Ewing* No. 406.

GENERAL.



I know not, oh, I know not, What joys a - wait us there!



What ra-dian-cy of glo - ry! What bliss be-yond com-pare!



Je - ru - - - - sa - lem, the gold-en!

Je - ru - sa - lem, the gold - en! With milk and hon-ey blest;



Be-neath

Be-neath thy contem-pla - tion Sink heart and voice opprest. A-MEN.

2 They stand, those halls of Sion,  
All jubilant with song,  
And bright with many an angel,  
And all the martyr throng.  
The Prince is ever in them,  
The daylight is serene;  
The pastures of the blessed  
Are decked in glorious sheen.

3 There is the throne of David;  
And there, from care released,  
The shout of them that triumph,  
The song of them that feast.  
And they, who with their Leader,

Have conquered in the fight,  
Forever and forever  
Are clad in robes of white.

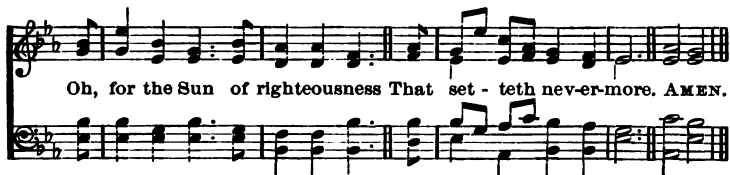
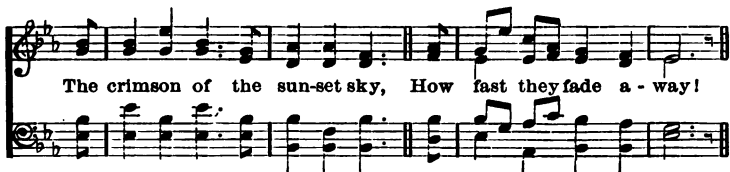
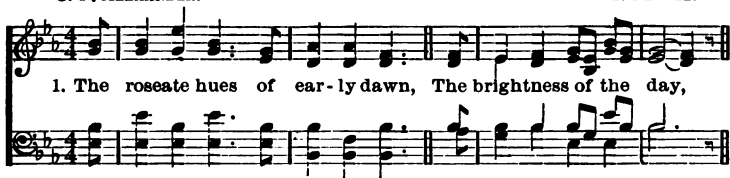
The following may be sung also at the end of the other parts preceding.

4 O sweet and blessed country,  
The home of God's elect?  
O sweet and blessed country,  
That eager hearts expect!  
Jesu, in mercy bring us  
To that dear land of rest!  
Who art, with God the Father,  
And Spirit, ever blest.

## BRATTLE STREET. C. M. D.

C. F. ALEXANDER.

I. PLEVEL.



2 The highest hopes we cherish here,  
 How fast they tire and faint!  
 How many a spot defiles the robe  
 That wraps an earthly saint!  
 Oh, for a heart that never sins!  
 Oh, for a soul washed white!  
 Oh, for a voice to praise our King,  
 Nor weary day nor night!

3 Here faith is ours, and heavenly hope,  
 And grace to lead us higher;  
 But there are perfectness, and peace,  
 Beyond our best desire.  
 Oh, by Thy love and anguish, Lord,  
 And by Thy life laid down,  
 Grant that we fall not from Thy grace,  
 Nor cast away our crown!

410

J. KEBLE.

CAMBRIDGE. S. M.

R. HARRISON.



1. Blest are the pure in heart, For they shall see our God; The  
se - cret of the Lord is theirs; Their soul is Christ's a-bode. A-MEN.

2 The Lord, Who left the heavens  
Our life and peace to bring,  
To dwell in lowliness with men  
Their pattern and their King:

And for His dwelling and His throne  
Chooseth the pure in heart.

3 He to the lowly soul  
Doth still Himself impart;

4 Lord, we Thy presence seek;  
May ours this blessing be;  
Give us a pure and lowly heart,  
A temple meet for Thee.

411

Anon.

TENDERNESS. 6-7s.

H. P. MAIN.  
FINE.


1. Shepherd, with Thy tenderest love, Guide me to Thy fold a-bove. Let me  
D.C.—From Thy full - ness grace re-ceive, Ev - er in Thy Spir - it live.

hear Thy gen-tle voice; More and more in Thee re-joice; A-MEN.

Copyright, 1897, by Hubert P. Main.

2 Filled by Thee my cup o'erflows,  
For Thy love no limit knows;  
Guardian angels, ever nigh,  
Lead and draw my soul on high:  
Constant to my latest end,  
Thou my footsteps wilt attend.

3 Jesus, with Thy presence blest,  
Death is life, and labor rest;  
Guide me while I draw my breath;  
Guard me through the gate of death,  
And at last, oh, let me stand  
With the sheep at Thy right hand!

412

## DOMINUS REGIT ME. 8s, 7s. Pec.

H. W. BAKER.

J. B. DYKES.

1. The King of love my Shep-herd is, Whose good-ness fall-eth nev-er;  
I noth-ing lack if I am His, And He is mine for-ev-er. A-MEN.

- 2 Where streams of living water flow Thy rod and staff, my comfort still,  
My ransomed soul He leadeth, Thy cross before to guide me.  
And, where the verdant pastures grow,  
With food celestial feedeth.
- 3 Perverse and foolish oft I stayed, Thy unction grace bestoweth;  
But yet in love He sought me, And oh, what transport of delight  
And on His shoulder gently laid, From Thy pure chalice floweth!
- 4 In death's dark vale I fear no ill 5 And so through all the length of  
With Thee, dear Lord, beside me; Thy goodness faileth never: [days,  
Good Shepherd, may I sing Thy  
praise  
Within Thy house forever.

413

G. RAWSON.

## WREFORD. 8, 6, 8, 4.

E. S. CARTER.

1. The God of love my Shepherd is, My gra-cious, constant guide;  
I shall not want, for I am His: In all sup-plied. A-MEN.

- 2 In His green pastures do I feed, Thy rod and staff dispel my dread;  
And there lie down at will; I feel Thee near.  
He leads me in my thirsty need  
By waters still.
- 3 His tenderness restores my soul, 5 Thou spread'st my table 'mid my  
When sick and faint I roam; The oil of grace is mine; [foes;  
Shows the right path and makes me My cup with mercy overflows,  
Bearing me home. [whole, And love divine.
- 4 Yea! the dark valley when I tread, 6 Goodness and mercy all my days  
No evil will I fear; My constant song shall be,  
Till heavenly anthems fill with praise  
Eternity.



## GENERAL.

414

Tr. P. WILLIAMS. NETTLETON. 8s, 7s. D.

J. WYETH.

FINE.

1. { Guide me, O Thou great Je - ho - vah, Pil-grim through this bar - ren land, }  
 { I am weak, but Thou art might - y: Hold me with Thy power-ful hand. }

*D.C.* - Let the fier - y, cloud-y pil - lar Lead me all my jour - ney through.

2. O - pen now the crys-tal fountains Whence the liv - ing wa-ters flow. A - MEN.

*D.C.*

3 Feed me with the heavenly manna  
 In this barren wilderness;  
 Be my sword, and shield, and banner,  
 Be the Lord my Righteousness.

4 When I tread the verge of Jordan,  
 Bid my anxious fears subside;  
 Death of death, and hell's destruction,  
 Land me safe on Canaan's side.

415

J. MONTGOMERY.

STOCKWELL. 8s, 7s.

D. E. JONES.

1. Call Je - ho - vah thy sal - va - tion, Rest be-neath th' Almighty's shade;

In His se - cret hab - it - a - tion Dwell, and nev - er be dis - mayed. A - MEN.

2 There no tumult can alarm thee,  
 Thou shalt dread no hidden snare;  
 Guile nor violence can harm thee,  
 In eternal safeguard there.

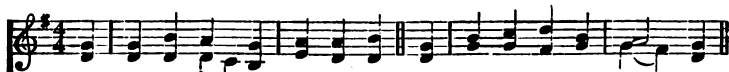
3 God shall charge His angel legions  
 Watch and ward o'er thee to keep:  
 Though thou walk through hostile  
 regions,  
 'hough in desert wilds thou sleep.

4 Since, with pure and firm affec-  
 tion,  
 Thou on God hast set thy love,  
 With the wings of His protection,  
 He will shield thee from above.


5 Thou shalt call on Him in trouble,  
 He will hearken, He will save;  
 Here for grief reward thee double,  
 Crown with life beyond the grave.

Tr. H. J. BUCKOLL.

J. KLVG.




1. A tower of strength our God doth stand, A shield and sure defend - er:



True help from all our woes, His hand Thro' life doth free-ly ren - der.



Our foe hath fixed his pur - pose fell, With might and craft he's



armed full well, On earth is not his fel - low. A - MEN.

2 With force of arms we nothing can:  
Full soon were we o'erridden:  
But for us fights the goodly Man  
Whom God Himself hath bidden.  
Ask ye His Name? 'Tis Christ our  
Lord,  
The God of Hosts alone adored,  
Our Champion, none dare brave Him.

3 Should hell's whole legion round us  
press,  
All banded to devour us,  
Yet this should work us good success,

Nor fear e'en then o'erpower us:  
Though this world's prince look  
fierce and bold,  
It matters not, his doom is told,  
A single word can foil him.

4 Our foes must let the Word stand sure;  
No thanks for this they're reaping;  
God's Spirit in His way secure,  
God's grace our souls is keeping;  
Those foes may spoil all earthly bliss;  
Let be! they win no gain from this,  
God's kingdom still is left us.

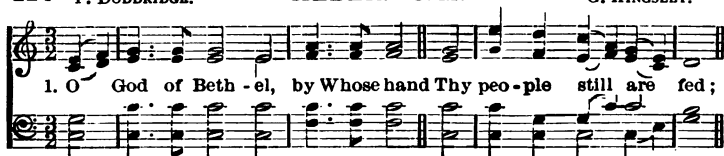
## GENERAL.

417

P. DODDRIDGE.

HEBER. C. M.

G. KINGSLEY.



2 Our vows, our prayers, we now 4 Oh, spread Thy sheltering wings  
present around,

Before Thy throne of grace :  
God of our fathers, be the God  
Of their succeeding race.

Till all our wanderings cease,  
And at our Father's loved abode  
Oqr souls arrive in peace!

3 Through each perplexing path of 5 Such blessings from Thy gracious  
life hand

Our wandering footsteps guide ;  
Give us each day our daily bread,  
And raiment fit provide.

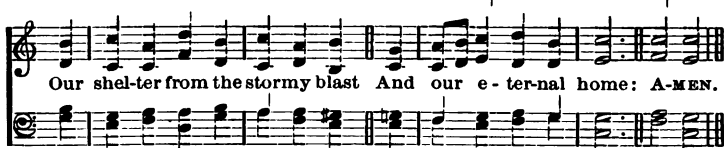
Our humble prayers implore ;  
And Thou shalt be our chosen God,  
And portion evermore.

418

I. WATTS.

ST. ANN'S. C. M.

W. CROFT.



2 Under the shadow of Thy throne  
Thy saints have dwelt secure ;  
Sufficient is Thine arm alone,  
And our defense is sure.

Short as the watch that ends the  
Before the rising sun. [night

3 Before the hills in order stood,  
Or earth received her frame,  
From everlasting Thou art God,  
To endless years the same.

5 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,  
Bears all its sons away ;  
They fly, forgotten, as a dream  
Dies at the opening day.

thousand ages in Thy sight  
Are like an evening gone ;

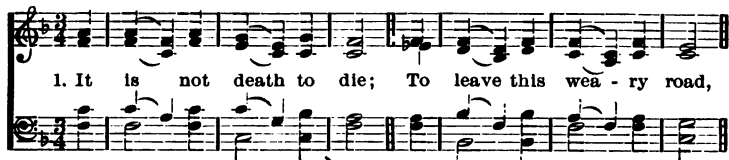
6 O God, our help in ages past,  
Our hope for years to come,  
Be Thou our guide while life shall  
And our eternal home. [last,

419

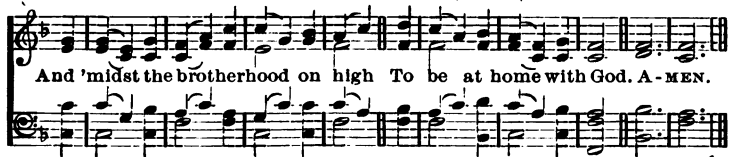
Tr. G. W. BETHUNE.

DENNIS. S. M.

J. G. NÄGELI.



1. It is not death to die; To leave this wea - ry road,



And 'midst the brotherhood on high To be at home with God. A - MEN.

2 It is not death to close  
The eye long dimmed by tears,  
And wake, in glorious repose  
To spend eternal years.

4 It is not death to fling  
Aside this sinful dust,  
And rise, on strong exulting wing,  
To live among the just.

3 It is not death to bear  
The wrench that sets us free  
From dungeon chain, to breathe the  
Of boundless liberty. [air

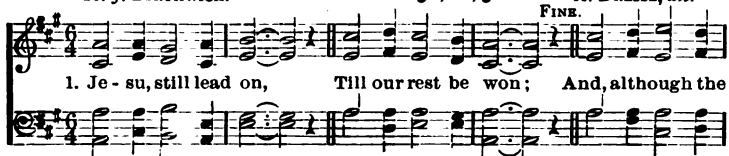
5 Jesus, Thou Prince of life!  
Thy chosen cannot die;  
Like Thee, they conquer in the strife,  
To reign with Thee on high.

420

Tr. J. BORTHWICK.

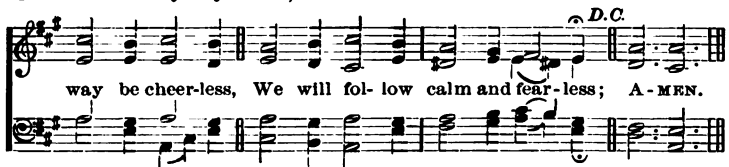
BRADLEY. 5s, 8s, 5s.

A. DRESSER, alt.



1. Je - su, still lead on, Till our rest be won; And, although the

D.C.—Guide us by Thy hand, To our Fa-ther-land.



way be cheer-less, We will fol - low calm and fear-less; A - MEN.

2 If the way be drear,  
If the foe be near,  
Let not faithless fears o'ertake us,  
Let not faith and hope forsake us;  
For through many a woe  
To our home we go.

Make us patient and enduring;  
Show us that bright shore  
Where we weep no more.

3 When we seek relief  
From a long-felt grief:  
When temptations come alluring,

4 Jesu, still lead on,  
Till our rest be won:  
Heavenly Leader, still direct us,  
Still support, console, protect us,  
Till we safely stand  
In our Fatherland.

GENERAL.

421

J. EDMESTON.

GOSS. 8s, 7s, 4s, 7.

J. GOSS.

1. Lead us, heaven-ly Fa-ther, lead us O'er the world's tem-

pest-uous sea; Guard us, guide us, keep us, feed us,

For we have no help but Thee: Yet pos-sess-ing,

Eve-ry bless-ing, If our God our Fa-ther be. A-MEN.

2 Saviour, breathe forgiveness o'er us;  
 All our weakness Thou dost know;  
 Thou didst tread this earth before us;  
 Thou didst feel its keenest woe;  
 Lone and dreary,  
 Faint and weary,  
 Through the desert Thou didst go.

3 Spirit of our God, descending,  
 Fill our hearts with heavenly joy;  
 Love with every passion blending,  
 Pleasure that can never cloy:  
 Thus provided,  
 Pardon'd, guided,  
 Nothing can our peace destroy.

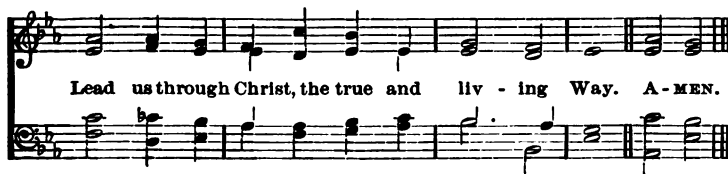
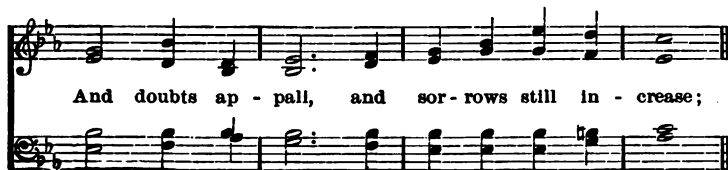
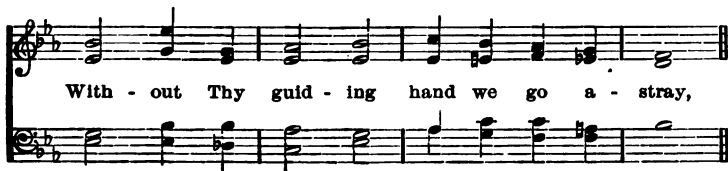
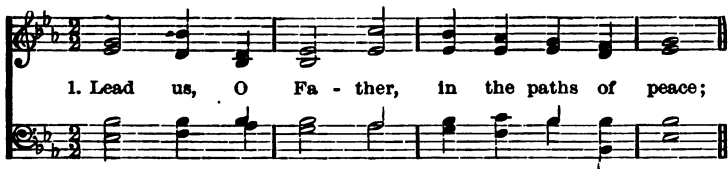
## GENERAL.

422

W. H. BURLEIGH.

CASSIDY. 108.

H. P. MAIN.



- 2 Lead us, O Father, in the paths of truth ;  
Unhelped by Thee, in error's maze we grope,  
While passion stains, and folly dims our youth,  
And age comes on, uncheered by faith and hope.
- 3 Lead us, O Father, in the paths of right ;  
Blindly we stumble when we walk alone,  
Involved in shadows of a darksome night,  
Only with Thee we journey safely on.
- 4 Lead us, O Father, to Thy heavenly rest,  
However rough and steep the path may be,  
Through joy or sorrow, as Thou deemest best,  
Until our lives are perfected in Thee.

423

## LUX BENIGNA. 108, 48, 108.

J. H. NEWMAN.

J. B. DYKES.

1. Lead, kindly Light, a-mid the encircling gloom, Lead Thou me on!

The night is dark, and I am far from home, Lead Thou me on!

Keep Thou my feet! I do not ask to see.....

The dis-tant scene; one step e-nough for me. A - MEN.

2 I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou  
Shouldst lead me on;  
I loved to choose and see my path; but now  
Lead Thou me on!  
I loved the garish day; and, spite of fears,  
Pride ruled my will: remember not past years.

3 So long Thy power has blest me, sure it still  
Will lead me on  
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till  
The night is gone;  
And with the morn those angel faces smile,  
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

1. O Light, Whose beams il - lu - mine all From twi-light dawn to per-fect day,  
Shine Thou be - fore the shad-ows fall, That lead our wandering feet a - stray :  
At morn and eve Thy radiance pour, That youth may love, and age a - dore. A-MEN.

2 O Way, through Whom our souls draw near  
To yon eternal home of peace,  
Where perfect love shall cast out fear,  
And earth's vain toil and wandering cease;  
In strength or weakness may we see  
Our heavenward path, O Lord, through Thee.

3 O Truth, before Whose shrine we bow,  
Thou priceless pearl for all who seek,  
To Thee our earliest strength we vow;  
Thy love will bless the pure and meek;  
When dreams or mists beguile our sight,  
Turn Thou our darkness into light.

4 O Life, the well that ever flows  
To slake the thirst of those that faint,  
Thy power to bless, what seraph knows?  
Thy joy supreme, what words can paint?  
In earth's last hour of fleeting breath  
Be Thou our conqueror over death.

5 O Light, O Way, O Truth, O Life,  
O Jesus, born mankind to save,  
Give Thou Thy peace in deadliest strife;  
Shed Thou Thy calm on stormiest wave;  
Be Thou our hope, our joy, our dread,  
Lord of the living and the dead.

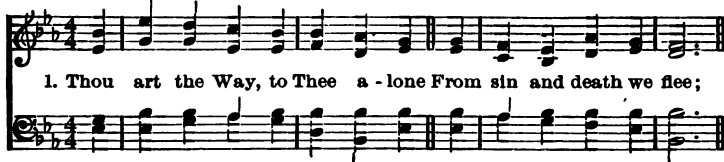


425

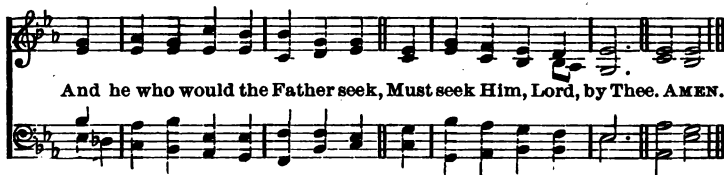
G. W. DOANE.

ST. PETER. C. M.

A. R. REINAGLE.



1. Thou art the Way, to Thee a-lone From sin and death we flee;



And he who would the Father seek, Must seek Him, Lord, by Thee. AMEN.

2 Thou art the Truth, Thy word alone  
True wisdom can impart;  
Thou only canst inform the mind  
And purify the heart.

We may behold Thee as Thou art,  
With full and endless sight.

3 Thou art the Life, the rending tomb  
Proclaims Thy conquering arm;  
And those who put their trust in Thee  
Nor death nor hell shall harm.

427

W. COWPER.

C. M.

1 God moves in a mysterious way  
His wonders to perform:  
He plants His footsteps in the sea,  
And rides upon the storm.

4 Thou art the Way, the Truth, the  
Grant us that way to know, [Life;  
That truth to keep, that life to win,  
Whose joys eternal flow.

2 Deep in unfathomable mines,  
With never-failing skill,  
He treasures up His bright designs,  
And works His sovereign will.

426

H. ALFORD.

C. M.

1 We walk by faith, and not by sight;  
No gracious words we hear  
From Him Who spake as man ne'er  
But we believe Him near. [spake;

3 Ye faithful saints, fresh courage take,  
The clouds ye so much dread  
Are big with mercy, and shall break  
In blessings on your head.

2 We may not touch His hands and  
Nor follow where He trod; [side,  
But in His promise we rejoice,  
And cry, "My Lord and God!"

4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,  
But trust Him for His grace;  
Behind a frowning providence  
He hides a smiling face.

3 Help then, O Lord, our unbelief;  
And may our faith abound,  
To call on Thee when Thou art near,  
And seek where Thou art found:

5 His purposes will ripen fast,  
Unfolding every hour:  
The bud may have a bitter taste,  
But sweet will be the flower.

4 That, when our life of faith is done,  
In realms of clearer light

6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,  
And scan His work in vain;  
God is His own interpreter,  
And He will make it plain.

GENERAL.

428

M. J. COTTERILL.

RETREAT. L. M.

T. HASTINGS.



1. O Thou, Who hast at Thy command The hearts of all men in Thy hand,  
Our wayward, erring hearts incline To have no oth - er will but Thine. A - MEN.

- 2 Our wishes, our desires, control ; When each glad heart its tribute  
Mold every purpose of the soul ; pays  
O'er all may we victorious prove Of love, and gratitude, and praise.
- 3 Thrice blest will all our blessings be, Until the final summons come,  
When we can look through them to That calls Thy willing servants  
Thee ; home.
- 4 And while we to Thy glory live,  
May we to Thee all glory give,  
Until the final summons come,  
That calls Thy willing servants  
home.

429

M. BRIDGES.

COWPER. C. M.

L. MASON.



1. My God, accept my heart this day, And make it always Thine, That I from Thee no  
more may stray, No more from Thee de-cline, No more from Thee de-cline. A - MEN.

- 2 Before the cross of Him Who died, That I may see Thy glorious face,  
Behold, I prostrate fall ; And worship near Thy throne.  
Let every sin be crucified,  
And Christ be all in all.
- 3 Anoint me with Thy heavenly grace  
And seal me for Thine own ;
- 4 Let every thought, and work, and  
To Thee be ever given ; [word,  
Then life shall be Thy service, Lord,  
And death the gate of heaven !

430

Tr. R. PALMER.

HURSLEY. L. M.

P. RITTER.

1. Je - su, Thou joy of lov - ing hearts! Thou Fount of life! Thou Light of men!

From the best bliss that earth imparts We turn unfilled to Thee a - gain. A - MEN.

2 Thy truth unchanged hath ever stood;  
Thou savest those that on Thee  
To them that seek Thee, Thou art good,  
To them that find Thee, all in all.

4 Our restless spirits yearn for Thee,  
Where'er our changeful lot is cast;  
Glad, when Thy gracious smile we  
Blest, when our faith can hold  
Thee fast.

3 We taste Thee, O Thou living Bread!  
And long to feast upon Thee still;  
We drink of Thee, the Fountain Head,  
And thirst from Thee our souls to

5 O Jesu, ever with us stay!  
Make all our moments calm and bright!  
Chase the dark night of sin away!  
Shed o'er the world Thy holy light!

431

H. BONAR.

ST. CECELIA. 6s.

L. G. HAYNE.

1. O love that casts out fear, O love that casts out sin,

Tar - ry no more with - out, But come and dwell with - in! A - MEN.

2 True sunlight of the soul,  
Surround us as we go;  
So shall our way be safe,  
Our feet no straying know.

Thou Living Water, come!  
Spring up, and never cease.

Great love of God come in!  
Well-spring of heavenly peace;

4 Love of the living God,  
Of Father and of Son;  
Love of the Holy Ghost,  
Fill Thou each needy one.

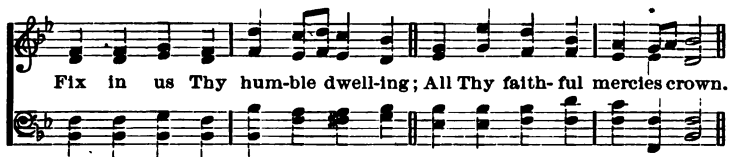
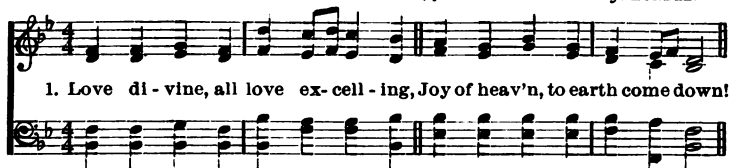
## GENERAL.

432

C. WESLEY.

BEECHER. 8s, 7s. D.

J. ZUNDEL.



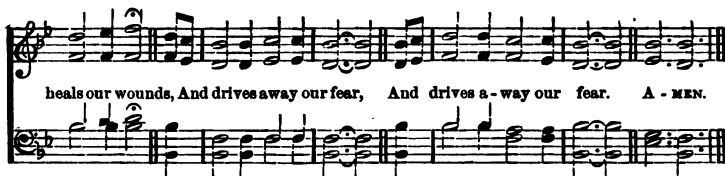
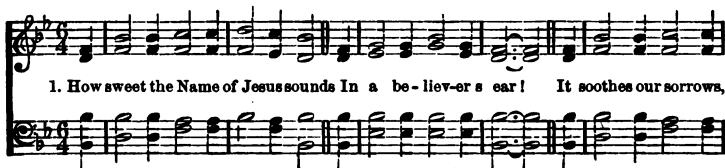
- 3 Come, almighty to deliver,  
Let us all Thy life receive;  
Come to us, dear Lord, and never,  
Never more Thy temples leave.
- 4 Thee we would be alway blessing;  
Serve Thee as Thy hosts above;  
Pray, and praise Thee without ceasing;  
Glory in Thy perfect love.
- 5 Finish then Thy new creation,  
Pure and spotless let us be:  
Let us see our whole salvation,  
Perfectly secured in Thee:
- 6 Changed from glory into glory,  
Till in heaven we take our place:  
Till we cast our crowns before Thee,  
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

438

J. NEWTON.

ORTONVILLE. C. M.

T. HASTINGS.



- 2 It makes the wounded spirit whole, And calms the troubled breast;  
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,  
And to the weary rest.
- 3 Dear Name, the rock on which I build,  
My shield and hiding-place,  
My never-failing treasury, filled  
With boundless stores of grace.
- 4 Jesus! my Shepherd, Guardian,  
Friend,  
My Prophet, Priest, and King,  
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my  
Accept the praise I bring. [End,
- 5 Weak is the effort of my heart,  
And cold my warmest thought:  
But when I see Thee as Thou art,  
I'll praise Thee as I ought.
- 6 Till then I would Thy love proclaim  
With every fleeting breath:  
And may the music of Thy Name  
Refresh my soul in death.
- 2 No voice can sing, no heart can frame,  
Nor can the memory find,  
A sweeter sound than Jesus' Name,  
The Saviour of mankind.
- 3 O hope of every contrite heart,  
O joy of all the meek,  
To those who fall, how kind Thou art!  
How good to those who seek!
- 4 But what to those who find? Ah, this  
Nor tongue nor pen can show;  
The love of Jesus, what it is  
None but his loved ones know.
- 5 Jesu, our only joy be Thou,  
As Thou our prize wilt be;  
In Thee be all our glory now,  
And through eternity.

435

E. MERRICK.

C. M.

- 1 Eternal God, we look to Thee,  
To Thee for help we fly;  
Thine eye alone our wants can see,  
Thy hand alone supply.
- 2 Lord, let Thy fear within us dwell,  
Thy love our footsteps guide:  
That love will all vain love expel;  
That fear all fear beside.
- 3 Not what we wish, but what we want,  
Oh, let Thy grace supply!  
The good unasked in mercy grant;  
The ill, though asked, deny.

434

Tr. E. CASWALL.

C. M.

- 1 Jesu, the very thought of Thee  
With sweetness fills the breast;  
But sweeter far Thy face to see,  
And in Thy presence rest.

436

## MOUNT VERNON. 8s, 7s.

J. S. B. MONSELL.

L. MASON.

1. La - bor - ing and heav - y la - den, Wanting help in time of need,  
Fainting by the way from hunger, "Bread of life!" on Thee we feed. A - MEN.

2 Thirsting for the springs of waters  
That, by love's eternal law,  
From the stricken Rock are flowing,  
"Well of life!" from Thee we draw.

3 In the land of cloud and shadow,  
Where no human eye can see,  
Light to those who sit in darkness,  
"Light of life!" we walk in Thee.

4 Thou the grace of life supplying,  
Thou the crown of life wilt give;  
Dead to sin, and daily dying,  
"Life of life!" in Thee we live.

437

## BENTLEY. 7s, 6s, D.

W. C. DIX.

J. HULLAH.

1. "Come un - to Me, ye wea - ry, And I will give you rest."  
Oh, bless - ed voice of Je - sus, Which comes to hearts op - prest!



It tells of ben - e - dic - tion, Of par-don, grace, and peace,  
Of joy that hath no end - ing, Of love that cannot cease. A-MEN.

2 "Come unto Me, ye wanderers,  
And I will give you light."  
Oh, loving voice of Jesus,  
Which comes to cheer the night!  
Our hearts were filled with sadness,  
And we had lost our way,  
But He has brought us gladness,  
And songs at break of day.

The foe is stern and eager,  
The fight is fierce and long;  
But Thou hast made us mighty,  
And stronger than the strong.

3 "Come unto Me, ye fainting,  
And I will give you life."  
Oh, cheering voice of Jesus,  
Which comes to aid our strife!

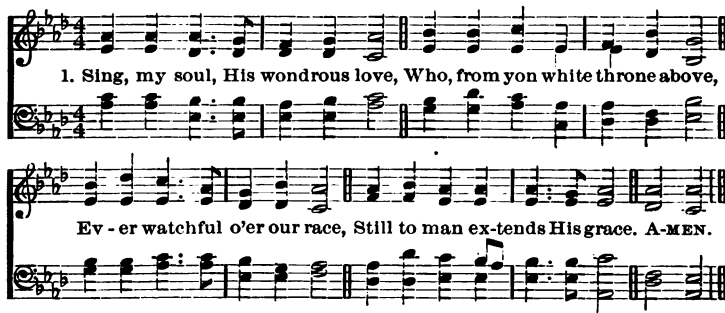
4 "And whosoever cometh,  
I will not cast him out."  
Oh, welcome voice of Jesus,  
Which drives away our doubt!  
Which calls us, very sinners,  
Unworthy though we be  
Of love so free and boundless,  
To come, O Lord, to Thee.

438

Anon.

ST. BEES. 7s.

J. B. DYKES.



1. Sing, my soul, His wondrous love, Who, from yon white throne above,  
Ev - er watchful o'er our race, Still to man ex-tends His grace. A-MEN.

2 Heaven and earth by Him were made;  
All is by His sceptre swayed;  
What are we that He should show  
So much love to us below?

And, to make our safety sure,  
Guides us by His Spirit pure.

3 God, the merciful and good,  
Bought us with the Saviour's blood;

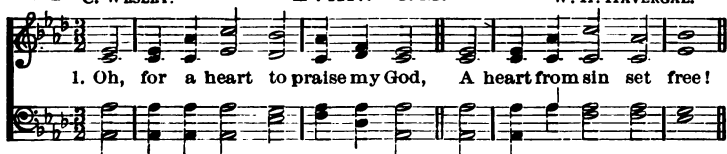
4 Sing, my soul, adore His Name!  
Let His glory be thy theme:  
Praise Him till He calls thee home;  
Trust His love for all to come.

439

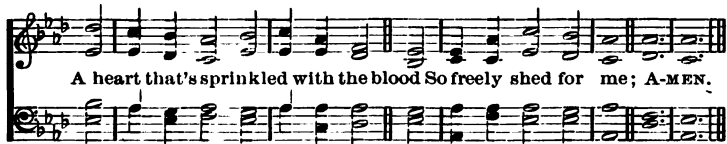
C. WESLEY.

EVAN. C. M.

W. H. HAVERGAL.



1. Oh, for a heart to praise my God, A heart from sin set free!



A heart that's sprinkled with the blood So freely shed for me; A-MEN.

- 2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek, My dear Redeemer's throne,  
Where only Christ is heard to speak,  
Where Jesus reigns alone;
- 3 An humble, lowly, contrite heart,  
Believing, true, and clean;  
Which neither life nor death can part  
From Him that dwells within.
- 4 A heart in every thought renewed,  
And full of love divine,  
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,  
A copy, Lord, of Thine!
- 5 Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart;  
Come quickly from above;  
Write Thy new Name upon my heart,  
Thy new, best Name of Love.
- 4 Hear Him, ye deaf; His praise, ye dumb,  
Your loosened tongues employ;  
Ye blind, behold your Saviour come,  
And leap, ye lame, for joy!
- 5 My gracious Master and my God,  
Assist me to proclaim  
And spread through all the world abroad  
The honors of Thy Name.

441

F. W. FABER.

C. M.

- 1 My God, how wonderful Thou art,  
Thy majesty how bright,  
How beautiful Thy mercy-seat,  
In depths of burning light!
- 2 How dread are Thine eternal years,  
O everlasting Lord;  
By prostrate spirits day and night  
Incessantly adored!
- 3 How wonderful, how beautiful,  
The sight of Thee must be,  
Thine endless wisdom, boundless power,  
And awful purity!
- 4 Oh, how I fear Thee, living God,  
With deepest, tenderest fears,  
And worship Thee with trembling hope,  
And penitential tears!
- 5 Yet I may love Thee too, O Lord,  
Almighty as Thou art,  
For Thou hast stooped to ask of me  
The love of my poor heart.
- 1 Oh, for a thousand tongues to sing  
My blest Redeemer's praise,  
The glories of my God and King,  
The triumphs of His grace!
- 2 Jesus, the Name that charms our fears,  
That bids our sorrows cease;  
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,  
'Tis life, and health, and peace.
- 3 He speaks; and listening to His voice,  
New life the dead receive,  
The mournful, broken hearts rejoice,  
The humble poor believe.

440

C. WESLEY.

C. M.



GENERAL.

442

P. ROBINSON, *alt.*

HEGEMAN. 8s, 7s.

E. J. HOPKINS.

1. Sav-iour, source of ev-ery bless-ing, Tune my heart to grate-ful lays:

Streams of mer-cy, nev-er ceas-ing, Call for ceaseless songs of praise. A-MEN.

2 Teach me some melodious measure,  
Sung by raptured saints above;  
Fill my soul with sacred pleasure,  
While I sing redeeming love.

3 Thou didst seek me when a stranger,  
Wandering from the fold of God;  
Thou, to save my soul from danger,  
Didst redeem me with Thy blood.

4 By Thy hand restored, defended,  
Safe through life thus far I've come:  
Safe, O Lord, when life is ended,  
Bring me to my heavenly home.

442

P. ROBINSON, *alt.*

TRUST. 8s, 7s.

SECOND TUNE.

F. MENDELSSOHN.

1. Sav-iour, source of ev-ery bless-ing, Tune my heart to grate-ful lays;

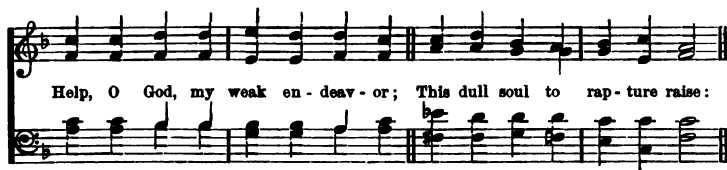
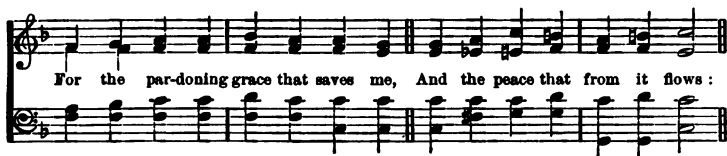
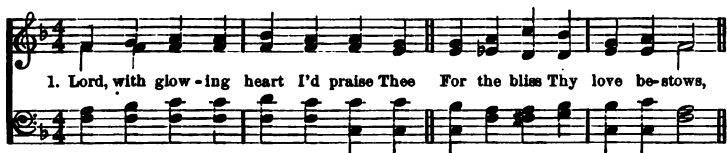
Streams of mer-cy, nev-er ceas-ing, Call for cease-less songs of praise. A-MEN.

## GENERAL.

448

F. S. KEY.

LOVE DIVINE. 8s, 7s. D. G. F. LEJEUNE.



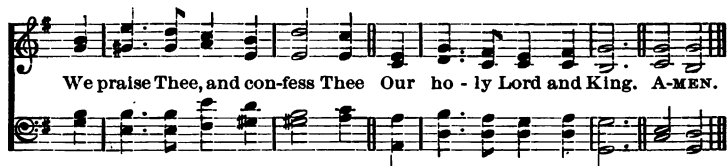
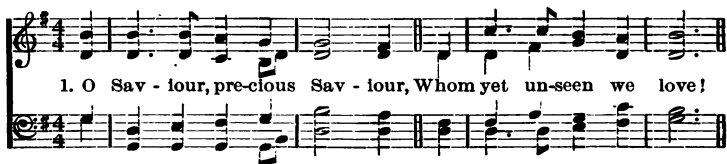
2 Praise, my soul, the God that sought thee,  
 Wretched wanderer, far astray;  
 Found thee lost, and kindly brought thee  
 From the paths of death away;  
 Praise, with love's devoutest feeling,  
 Him Who saw thy guilt-born fear,  
 And, the light of hope revealing,  
 Bade the blood-stained cross appear.

3 Lord, this bosom's ardent feeling  
 Vainly would my lips express:  
 Low before Thy footstool kneeling,  
 Deign Thy suppliant's prayer to bless:  
 Let Thy grace, my soul's chief treasure,  
 Love's pure flame within me raise;  
 And, since words can never measure,  
 Let my life show forth Thy praise.

## ANGEL'S STORY. 7s, 6s. D.

F. R. HAVERGAL.

A. H. MANN.



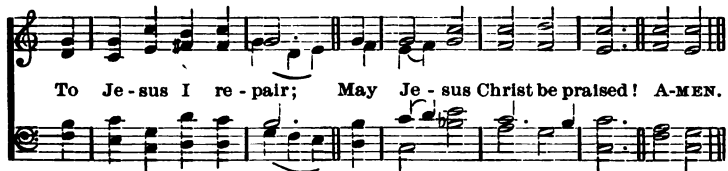
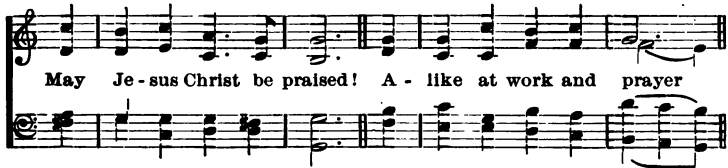
2 O bringer of salvation,  
 Who wondrously hast wrought,  
 Thyself the revelation  
 Of love beyond our thought;  
 We worship Thee, we bless Thee,  
 To Thee, O Christ, we sing:  
 We praise Thee, and confess Thee  
 Our gracious Lord and King.

3 In Thee all fullness dwelleth,  
 All grace and power divine;  
 The glory that excelleth,  
 O Son of God, is Thine;  
 We worship Thee, we bless Thee,  
 To Thee, O Christ we sing;  
 We praise Thee, and confess Thee  
 Our glorious Lord and King.

4 Oh, grant the consummation  
 Of this our song above,  
 In endless adoration,  
 And everlasting love!  
 Then shall we praise and bless Thee  
 Where perfect praises ring,  
 And evermore confess Thee  
 Our Saviour and our King.

Tr. E. CASWALL.

J. BARNEY.



2 When'er the sweet church bell  
Peals over hill and dell,  
May Jesus Christ be praised!  
Oh, hark to what it sings,  
As joyously it rings,  
May Jesus Christ be praised!

3 My tongue shall never tire  
Of chanting with the choir,  
May Jesus Christ be praised!  
This song of sacred joy,  
It never seems to cloy,  
May Jesus Christ be praised!

4 When sleep her balm denies,  
My silent spirit sighs,  
May Jesus Christ be praised!  
When evil thoughts molest,  
With this I shield my breast,  
May Jesus Christ be praised!

5 Does sadness fill my mind?  
A solace here I find,  
May Jesus Christ be praised!

Or fades my earthly bliss?  
My comfort still is this,  
May Jesus Christ be praised!

6 The night becomes as day,  
When from the heart we say,  
May Jesus Christ be praised!  
The powers of darkness fear,  
When this sweet chant they hear,  
May Jesus Christ be praised!

7 In heaven's eternal bliss  
The loveliest strain is this,  
May Jesus Christ be praised!  
Let earth, and sea, and sky  
From depth to height reply,  
May Jesus Christ be praised!

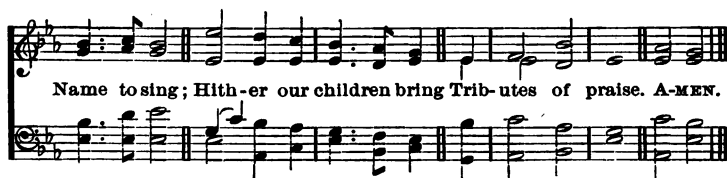
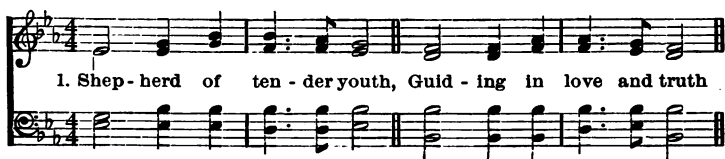
8 Be this, while life is mine,  
My canticle divine,  
May Jesus Christ be praised!  
Be this the eternal song  
Through ages all along,  
May Jesus Christ be praised!

446

Tr. H. M. DEXTER.

OLIVET. 6s, 4s.

L. MASON.



2 Thou art our holy Lord,  
The all-subduing Word,  
Healer of strife:  
Thou didst Thyself abase,  
That from sin's deep disgrace  
Thou mightest save our race,  
And give us life.

4 Ever be Thou our guide,  
Our shepherd and our pride,  
Our staff and song:  
Jesus, Thou Christ of God,  
By Thy perennial word  
Lead us where Thou hast trod,  
Make our faith strong.

3 Thou art the great High-Priest;  
Thou hast prepared the feast  
Of heavenly love;  
While in our mortal pain  
None calls on Thee in vain;  
Help Thou dost not disdain,  
Help from above.

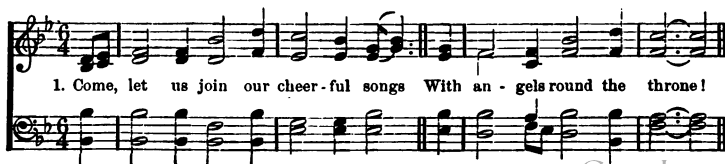
5 So now, and till we die,  
Sound we Thy praises high,  
And joyful sing.  
Let all the holy throng  
Who to Thy Church belong,  
Unite and swell the song  
To Christ our King!

447

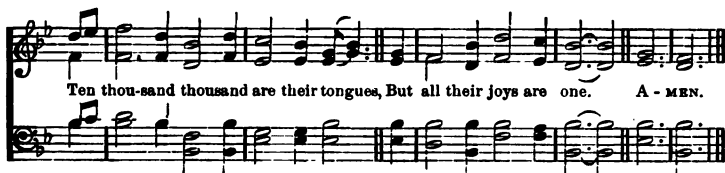
I. WATTS.

MAITLAND. C. M.

G. N. ALLEN.



GENERAL.



Ten thousand thousand are their tongues, But all their joys are one. A - MEN.

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <p>2 "Worthy the Lamb that died," they<br/>"To be exalted thus:" [cry,<br/>"Worthy the Lamb," our lips reply,<br/>For He was slain for us.</p> | <p>4 Let all that dwell above the sky,<br/>And air, and earth, and seas,<br/>Conspire to lift Thy glories high,<br/>And speak Thine endless praise!</p> |
| <p>3 Jesus is worthy to receive<br/>Honor and power divine;<br/>And blessings more than we can give,<br/>Be, Lord, forever Thine!</p>          | <p>5 The whole creation join in one<br/>To bless the sacred Name<br/>Of Him that sits upon the throne,<br/>And to adore the Lamb.</p>                   |

448

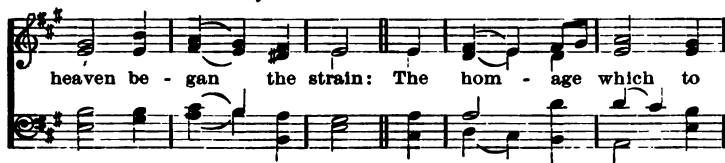
J. MONTGOMERY.

WAREHAM. L. M.

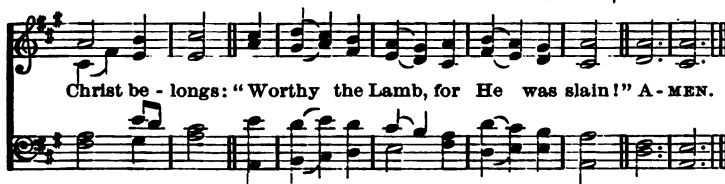
W. KNAPP.



1. Come, let us sing the song of songs! The saints in



heaven be - gan the strain: The hom - age which to



Christ be - longs: "Worthy the Lamb, for He was slain!" A - MEN.

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <p>2 Slain to redeem us by His blood,<br/>To cleanse from every sinful stain,<br/>And make us kings and priests to<br/>God:<br/>"Worthy the Lamb, for He was<br/>slain!"</p>    | <p>4 To Him, enthroned by filial right,<br/>All power in heaven and earth pro-<br/>claim,<br/>Honor, and majesty, and might:<br/>"Worthy the Lamb, for He was<br/>slain!"</p>     |
| <p>3 To Him Who suffered on the tree,<br/>Our souls, at His soul's price, to<br/>gain,<br/>Blessing, and praise, and glory be:<br/>"Worthy the Lamb, for He was<br/>slain!"</p> | <p>5 Long as we live, and when we die,<br/>And while in heaven with Him we<br/>reign,<br/>This song, our song of songs shall be:<br/>"Worthy the Lamb, for He was<br/>slain!"</p> |

449

## UNSER HERRSCHER. 8s, 7s, 7, 7.

T. KELLY.

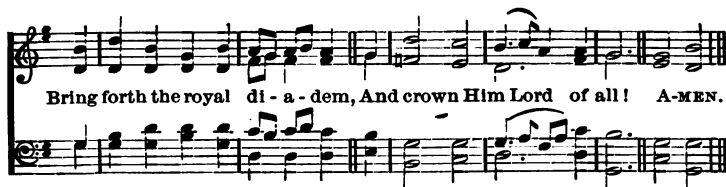
Arr. W. H. MONK.

1. Who is this that comes from E-dom, All His raiment stained with blood,

To the cap - tive speaking free-dom, Bring-ing and be-stow - ing good ;

Glorious in the garb He wears, Glorious in 'the spoil He bears? A-MEN.

- 2 'Tis the Saviour, now victorious,  
 Travelling onward in His might;  
 'Tis the Saviour; Oh, how glorious,  
 To His people, is the sight!  
 Satan conquered, and the grave,  
 Jesus now is strong to save.
- 3 Why that blood His raiment staining?  
 'Tis the blood of many slain;  
 Of His foes there's none remaining,  
 None, the contest to maintain:  
 Fallen they are, no more to rise:  
 All their glory prostrate lies.
- 4 Mighty Victor, reign forever;  
 Wear the crown so dearly won;  
 Never shall Thy people, never,  
 Cease to sing what Thon hast done;  
 Thou hast fought Thy people's foes;  
 Thou hast healed Thy people's woes.



- 2 Crown Him, ye martyrs of our God,  
Who from His altar call:  
Extol the Stem of Jesse's rod,  
And crown Him Lord of all!
- 3 Hail Him, the Heir of David's line,  
Whom David, Lord did call;  
The God incarnate! Man divine!  
And crown Him Lord of all!
- 4 Ye seed of Israel's chosen race,  
Ye ransomed of the fall,  
Hail Him Who saves you by His grace,  
And crown Him Lord of all!
- 5 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget  
The wormwood and the gall,  
Go, spread your trophies at His feet,  
And crown Him Lord of all!
- 6 Let every kindred, every tribe,  
Before Him prostrate fall!  
To Him all majesty ascribe,  
And crown Him Lord of all!



451

A. STEELE.

EXALTATION. C. M.

H. P. MAIN.

1. To our Redeemer's glorious Name A-wake the sa-cred song;

Oh, may His love (immortal flame!) Tune every heart and tongue. AMEN.

- 2 His love, what mortal thought can reach,  
What mortal tongue display!  
Imagination's utmost stretch  
In wonder dies away.
- 3 He left His radiant throne on high,  
Left the bright realms of bliss,  
And came to earth to bleed and die:  
Was ever love like this?
- 4 Dear Lord, while we adoring pay  
Our humble thanks to Thee,  
May every heart with rapture say,  
"The Saviour died for me."
- 5 Oh, may the sweet, the blissful theme,  
Fill every heart and tongue,  
Till strangers love Thy charming  
Name,  
And join the sacred song.

452

J. CENNICK.

PLEYEL'S HYMN. 7s.

I. PLEYEL.

1. Chil-dren of the heavenly King, As ye jour-ney, sweetly sing!

Sing your Saviour's wor-thy praise, Glorious in His works and ways. AMEN.

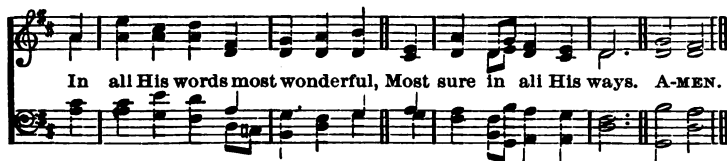
- 2 We are travelling home to God,  
In the way the fathers trod:  
They are happy now, and we  
Soon their happiness shall see.
- 3 Lift your eyes, ye sons of light!  
Sion's city is in sight:  
There our endless home shall be,  
There our Lord we soon shall see.
- 4 Fear not, brethren; joyful stand  
On the borders of your land;  
Jesus Christ, your Father's Son,  
Bids you undismayed go on.
- 5 Lord, obediently we go,  
Gladly leaving all below;  
Only Thou our Leader be,  
And we still will follow Thee.

458

CLARK. C. M.

J. H. NEWMAN.

H. P. MAIN.



2 O loving wisdom of our God!  
When all was sin and shame,  
A second Adam to the fight  
And to the rescue came.

5 O generous love! that He, Who smote  
In Man for man the foe;  
The double agony in Man  
For man should undergo;

3 O wisest love! that flesh and blood, 6 And in the garden secretly,  
Which did in Adam fail, [foe, And on the cross on high,  
Should strive afresh against their Should teach His brethren, and in-  
Should strive and should prevail: To suffer and to die. [spire

4 And that a higher gift than grace 7 Praise to the Holiest in the height,  
Should flesh and blood refine; And in the depth be praise;  
God's presence and His very Self, In all His words most wonderful,  
And essence all-divine. Most sure in all His ways.

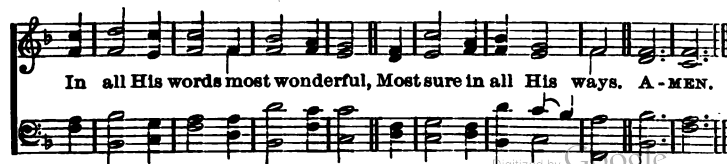
458

MEAR. C. M.

J. H. NEWMAN.

SECOND TUNE.

American. 1726.



454

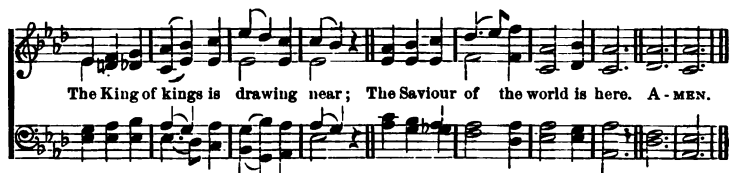
G. WEISSEL.

BOWEN. L. M.

F. J. HAYDN.



1. Lift up your heads, ye might - y gates! Behold, the King of glo - ry waits;



The King of kings is drawing near; The Saviour of the world is here. A - MEN.

2 The Lord is just, a helper tried;  
Mercy is ever at His side;  
His kingly crown is holiness;  
His sceptre, pity in distress.

From earthly use for heaven's em-  
ploy,  
Adorned with prayer and love and  
joy.

3 Oh, blest the land, the city blest,  
Where Christ the Ruler is confest!  
Oh, happy hearts and happy homes  
To whom this King of triumph  
comes!

5 Redeemer, come! I open wide  
My heart to Thee: here, Lord,  
abide!  
Let me Thy inner presence feel:  
Thy grace and love in me reveal.

4 Fling wide the portals of your  
heart!  
Make it a temple, set apart

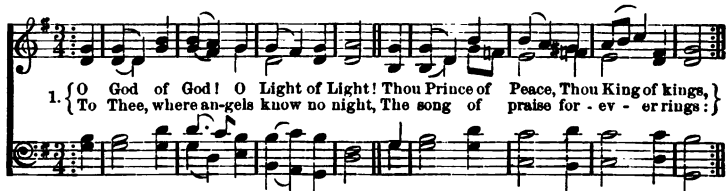
6 So come, my Sovereign! enter in!  
Let new and nobler life begin!  
Thy Holy Spirit, guide us on,  
Until the glorious crown be won!

455

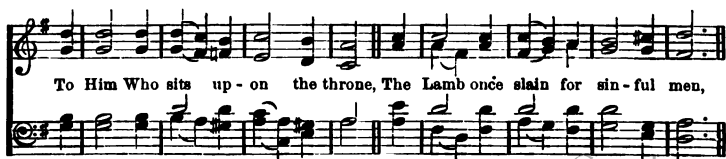
J. JULIAN.

HAYDN. L. M. D.

F. J. HAYDN.

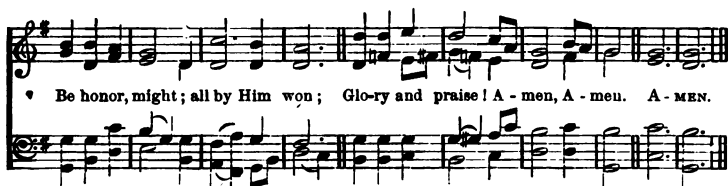


1. { O God of God! O Light of Light! Thou Prince of Peace, Thou King of kings, }  
To Thee, where an-gels know no night, The song of praise for - ev - errings: }



To Him Who sits up - on the throne, The Lamb once slain for sin - ful men,

GENERAL.



Be honor, might; all by Him won; Glo-ry and praise! A - men, A - men. A - men.

2 Deep in the Prophet's sacred page,  
Grand in the poets' winged word,  
Slowly in type, from age to age,  
Nations beheld their coming Lord;  
Till through the deep Judean night  
Rang out the song "Good-will to  
men!"  
Hymned by the first-born sons of  
light,  
Re-echoed now, "Good-will!" Amen.

3 That life of truth, those deeds of  
love,  
That death of pain, 'mid hate and  
scorn;  
These all are past, and now above,  
He reigns our King! once crowned  
with thorn.  
Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates;  
So sang His hosts, unheard by  
men;  
Lift up your heads, for you He waits.  
We lift them up! Amen, Amen!

4 Nations afar, in ignorance deep;  
Isles of the sea, where darkness lay;  
These hear His voice, they wake from  
sleep,  
And throng with joy the upward  
way.  
They cry with us, "Send forth Thy  
light,"  
O Lamb, once slain for sinful men;  
Burst Satan's bonds, O God of might;  
Set all men free! Amen, Amen!

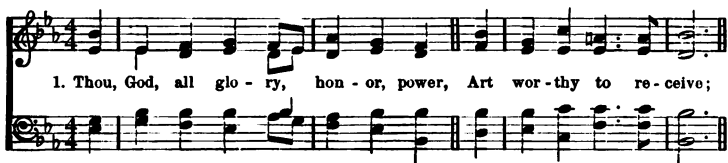
5 Sing to the Lord a glorious song;  
Sing to His Name, His love forth  
tell;  
Sing on, heaven's hosts, His praise  
prolong;  
Sing, ye who now on earth do dwell;  
Worthy the Lamb for sinners slain,  
From angels, praise; and thanks  
from men;  
Worthy the Lamb, enthroned on  
reign,  
Glory and power! Amen, Amen!

456

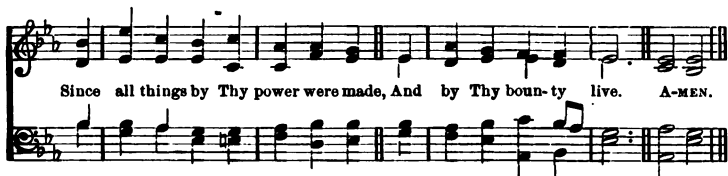
TATE & BRADY.

ST. BERNARD. C. M.

J RICHARDSON.



1. Thou, God, all glo - ry, hon - or, power, Art wor - thy to re - ceive;



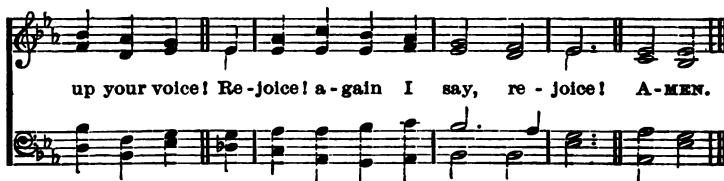
Since all things by Thy power were made, And by Thy boun - ty live. A - MEN.

2 And worthy is the Lamb all power,  
Honor, and wealth to gain,  
Glory and strength; Who for our sins  
A sacrifice was slain.

3 All worthy Thou, Who hast redeemed  
And ransomed us to God,

From every nation, every coast,  
By Thy most precious blood.

4 Blessing and honor, glory, power,  
By all in earth and heaven,  
To Him that sits upon the throne,  
And to the Lamb, be given.



2 Jesus the Saviour reigns,  
The God of truth and love:  
When He had purged our stains,  
He took His seat above.  
Lift up your heart! lift up your voice!  
Rejoice! again I say, rejoice!

3 He sits at God's right hand,  
Till all His foes submit,  
And bow to His command,  
And fall beneath His feet.  
Lift up your heart! lift up your voice!  
Rejoice! again I say, rejoice!

4 Rejoice in glorious hope!  
Jesus the Judge shall come,  
And take His servants up  
To their eternal home.  
We soon shall hear the archangel's voice;  
The trump of God shall sound : Rejoice!

## GENERAL.

458

H. F. LYRE.

GOSS. 8s, 7s, 4, 7.

J. Goss.

1. Praise, my soul, the King of heav-en; To His feet thy  
trib - ute bring; Ran-somed, healed, re - stored, for - giv - en,  
Ev - er - more His prais - es sing: Al - le - lu - ia!  
Al - le - lu - ia! Praise the ev - er - last - ing King. A-MEN.

2 Praise Him for His grace and favor  
To our fathers in distress;  
Praise Him still the same as ever,  
Slow to chide, and swift to bless:  
Alleluia! Alleluia!  
Glorious in His faithfulness.

3 Father-like He tends and spares us;  
Well our feeble frame He knows;  
In His hands He gently bears us,  
Rescues us from all our foes.  
Alleluia! Alleluia!  
Widely yet His mercy flows.

4 Angels in the height adore Him!  
Ye behold Him face to face;  
Saints triumphant bow before Him!  
Gathered in from every race.  
Alleluia! Alleluia!  
Praise with us the God of grace.

459

## HANOVER. 108, 118.

R. GRANT.

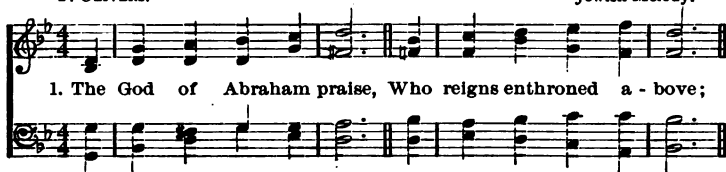
W. CROFT.

1. Oh, wor-ship the King, all glo-rious a - bove! Oh, grate-ful - ly  
sing His power and His love! Our shield and de-fend-er, the An-cient of  
days, Pa - vil-loned in splen-dor, and gird - ed with praise. A-MEN.

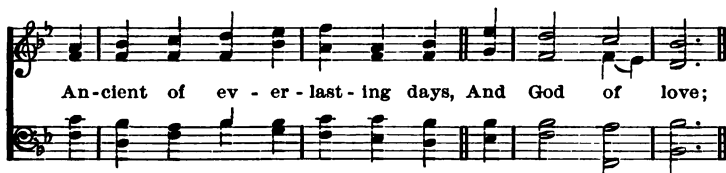
- 2 Oh, tell of His might! Oh, sing of His grace!  
Whose robe is the light; Whose canopy, space.  
His chariots of wrath the deep thunder-clouds form,  
And dark is His path on the wings of the storm.
- 3 The earth, with its store of wonders untold,  
Almighty, Thy power hath founded of old,  
Hath stablished it fast by a changeless decree,  
And round it hath cast, like a mantle, the sea.
- 4 Thy bountiful care, what tongue can recite?  
It breathes in the air, it shines in the light;  
It streams from the hills; it descends to the plain,  
And sweetly distills in the dew and the rain.
- 5 Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail,  
In Thee do we trust, nor find Thee to fail;  
Thy mercies, how tender! how firm to the end!  
Our Maker, Defender, Redeemer, and Friend!
- 6 O measureless Might! ineffable Love!  
While angels delight to hymn Thee above,  
The humbler creation, though feeble their lays,  
With true adoration shall lisp to Thy praise.

T. OLIVERS.

Jewish Melody.



1. The God of Abraham praise, Who reigns enthroned a - bove;



An-cient of ev - er - last - ing days, And God of love;



Je - ho - vah, great I AM, By earth and heaven con - fest;



I bow and bless the sa - cred Name, For - ev - er blest. A-MEN.

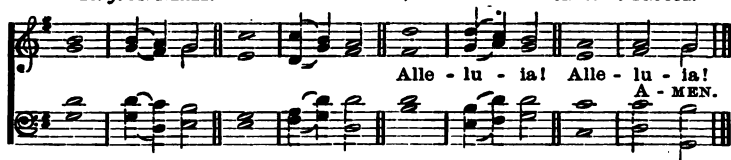
2 He by Himself hath sworn,  
I on His oath depend,  
I shall, on angel-wings upborne,  
To heaven ascend :  
I shall behold His face,  
I shall His power adore,  
And sing the wonders of His grace  
For evermore.

3 There dwells the Lord, our King,  
The Lord, our Righteousness,  
Triumphant o'er the world and sin,  
The Prince of Peace;

On Sion's sacred height  
His kingdom He maintains,  
And, glorious with His saints in light,  
Forever reigns.

4 The whole triumphant host  
Give thanks to God on high ;  
Hail, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost !  
They ever cry :  
Hail, Abraham's God and mine !  
I join the heavenly lays ;  
All might and majesty are Thine,  
And endless praise.



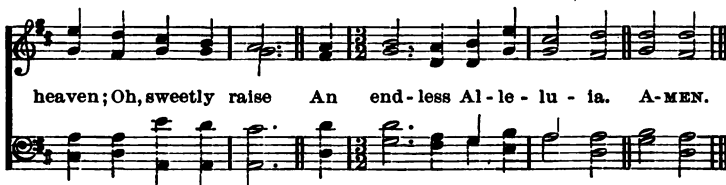
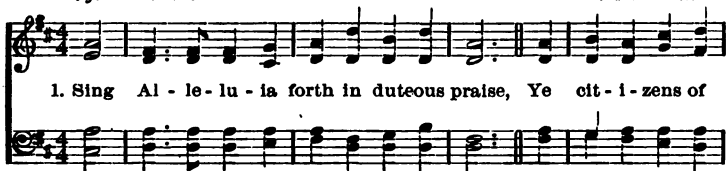


- 1 The strain upraise of joy and praise, Alle- | luia!  
To the glory of their King  
Shall the ransomed | people sing, || Alle- | luia! || Alle- | luia!  
And the choirs that | dwell on high,  
Shall re-echo | through the sky, || Alle- | luia! || Alle- | luia!
- 2 They through the fields of | Paradise who roam, [luia!  
The blessed ones repeat through | that bright home | Alle- | luia! || Alle- |  
The planets beaming on their | heavenly way,  
The shining constellations, | join and say, || Alle- | luia! || Alle- | luia!
- 3 Ye clouds that onward sweep,  
Ye winds on | pinions light,  
Ye thunders, echoing loud and deep,  
Ye lightnings, | wildly bright,  
In sweet con- | sent unite || your Alle- | luia!
- 4 Ye floods and ocean billows,  
Ye storms and | winter snow,  
Ye days of cloudless beauty,  
Hoar frost and | summer glow:  
Ye groves that wave in spring,  
And glorious | forests, sing, || Alle- | luia!
- 5 First let the birds, with painted | plumage gay,  
Exalt their great Creator's | praise, and say, || Alle- | luia! || Alle- | luia!  
Then let the beasts of earth, | with varying strain,  
Join in creation's hymn and | cry again, | Alle- | luia! || Alle- | luia!
- 6 Here let the mountains thunder forth so- | norous, || Alle- | luia!  
There let the valleys sing in gentler | chorus, || Alle- | luia!  
Thou jubilant abyss of | ocean, cry, || Alle- | luia!  
Ye tracts of earth and conti- | nents, reply || Alle- | luia!
- 7 To God, Who all cre- | ation made,  
The frequent hymn be | duly paid: || Alle- | luia! || Alle- | luia!  
This is the strain, the eternal strain, the Lord Al- | mighty loves: || Alle- | luia!  
This is the song, the heavenly song, that Christ, the | King, approves: ||  
Alle- | luia!  
Wherefore we sing, both heart and voice a- | waking, || Alle- | luia!  
And children's voices echo, answer | making, || Alle- | luia!
- 8 Now from all men | be outpoured  
Alleluia | to the Lord;  
With Alleluia | evermore  
The Son and Spirit | we adore.  
Praise be done to the | Three in One, ||  
Alle- | luia! || Alle- | luia! || Alle- | luia! ||

## ALLELUIA PERENNE. 108, 7.

Tr. J. ELLERTON.

W. H. MONK.



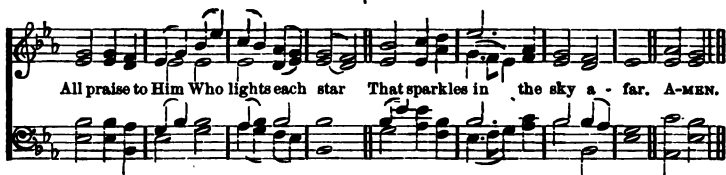
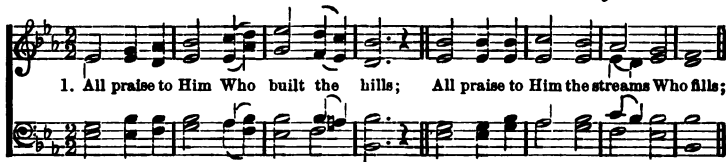
- 2 Ye Powers, who stand before the eternal Light,  
In hymning choirs re-echo to the height  
An endless Alleluia.
- 3 The holy city shall take up your strain,  
And with glad songs resounding wake again  
An endless Alleluia.
- 4 In blissful antiphons ye thus rejoice  
To render to the Lord with thankful voice  
An endless Alleluia.
- 5 Ye who have gained at length your palms in bliss,  
Victorious ones, your chant shall still be this,  
An endless Alleluia.
- 6 There, in one grand acclaim, forever ring  
The strains which tell the honor of your King,  
An endless Alleluia.
- 7 This is sweet rest for weary ones brought back;  
This is glad food and drink which ne'er shall lack  
An endless Alleluia.
- 8 While Thee, by Whom were all things made, we praise  
Forever, and tell out in sweetest lays  
An endless Alleluia.
- 9 Almighty Christ, to Thee our voices sing  
Glory for evermore; to Thee we bring  
An endless Alleluia.

468

H. BONAR.

DUKE STREET. L. M.

J. HATTON.



2 All praise to Him Who wakes the  
morn,  
And bids it glow with beams new-  
born;  
Who draws the shadows of the night,  
Like curtains, o'er our wearied sight.

Who lived to die, Who died to rise,  
The all-prevailing sacrifice.

3 All praise to Him Whose love hath  
given,  
In Christ His Son, the life of heaven;  
Who gives us, for our darkness, light,  
And turns to day our deepest night.

5 All praise to Him Who sheds  
abroad  
Within our hearts the love of God:  
The Spirit of all truth and peace,  
The fount of joy and holiness.

4 All praise to Him in love Who came,  
To bear our woe, and sin, and shame;

6 To Father, Son, and Spirit now  
Our hands we lift, our knees we  
bow:  
To Thee, blest Trinity, we raise  
E'en here, in exile, songs of  
praise.

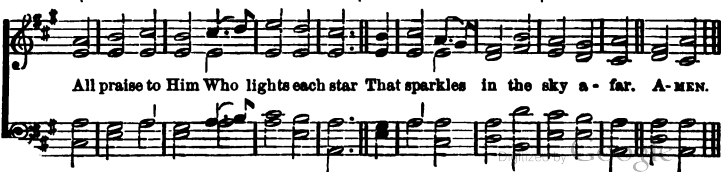
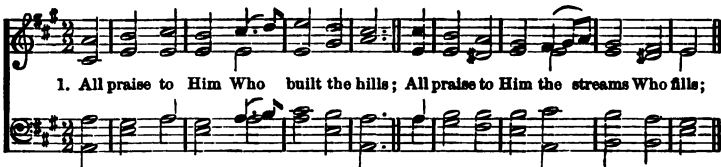
468

MEDWAY. L. M.

H. BONAR.

SECOND TUNE.

G. B. PERGOLES.



1. {The spacious fir-ma-ment on high, With all the blue e-  
And spangled heav'ns, a shin-ing frame, Their great O - rig-in-  
the - real sky,  
al pro - claim.} Th'unwearied sun, from day to day, Does his Cre-  
a - tor's power dis - play, And pub - lish - es..... to  
ev - ery land The work of an Al-might-y Hand. A-MEN.

2 Soon as the evening shades prevail,  
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,  
And nightly to the listening earth  
Repeats the story of her birth;  
Whilst all the stars that round her burn,  
And all the planets in their turn,  
Confirm the tidings as they roll,  
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

3 What though in solemn silence all  
Move round this dark terrestrial ball;  
What though no real voice nor sound  
Amidst their radiant orbs be found;  
In reason's ear they all rejoice,  
And utter forth a glorious voice;  
Forever singing, as they shine,  
"The Hand that made us is divine."

465

## BROCKLESBURY. 8s, 7s.

R. MANT.

C. A. BARNARD.

1. God, my King, Thy might con-fess-ing, Ev-er will I bless Thy Name;

Day by day Thy throne ad-dress-ing, Still will I Thy praise pro-claim. A-MEN.

- 2 Honor great our God befitteeth;  
Who His majesty can reach?  
Age to age His works transmitteth,  
Age to age His power shall teach.
- 4 Nor shall fail from memory's treas-  
ure, [wrought,  
Works by love and mercy  
Works of love surpassing measure,  
Works of mercy passing thought.
- 3 They shall talk of all Thy glory,  
On Thy might and greatness  
dwell,  
Speak of Thy dread acts the story,  
And Thy deeds of wonder tell.
- 5 Full of kindness and compassion,  
Slow to anger, vast in love,  
God is good to all creation;  
All His works His goodness prove
- 6 All Thy works, O Lord, shall bless Thee;  
Thee shall all Thy saints adore:  
King supreme shall they confess Thee,  
And proclaim Thy sovereign power.

466

## NUN DANKET. P.M.

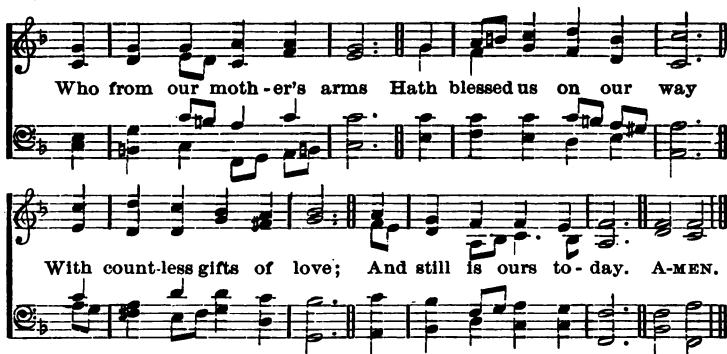
Tr. C. WINKWORTH.

J. CRUGER.

1. Now thank we all our God, With heart and hands and voic-es!

Who wondrous things hath done, In Whom His world re-joice-es;

GENERAL.



Who from our moth-er's arms Hath blessed us on our way  
With count-less gifts of love; And still is ours to-day. A-MEN.

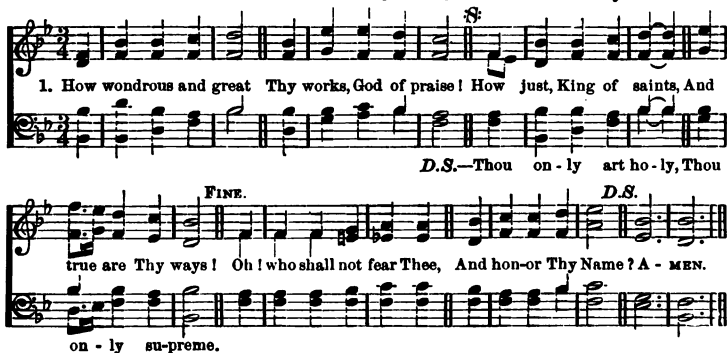
2 Oh, may this bounteous God  
Through all our life be near us!  
With ever joyful hearts  
And blessed peace to cheer us;  
And keep us in His grace,  
And guide us when perplexed,  
And free us from all ills  
In this world and the next.

467

H. U. ONDERDONK.

LYONS. 5s, 6s, 5s.

F. J. HAYDN.



1. How wondrous and great Thy works, God of praise! How just, King of saints, And  
D.S.—Thou on - ly art ho - ly, Thou  
FINE. D.S.  
true are Thy ways! Oh! who shall not fear Thee, And hon-or Thy Name? A - MEN.  
on - ly su-preme.

2 To nations long dark  
Thy light shall be shown;  
Their worship and vows  
Shall come to Thy throne:  
Thy truth and Thy judgments  
Shall spread all abroad,  
Till earth's every people  
Confess Thee their God.

## GENERAL.

468

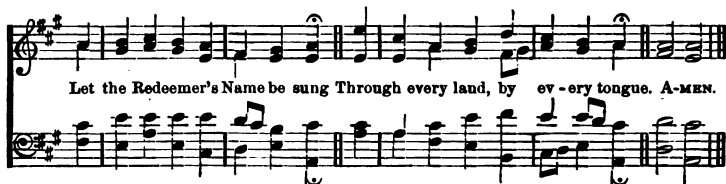
I. WATTS.

OLD HUNDRED. L. M.

L. BOURGEOIS.



1. From all that dwell be - low the skies Let the Cre - a - tor's praise a - rise!



Let the Redeemer's Name be sung Through every land, by ev - ery tongue. A-MEN.

2 Eternal are Thy mercies, Lord,  
And truth eternal is Thy word:  
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,  
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

469

TATE &amp; BRADY.

L. M.

470

W. KETHE.

L. M.

1 With one consent let all the earth  
To God their cheerful voices raise;  
Glad homage pay with awful mirth,  
And sing before Him songs of praise.

2 Convinced that He is God alone,  
From Whom both we and all  
proceed;  
We, whom He chooses for His own,  
The flock that He vouchsafes to feed.

3 Oh, enter then His temple gate,  
Thence to His courts devoutly press;  
And still your grateful hymns repeat,  
And still His Name with praises bless.

4 For He's the Lord, supremely good,  
His mercy is forever sure:  
His truth, which always firmly stood,  
To endless ages shall endure.

1 All people that on earth do dwell,  
Sing to the Lord with cheerful  
voice:  
Him serve with fear, His praise forth  
tell,  
Come ye before Him and rejoice.

2 Know that the Lord is God indeed;  
Without our aid He did us make:  
We are His flock, He doth us feed,  
And for His sheep He doth us take.

3 Oh, enter then His gates with praise,  
Approach with joy His courts unto;  
Praise, laud, and bless His Name  
always,  
For it is seemly so to do.

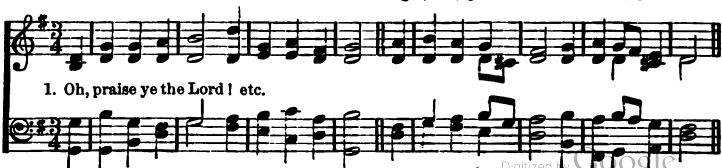
4 For why? the Lord our God is good,  
His mercy is forever sure;  
His truth at all times firmly stood,  
And shall from age to age endure.

471

TATE &amp; BRADY.

HANOVER. 5s, 6s, 5s.

W. CROFT.



1. Oh, praise ye the Lord! etc.

GENERAL.



1 Oh, praise ye the Lord!  
Prepare your glad voice  
His praise in the great  
Assembly to sing:  
In their great Creator  
Let Israel rejoice;  
And children of Sion  
Be glad in their King.

2 Let them His great Name  
Extol in their songs,  
With hearts well attuned  
His praises express;

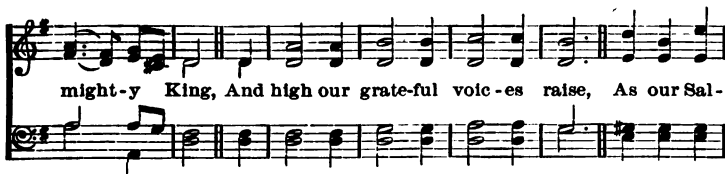
Who always takes pleasure  
To hear their glad tongues,  
And waits with salvation  
The humble to bless.

3 With glory adorned,  
His people shall sing  
To God, Who their heads  
With safety doth shield;  
Such honor and triumph  
His favor shall bring:  
Oh, therefore forever  
All praise to Him yield!

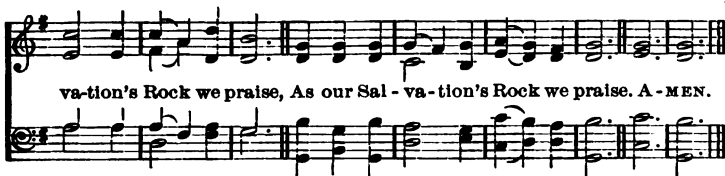
472 TATE & BRADY. PARK STREET. L. M. F. M. A. VENUA.



1. O come, loud an - thems let us sing, Loud thanks to our Al -



might-y King, And high our grate-ful voic-es raise, As our Sal-



va-tion's Rock we praise, As our Sal - va - tion's Rock we praise. A - MEN.

2 Into His presence let us haste  
To thank Him for His favors past;  
To Him address, in joyful songs,  
The praise that to His Name belongs.

3 For God the Lord, enthroned in state,  
Is with unrivalled glory great;

The depths of earth are in His hand,  
Her secret wealth at His command.

4 Oh, let us to His courts repair,  
And bow with adoration there;  
Low on our knees with reverence fall,  
And on the Lord our Maker call.

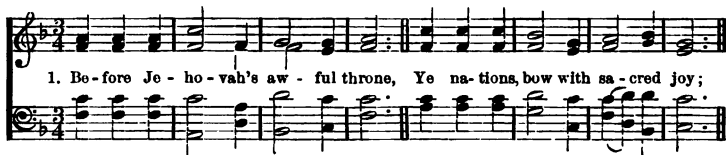


478

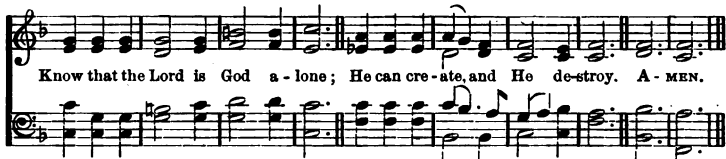
I. WATTS.

HESPERUS. L. M.

H. BAKER.



1. Be-fore Je-ho-vah's aw-ful throne, Ye na-tions, bow with sa-cred joy;



Know that the Lord is God a-lone; He can cre-ate, and He de-stroy. A-MEN.

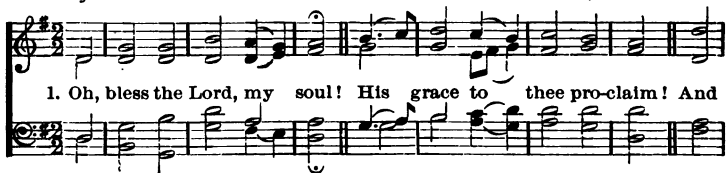
- 2 His sovereign power without our aid,  
Made us of clay, and formed us men;  
And when like wandering sheep we strayed,  
He brought us to His fold again.
- 4 We'll crowd Thy gates with thank-ful songs;  
High as the heaven our voices raise;  
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,  
Shall fill Thy courts with sounding praise.
- 3 We are His people, we His care,  
Our souls, and all our mortal frame:  
What lasting honors shall we rear,  
Almighty Maker, to Thy Name?
- 5 Wide as the world is Thy command,  
Vast as eternity Thy love;  
Firm as a rock Thy truth must stand,  
When rolling years shall cease to move.

474

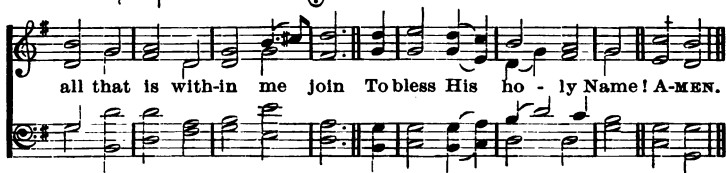
J. MONTGOMERY.

ST. THOMAS. S. M.

G. F. HANDEL.



1. Oh, bless the Lord, my soul! His grace to thee pro-claim! And



all that is with-in me join To bless His ho-ly Name! A-MEN.

- 2 Oh, bless the Lord, my soul!  
His mercies bear in mind!  
Forget not all His benefits!  
The Lord to thee is kind.
- 5 He healeth thine infirmities,  
And ransoms thee from death.
- 3 He will not always chide;  
He will with patience wait;  
His wrath is ever slow to rise,  
And ready to abate.
- 4 He clothes thee with His love;  
Upholds thee with His truth;  
And like the eagle He renews  
The vigor of thy youth.
- 6 Then bless His holy Name,  
Whose grace hath made thee whole,  
Whose loving-kindness crowns thy  
Oh, bless the Lord my soul! (days!)

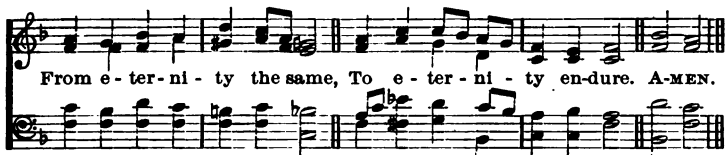
## GENERAL.

475

J. MONTGOMERY.

SEYMOUR. 7s.

C. M. VON WEBER.



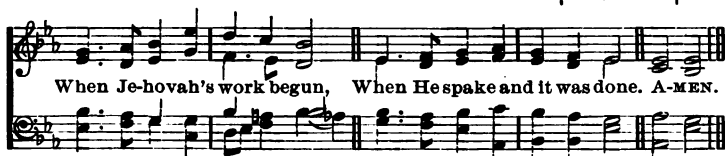
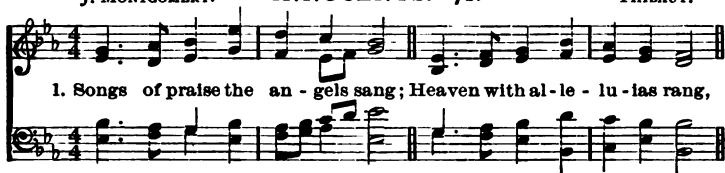
- 2 Let His ransomed flock rejoice,  
Gathered out of every land,  
As the people of His choice,  
Plucked from the destroyer's hand.
- 3 In the wilderness astray,  
In the lonely waste they roam,  
Hungry, fainting by the way,  
Far from refuge, shelter, home:
- 4 To the Lord their God they cry;  
He inclines a gracious ear,
- Sends deliverance from on high.  
Rescues them from all their fear.
- 5 Then to pleasant lands He brings,  
Where the vine and olive grow;  
Where from verdant hills, the springs  
Through luxuriant valleys flow.
- 6 Oh, that men would praise the Lord,  
For His goodness to their race!  
For the wonders of His word,  
And the riches of His grace.

476

J. MONTGOMERY.

INNOCENTS. 7s.

THIBAUT.



- 2 Songs of praise awoke the morn,  
When the Prince of Peace was born;  
Songs of praise arose, when He  
Captive led captivity.
- 3 Heaven and earth must pass away;  
Songs of praise shall crown that day:  
God will make new heavens and  
earth;  
Songs of praise shall hail their birth.
- 4 And shall man alone be dumb,  
Till that glorious kingdom come?
- No; the Church delights to raise  
Psalms, and hymns, and songs of  
praise.
- 5 Saints below, with heart and voice,  
Still in songs of praise rejoice;  
Learning here, by faith and love,  
Songs of praise to sing above.
- 6 Borne upon their latest breath,  
Songs of praise shall conquer death;  
Then, amidst eternal joy,  
Songs of praise their powers employ.

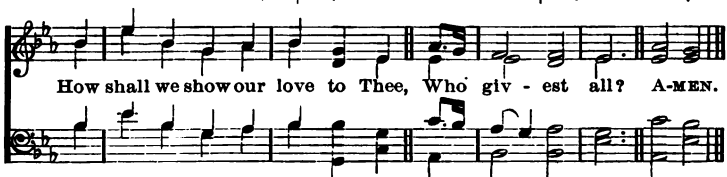
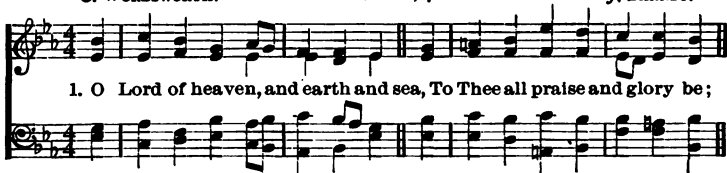
## GENERAL.

477

C. WORDSWORTH.

ETON. 8s, 4.

J. BARNEY.



2 The golden sunshine, vernal air,  
Sweet flowers and fruits Thy love  
declare,  
Where harvests ripen, Thou art there,  
Who givest all!

3 For peaceful homes, and healthful  
days,  
For all the blessings earth displays,  
We owe Thee thankfulness and praise,  
Who givest all!

4 Thou didst not spare Thine only Son,  
But gav'st Him for a world undone,  
And freely with that blessed One  
Thou givest all.

5 Thou giv'st the Holy Spirit's dower,  
Spirit of life, and love, and power,  
And dost His sevenfold graces shower  
Upon us all.

6 For souls redeemed, for sins for-  
given,  
For means of grace and hopes of  
heaven,  
O Lord, what can to Thee be given,  
Who givest all?

7 We lose what on ourselves we spend;  
We have as treasure without end  
Whatever, Lord, to Thee we lend,  
Who givest all.

8 Whatever, Lord, we lend to Thee  
Repaid a thousandfold will be;  
Then gladly will we give to Thee,  
Who givest all;

9 To Thee, from Whom we all derive  
Our life, our gifts, our power to give;  
Oh, may we ever with Thee live,  
Who givest all!

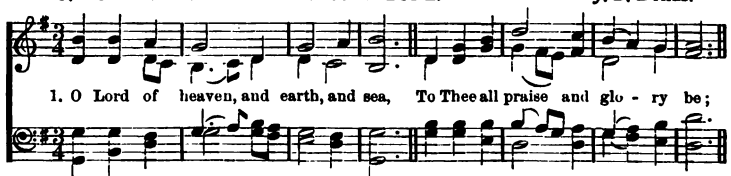
477

## ALMSGIVING. 8s, 4.

C. WORDSWORTH.

SECOND TUNE.

J. B. DYKES.

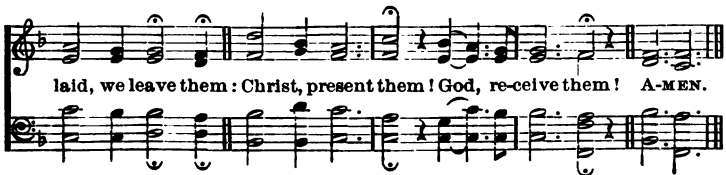
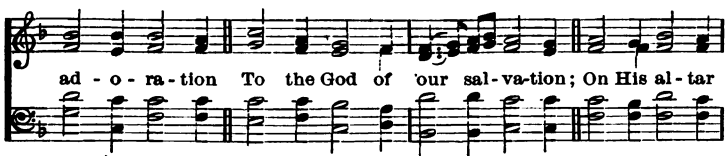
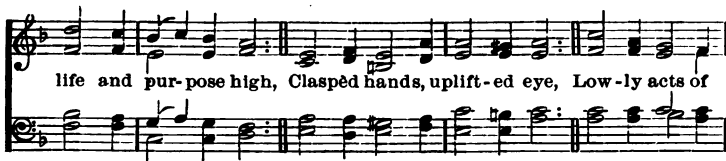


478

## HOLY OFFERINGS. 7s, 8s, 7s, 8s.

J. S. B. MONSELL.

R. REDHEAD.



2 Homage of each humble heart,  
Ere we from Thy house depart;  
Worship fervent, deep and high,  
Adoration, ecstasy;  
All that childlike love can render  
Of devotion true and tender;  
On Thine altar laid, we leave them:  
Christ, present them! God, receive them!

3 To the Father, and the Son,  
And the Spirit, Three in One,  
Though our mortal weakness raise  
Offerings of imperfect praise,  
Yet with hearts bowed down most lowly,  
Crying, Holy! Holy! Holy!  
On Thine altar laid, we leave them:  
Christ, present them! God, receive them!

GENERAL.

479

TATE & BRADY.

POTTS. C. M.

W. H. HAVERGAL.

1. Oh, with due reverence let us all To God's a-bode re-pair;  
And prostrate at His footstool fall, To breathe our humble prayer. AMEN.

2 Arise, O Lord, and now possess  
Thy constant place of rest;  
Be that not only with Thy ark,  
But with Thy presence blest.

3 Clothe Thou Thy priests with righteousness,  
Make Thou Thy saints rejoice;  
And, for Thy servant David's sake,  
Hear Thy Anointed's voice.

480

TATE & BRADY.

RETREAT. L. M.

T. HASTINGS.

1. For Thee, O God, our con-stant praise In Si-on waits, Thy chosen seat;  
Our promised altars there we'd raise, And all our zeal-ous vows com-plete. A-MEN.

2 Thou, Who to every humble prayer  
Dost always bend Thy listening  
ear,  
To Thee shall all mankind repair,  
And at Thy gracious throne appear.

Whilst Thou o'erlook'st the guilty  
stain,  
And washest out the crimson dye.

4 Blest is the man, who, near Thee  
placed,  
Within Thy sacred dwelling lives!  
'Tis there abundantly we taste!  
The vast delights Thy temple gives.

3 Oursins, though numberless, in vain  
To stop Thy flowing mercy try;

## GENERAL.

481

H. STOWELL.

L. M.

- 1 From every stormy wind that blows,  
From every swelling tide of woes,  
There is a calm, a sure retreat;  
'Tis found beneath the mercy-seat.
- 2 There is a place where Jesus sheds  
The oil of gladness on our heads,  
A place than all beside more  
sweet;  
It is the blood-stained mercy-seat.
- 3 There is a spot where spirits blend,  
Where friend holds fellowship with  
friend;  
Though sundered far, by faith they  
Around one common mercy-seat.
- 4 There, there, on eagles' wings we soar,  
And time and sense seem all no more;  
And heaven comes down, our souls to  
greet,  
And glory crowns the mercy-seat.

482

DARWALL. 6s, 8s.

B. FRANCIS.

J. DARWALL.

1. In loud ex - alt - ed strains, The King of glo - ry praise;

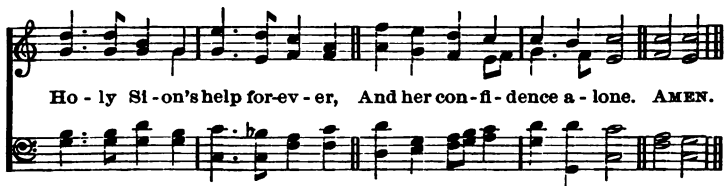
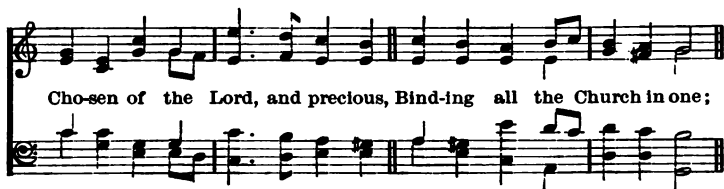
O'er heaven and earth He reigns, Through everlast - ing days; But Si - on,

with His presence blest, Is His delight, His chos - en rest. A-MEN.

- 2 O King of glory, come;  
And with Thy favor crown  
This temple as Thy home,  
This people as Thy own;  
Beneath this roof vouchsafe to show  
How God can dwell with men below.
- Accepted, to the skies:  
Now let Thy Gospel's joyful sound  
Spread its celestial influence round.
- 3 Now let Thine ear attend  
Our supplicating cries;  
Now let our praise ascend,
- 4 Here may the listening throng  
Imbibe Thy truth and love;  
Here Christians join the song  
Of seraphim above:  
Till all who humbly seek Thy face  
Rejoice in Thy abounding grace.

J. M. NEALE.

H. SMART.



- 2 All that dedicated city,  
Dearly loved of God on high,  
In exultant jubilation  
Pours perpetual melody;  
God the One in Three adoring  
In glad hymns eternally.
- 3 To this temple, where we call Thee,  
Come, O Lord of Hosts, to-day:  
With Thy wonted loving-kindness,  
Hear Thy servants as they pray;  
And Thy fullest benediction  
Shed within its walls away.
- 4 Here vouchsafe to all Thy servants  
What they ask of Thee to gain,  
What they gain from Thee, forever  
With the blessed to retain,  
And hereafter in Thy glory  
Evermore with Thee to reign.

## GENERAL.

484

W. BULLOCK.

ST. CECILIA. 6s.

L. G. HAYNE.

1. We love the place, O God, Where- in Thine hon - or dwells;  
The joy of Thine a - bode All oth - er joy ex - cels. A-MEN.

2 We love the house of prayer,  
Wherein Thy servants meet;  
For Thou, O Lord, art there  
Thy chosest ones to greet.

3 We love the sacred font,  
Wherein the holy Dove  
Bestows, as ever wont,  
His blessing from above.

4 We love Thine altar, Lord,  
Its mysteries revere;

For there in faith adored,  
We find Thy presence near.

5 We love Thy holy word,  
The Lamp Thou gav'st to guide  
All wanderers home, O Lord,  
Home to their Father's side.

6 Then let us sing the love  
To us so freely given,  
Until we sing above  
The triumph-song of heaven!

485

T. DWIGHT.

DENNIS. S. M.

H. G. NÄGELI.

1. I love Thy king-dom, Lord, The house of Thine a - bode, The  
Church our blest Re-deem-er saved With His own precious blood. AMEN.

2 For her my tears shall fall;  
For her my prayers ascend;  
To her my cares and toils be given,  
Till toils and cares shall end.

3 Beyond my highest joy  
I prize her heavenly ways,  
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,  
Her hymns of love and praise.

4 Jesus, Thou friend divine,  
Our Saviour and our King,  
Thy hand from every snare and foe  
Shall great deliverance bring.

5 Sure as Thy truth shall last,  
To Sion shall be given  
The brightest glories earth can yield,  
And brighter bliss of heaven.



486

## BOYLSTON. S. M.

W. A. MUHLENBURG.

L. MASON.

1. Like No-ah's wea - ry dove, That soared the earth a - round,

But not a rest-ing-place a - bove The cheerless wa - ters found; A-MEN.

2 Oh, cease, my wandering soul,  
On restless wing to roam;  
All the wide world, to either pole,  
Has not for thee a home.

4 There, safe thou shalt abide,  
There, sweet shall be thy rest,  
And every longing satisfied,  
With full salvation blest.

3 Behold the Ark of God,  
Behold the open door;  
Hasten to gain that dear abode,  
And rove, my soul, no more.

5 And when the waves of ire  
Again the earth shall fill,  
The Ark shall ride the sea of fire,  
Then rest on Sion's hill.

487

## SATTERLEE. 108.

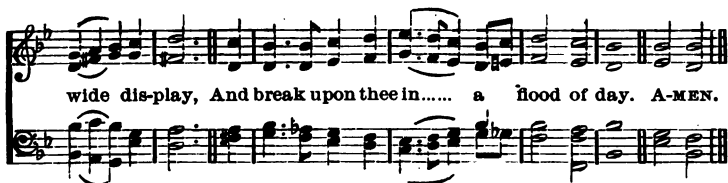
A. POPE.

J. H. HOPKINS.

1. Rise, crowned with light, im - pe - rial Sa - lem, rise! Ex - alt thy

towering head and lift..... thine eyes! See heaven its sparkling por-tals

GENERAL.



wide dis-play, And break upon thee in..... a flood of day. A-MEN.

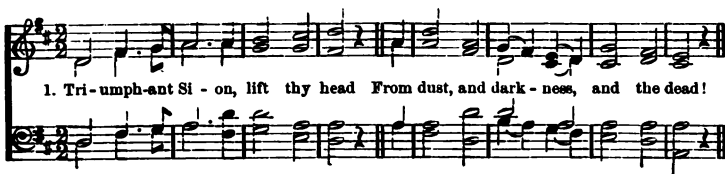
- 2 See a long race thy spacious courts adorn :  
See future sons, and daughters yet unborn,  
In crowding ranks on every side arise,  
Demanding life, impatient for the skies.
- 3 See barbarious nations at thy gates attend,  
Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend :  
See thy bright altars thronged with prostrate kings,  
While every land its joyous tribute brings.
- 4 The seas shall waste, the skies to smoke decay,  
Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away ;  
But fixed His word, His saving power remains ;  
Thy realm shall last, thy own Messiah reigns.

488

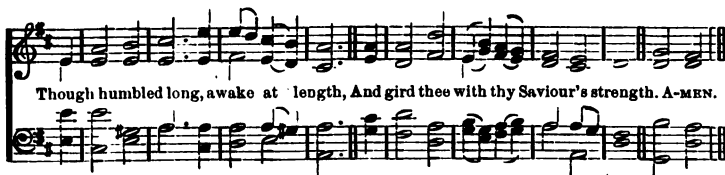
P. DODDRIDGE.

TRURO. L. M.

C. BURNEY.



1. Tri-umph-ant Si - on, lift thy head From dust, and dark - ness, and the dead !



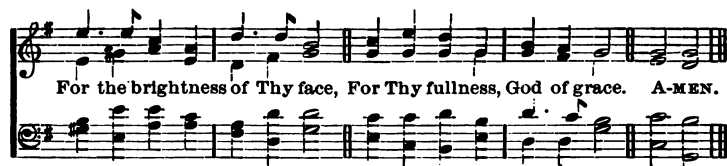
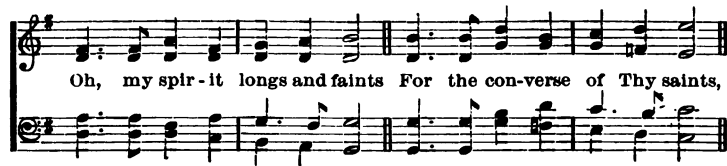
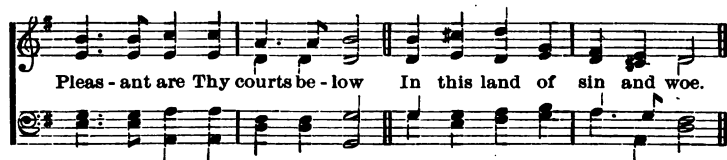
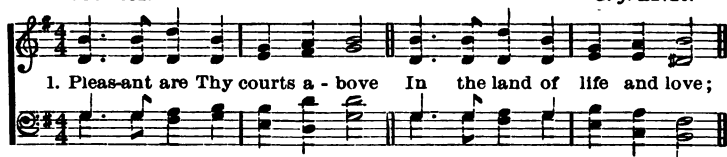
Though humbled long, awake at length, And gird thee with thy Saviour's strength. A-MEN.

- 2 Put all thy beauteous garments on,  
And let thy excellence be known :  
Decked in the robes of righteousness,  
The world thy glories shall confess.
- 4 God from on high has heard thy  
prayer,  
His hand thy ruins shall repair :  
Nor will thy watchful Monarch cease  
To guard thee in eternal peace.
- 3 No more shall foes unclean invade,  
And fill thy hallowed walls with  
dread ;

## ST. GEORGE'S, WINDSOR. 7s. D.

H. F. LYTE.

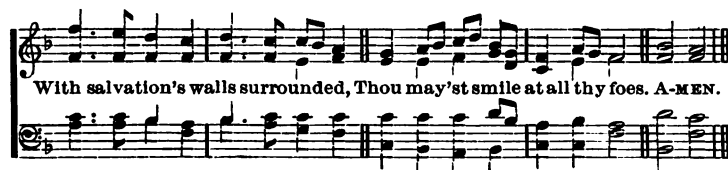
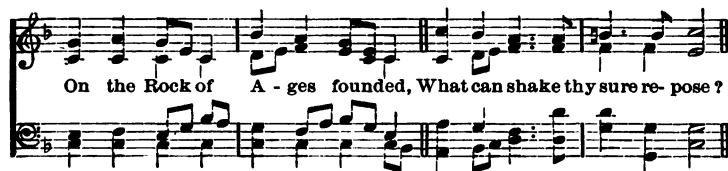
G. J. ELVEY.



2 Happy birds that sing and fly  
Round Thy altars, O most High!  
Happier souls that find a rest  
In a heavenly Father's breast!  
Like the wandering dove, that found  
No repose on earth around,  
They can to their ark repair  
And enjoy it ever there.

3 Happy souls! their praises flow  
Ever in this vale of woe;  
Waters in the desert rise,  
Manna feeds them from the skies:  
On they go from strength to strength  
Till they reach Thy throne at length.  
At Thy feet adoring fall, [all.  
Who hast led them safe through

4 Lord, be mine this prize to win;  
Guide me through a world of sin;  
Keep me by Thy saving grace;  
Give me at Thy side a place.  
Sun and shield alike Thou art;  
Guide and guard my erring heart.  
Grace and glory flow from Thee;  
Shower, oh, shower them, Lord, on me!



2 See, the streams of living waters  
 Springing from eternal love,  
 Well supply thy sons and daughters,  
 And all fear of want remove.  
 Who can faint, when such a river,  
 Ever will their thirst assuage?  
 Grace which, like the Lord, the  
 giver,  
 Never fails from age to age.

3 Round each habitation hovering,  
 See the cloud and fire appear  
 For a glory and a covering,  
 Showing that the Lord is near.  
 Thus deriving from their banner,  
 Light by night, and shade by day,  
 Safe they feed upon the manna,  
 Which He gives them when they  
 pray.

4 Blest inhabitants of Sion,  
 Washed in the Redeemer's blood !  
 Jesus, Whom their souls rely on,  
 Makes them kings and priests to God,  
 'Tis His love His people raises  
 Over self to reign as kings:  
 And as priests, His solemn praises  
 Each for a thank-offering brings.

491

AURELIA. 7s, 6s, D.

S. J. STONE.

S. S. WESLEY.

1. The Church's one foun - da - tion Is Je - sus Christ her Lord ;

She is His new cre - a - tion By wa - ter and the word :

From heaven He came and sought her To be His ho - ly bride ;

With His own blood He bought her, And for her life He died. A - MEN.

2 Elect from every nation,  
 Yet one o'er all the earth,  
 Her charter of salvation,  
 One Lord, one Faith, one Birth ;  
 One holy Name she blesses,  
 Partakes one holy food,  
 And to one hope she presses,  
 With every grace endued.

3 Though with a scornful wonder  
 Men see her sore oppress,  
 By schisms rent asunder,  
 By heresies distrest ;  
 Yet saints their watch are keeping,  
 Their cry goes up "How long?"  
 And soon the night of weeping  
 Shall be the morn of song.

GENERAL.

4 'Mid toil and tribulation,  
And tumult of her war  
She waits the consummation  
Of peace for evermore;  
Till with the vision glorious  
Her longing eyes are blest,  
And the great Church victorious  
Shall be the Church at rest.

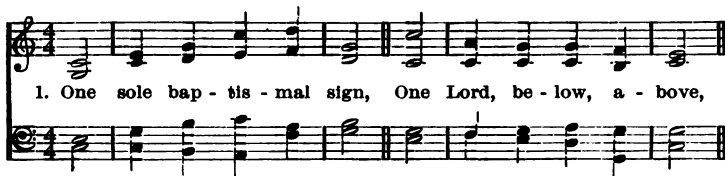
5 Yet she on earth hath union  
With God the Three in One,  
And mystic sweet communion  
With those whose rest is won:  
Oh, happy ones and holy!  
Lord, give us grace that we  
Like them, the meek and lowly,  
On high may dwell with Thee.

492

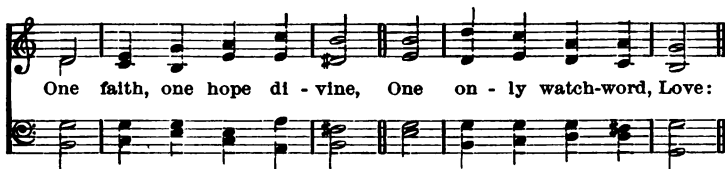
CHRISTCHURCH. 6s, 8s.

G. ROBINSON.

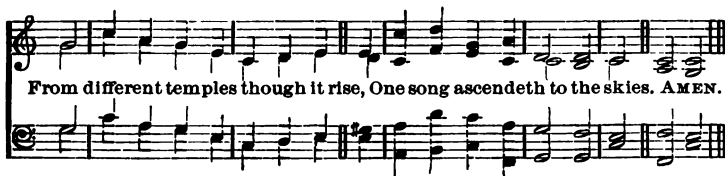
C. STEGGALL.



1. One sole bap - tis - mal sign, One Lord, be - low, a - bove,



One faith, one hope di - vine, One on - ly watch-word, Love:



From different temples though it rise, One song ascendeth to the skies. AMEN.

2 Our sacrifice is one,  
One Priest before the throne,  
The slain, the risen Son,  
Redeemer, Lord alone!  
And sighs from contrite hearts that spring,  
Our chief, our choicest offering.

3 Head of Thy Church beneath,  
The catholic, the true,  
On all her members breathe,  
Her broken frame renew!  
Then shall Thy perfect will be done,  
When Christians love and live as one.

## GENERAL.

493

TATE &amp; BRADY.

NATIVITY. C. M.

H. LAKE.

1. Oh, 'twas a joy - ful sound to hear Our tribes de - vout - ly say,  
Up, Is - rael! to the tem - ple haste, And keep your festal day. AMEN.

2 At Salem's courts we must appear,  
With our assembled powers,  
In strong and beauteous order  
ranged,  
Like her united towers.

3 Oh, ever pray for Salem's peace;  
For they shall prosperous be,  
Thou holy city of our God,  
Who bear true love to thee.

4 May peace within thy sacred walls  
A constant guest be found;

With plenty and prosperity  
Thy palaces be crowned.

5 For my dear brethren's sake, and  
friends  
No less than brethren dear, [ers  
I'll pray, May peace in Salem's tow -  
A constant guest appear.

6 But most of all I'll seek thy good,  
And ever wish thee well,  
For Sion and the temple's sake,  
Where God vouchsafes to dwell.

494

I. WILLIAMS.

ST. CROSS. L. M.

J. B. DYKES.

1. O Ho - ly Ghost, Thou God of peace, Pit - y Thy Church, now rent in twain;  
Bid wrath, and strife, and va - riance cease, And let us all be one a - gain; A - MEN.

2 One with our brethren here in love,  
And one with saints that are at  
rest,  
And one with angel hosts above,  
And one with God forever blest.

3 Oh, make on earth all churches one,  
One with the blessed gone before,

All knit in sweet communion,  
To love Thee, worship, and adore.

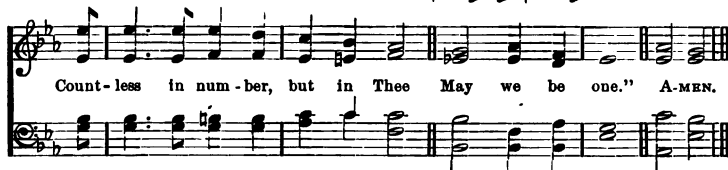
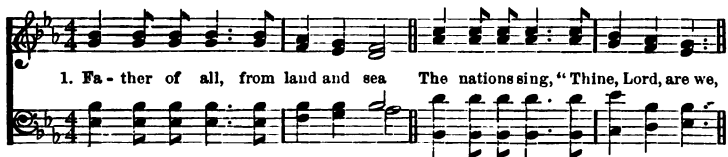
4 For one the Lord on Whom we call,  
The Spirit one Whom He hath giv -  
One God and Father of us all, [en,  
One Faith on earth, one Hope of  
heaven.

495

C. WORDSWORTH.

HANFORD. 8s, 4.

A. S. SULLIVAN.



2 O Son of God, Whose love so free  
For men did make Thee Man to be,  
United to our God in Thee  
May we be one.

Under one Shepherd, in one Fold,  
Make us all one.

3 Thou, Lord, didst once for all atone:  
Thee may both Jew and Gentile own  
Of their two walls the Corner Stone,  
Making them one.

6 O Spirit blest, Who from above  
Cam'st gently gliding like a dove,  
Calm all our strife, give faith and  
love;  
Oh, make us one!

4 Thou art the fountain of all good,  
Cleansing with Thy most precious  
blood,  
And feeding us with angel's food,  
Making us one.

7 O Trinity in Unity,  
One only God, in Persons Three,  
Dwell ever in our hearts: like Thee  
May we be one.

5 Join high and low, join young and  
In love that never waxes cold; [old,

8 So, when the world shall pass away,  
May we awake with joy and say,  
"Now in the bliss of endless day  
We all are one."

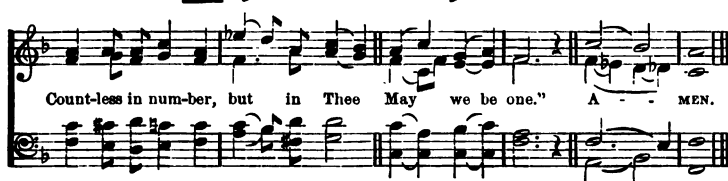
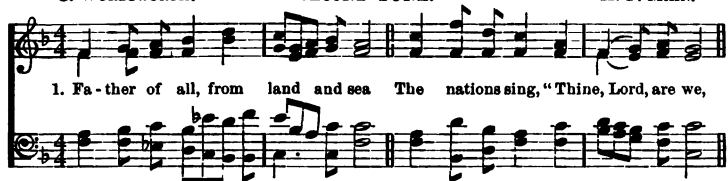
495

VIRGINIA. 8s, 4.

C. WORDSWORTH.

SECOND TUNE.

H. P. MAIN.

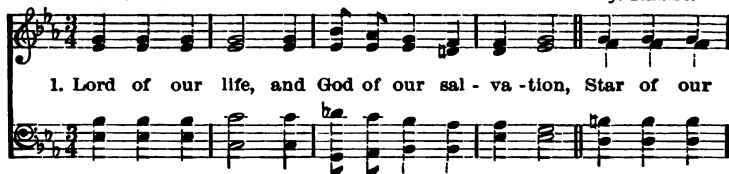


\* Verses 3, 4, 5 use 2d slur in last line.

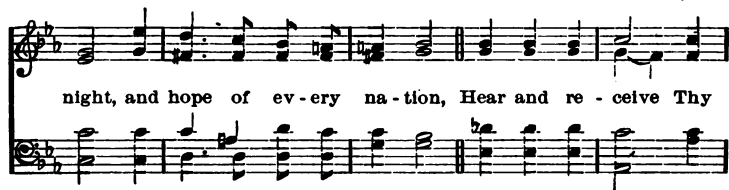


Tr. P. PUSEY.

J. BARNEY.



1. Lord of our life, and God of our sal - va - tion, Star of our



night, and hope of ev - ery na - tion, Hear and re - ceive Thy



Church's sup - pli - ca - tion, Lord God Al - might - y. A - MEN.

- 2 See round Thine Ark the hungry billows curling!  
See how Thy foes their banners are unfurling!  
Lord, while their darts envenomed they are hurling,  
Thou canst preserve us.
- 3 Lord, Thou canst help when earthly armor faileth;  
Lord, Thou canst save when deadly sin assaileth;  
Lord, o'er Thy Rock nor death nor hell prevai-leth:  
Grant us Thy peace, Lord!
- 4 Peace, in our hearts, our evil thoughts assuaging,  
Peace, in Thy Church, where brothers are engaging,  
Peace, when the world its busy war is waging;  
Calm Thy foes raging!
- 5 Grant us Thy help till backward they are driven;  
Grant them Thy truth, that they may be forgiven;  
Grant peace on earth, and after we have striven,  
Peace in Thy heaven.

## EVANGELISTS. 8. 8. 7. D.

Tr. R. CAMPBELL.

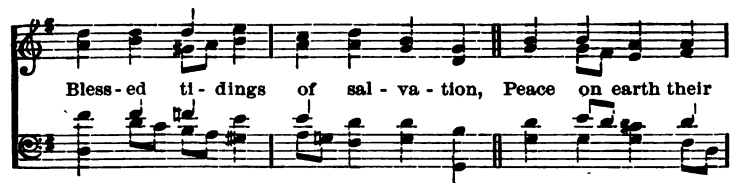
German.



1. Come, pure hearts in sweet-est measures Sing of those who



spread the treasures In the ho-ly gos-pels shrined!



Bless-ed ti-dings of sal-va-tion, Peace on earth their



proc-la-ma-tion, Love from God to lost man-kind. A-MEN.

2 See the rivers four that gladden,  
 With their streams, the better Eden  
 Planted by our Lord most dear;  
 Christ the fountain, these the waters;  
 Drink, O Sion's sons and daughters!  
 Drink, and find salvation here.

3 Oh, that we, Thy truth confessing,  
 And Thy holy word possessing,  
 Jesu, may Thy love adore!  
 Unto Thee our voices raising,  
 Thee with all Thy ransomed praising,  
 Ever and for evermore.

498

I. WATTS.

DOVER. S. M.

A. Williams' Coll.



1. How beauteous are their feet, Who stand on Si - on's hill;  
Who bring sal - va - tion on their tongues, And words of peace reveal! A - MEN.

2 How charming is their voice!  
How sweet their tidings are!  
"Sion, behold thy Saviour King!  
He reigns and triumphs here."

3 How happy are our ears  
That hear this joyful sound, [for,  
Which kings and prophets waited  
And sought, but never found!

4 How blessed are our eyes  
That see this heavenly light!

Prophets and kings desired it long,  
But died without the sight.

5 The watchmen join their voice,  
And tuneful notes employ;  
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,  
And deserts learn the joy.

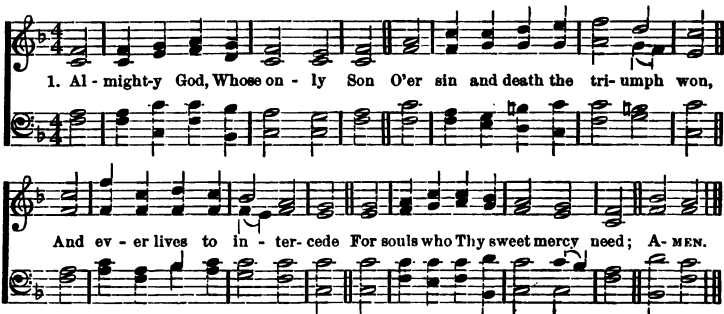
6 The Lord makes bare His arm  
Through all the earth abroad:  
Let every nation now behold  
Their Saviour and their God.

499

H. W. BAKER.

UXBRIDGE. L. M.

L. MASON.



1. Al - might - y God, Whose on - ly Son O'er sin and death the tri - umph won,  
And ev - er lives to in - ter - cede For souls who Thy sweet mercy need; A - MEN.

2 In His dear Name to Thee we pray  
For all who err and go astray,  
For sinners, wheresoe'er they be,  
Who do not serve and honor Thee.

3 And some within Thy sacred fold,  
Whose holy things are dead and cold,

And waste the precious hours of life  
In selfish ease, or toil, or strife;

4 And many a quickened soul within  
There lurks the secret love of sin,  
A wayward will, or anxious fears,  
Or lingering taint of bygone years:

GENERAL.

5 Oh, give repentance true and deep  
To all Thy lost and wandering sheep !  
And kindle in their hearts the fire  
Of holy love and pure desire :

6 That so from angel hosts above  
May rise a sweeter song of love,  
And we, with all the blest, adore  
Thy Name, O God, for evermore.

500

TATE & BRADY.

BOYLSTON. S. M.

L. MASON.

1. To bless Thy chos - en race, In mer - cy, Lord, in - cline;  
And cause the brightness of Thy face On all Thy saints to shine; A-MEN.

2 That so Thy wondrous way  
May through the world be known;  
While distant lands their tribute  
And Thy salvation own. [pay,

3 Oh, let them shout and sing,  
With joy and pious mirth!  
For Thou, the righteous Judge and  
Shalt govern all the earth. [King,

4 Let differing nations join  
To celebrate Thy fame!  
Let all the world, O Lord, combine  
To praise Thy glorious Name!

5 Then God upon our land  
Shall constant blessings shower;  
And all the world in awe shall stand  
Of His resistless power.

Oh, may it all my powers engage  
To do my Master's will!

3 Arm me with jealous care,  
As in Thy sight to live,  
And oh, Thy servant, Lord, prepare  
A strict account to give!

4 Help me to watch and pray,  
And on Thyself rely, [way  
Steadfast to walk on Christ's dear  
And God to glorify.

502

B. BEDDOME, *alt.*

S. M.

1 Heirs of unending life,  
While yet we sojourn here,  
Oh, let us our salvation work  
With trembling and with fear!

2 God will support our hearts  
With might before unknown;  
The work to be performed is ours,  
The strength is all His own.

3 'Tis He that works to will,  
'Tis He that works to do;  
His is the power by which we act,  
His be the glory too!

501

C. WESLEY.

S. M.

1 A charge to keep I have,  
A God to glorify;  
A never-dying soul to save,  
And fit it for the sky.

2 From youth to hoary age,  
My calling to fulfill:

503

P. DODDRIDGE.

CHRISTMAS. C. M.

G. F. HANDEL.

1. A-wake, my soul, stretch every nerve, And press with vigor on;  
A heavenly race demands thy zeal, And an im-mor-tal crown,  
And an im-mor-tal crown. AMEN.

2 A cloud of witnesses around  
Hold thee in full survey;  
Forget the steps already trod,  
And onward urge thy way.

3 'Tis God's all-animating voice  
That calls thee from on high;  
'Tis His own hand presents the  
To thine uplifted eye. [prize

- 4 Then wake, my soul, stretch every nerve,  
And press with vigor on;  
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,  
And an immortal crown.

504

G. HEATH.

SCHUMANN. S. M.

R. SCHUMANN.

1. My soul, be on thy guard! Ten thou-sand foes a - rise;  
The hosts of sin are pressing hard To draw thee from the skies. A-MEN.

- 2 Oh, watch, and fight, and pray! Thy arduous work will not be done  
The battle ne'er give o'er; Till thou obtain thy crown.  
Renew it boldly every day,  
And help divine implore.
- 3 Ne'er think the victory won, He'll take thee, at thy parting breath  
Nor lay thine armor down: Up to His blest abode.
- 4 Fight on, my soul, till death  
Shall bring thee to thy God!  
He'll take thee, at thy parting breath  
Up to His blest abode.

## GENERAL.

505

J. S. B. MONSELL.

PENTECOST. L. M.

W. BOYD.

1. Fight the good fight with all thy might, Christ is thy strength, and Christ thy right;

Lay hold on life, and it shall be Thy joy and crown e - ter - nal - ly. A - MEN.

- 2 Run the straight race through God's good grace,  
Lift up thine eyes, and seek His face;  
Life with its way before us lies,  
Christ is the path, and Christ the prize.
- 3 Cast care aside, lean on thy Guide;  
His boundless mercy will provide;
- Trust, and thy trusting soul shall prove  
Christ is its life, and Christ its love.
- 4 Faint not nor fear, His arms are near;  
He changeth not, and thou art dear;  
Only believe, and thou shalt see  
That Christ is all in all to thee.

506

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE. 7s.

H. K. WHITE, alt.

H. J. GAUNTLETT.

1. Oft in dan - ger, oft in woe, On - ward, Christians, onward go:

Fight the fight, maintain the strife, Strengthened with the Bread of life. AMEN.

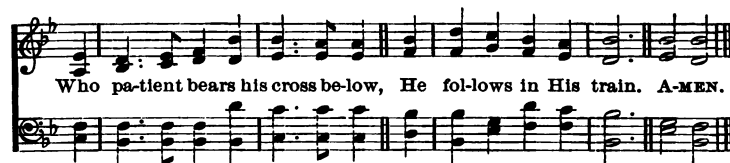
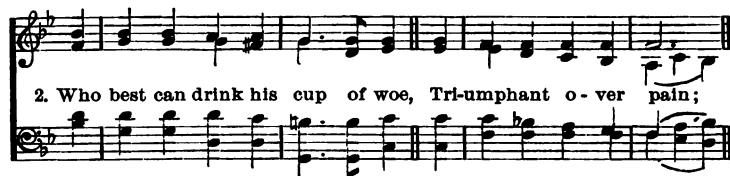
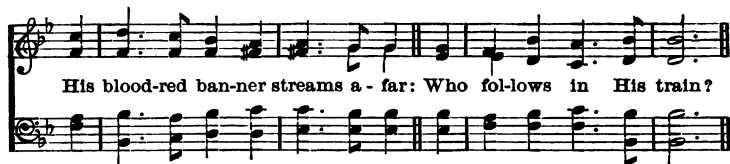
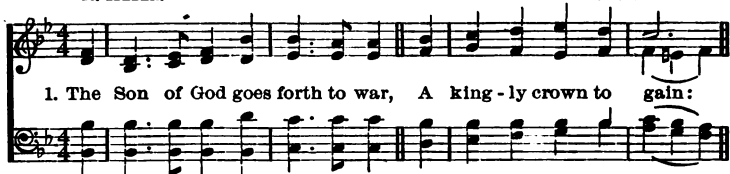
- 2 Let your drooping hearts be glad:  
March in heavenly armor clad:  
Fight, nor think the battle long,  
Soon shall victory tune your song.
- 3 Let not sorrow dim your eye,  
Soon shall every tear be dry;
- Let not fears your course impede,  
Great your strength, if great your need.
- 4 Onward then to battle move,  
More than conquerors ye shall prove;  
Though opposed by many a foe,  
Christian soldiers, onward go.

507

R. HEBER.

CUTLER'S. C. M. D.

H. S. CUTLER.



3 The martyr first, whose eagle eye  
Could pierce beyond the grave;  
Who saw his Master in the sky,  
And called on Him to save.

4 Like Him, with pardon on His  
tongue,  
In midst of mortal pain,  
He prayed for them that did the  
wrong:  
Who follows in His train?

5 A glorious band, the chosen few,  
On whom the Spirit came:  
Twelve valiant saints, their hope  
they knew,  
And mocked the cross and flame.

6 They met the tyrant's brandished  
steel,  
The lion's gory mane;  
They bowed their necks the death  
to feel:  
Who follows in their train?

7 A noble army: men and boys,  
The matron and the maid;  
Around the Saviour's throne rejoice,  
In robes of light arrayed.

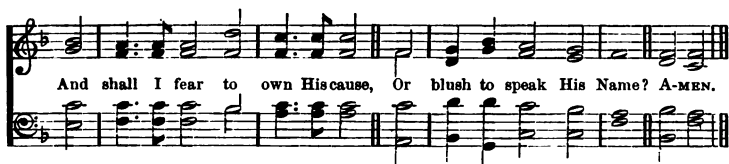
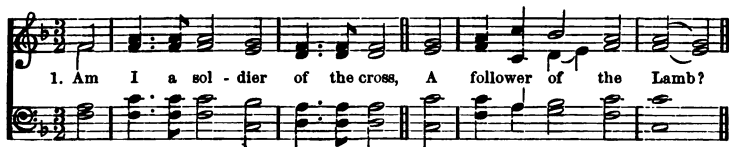
8 They climbed the steep ascent of  
heaven  
Through peril, toil, and pain:  
O God, to us may grace be given  
To follow in their train.

508

I. WATTS.

ARLINGTON. C. M.

T. A. ARNE.



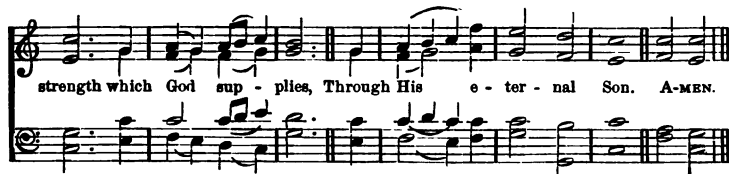
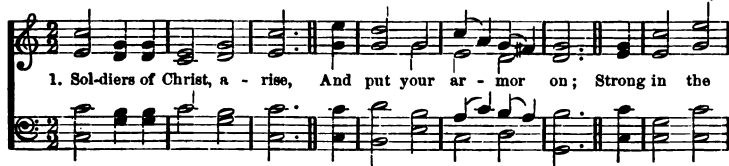
- 2 Must I be carried to the skies  
On flowery beds of ease,  
While others fought to win the prize,  
And sailed through bloody seas?
- 3 Are there no foes for me to face?  
Must I not stem the flood?  
Is this vile world a friend to grace,  
To help me on to God?
- 4 Sure I must fight if I would reign;  
Increase my courage, Lord;
- I'll bear the cross, endure the pain,  
Supported by Thy word.
- 5 Thy saints, in all this glorious war,  
Shall conquer, though they die;  
They view the triumph from afar,  
And seize it with their eye.
- 6 When that illustrious day shall rise,  
And all Thy armies shine  
In robes of victory through the skies,  
The glory shall be Thine.

509

C. WESLEY.

SILVER STREET. S. M.

I. SMITH.

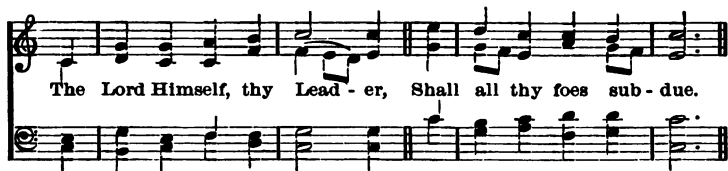


- 2 Strong in the Lord of Hosts,  
And in His mighty power;  
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts  
Is more than conqueror.
- 3 Stand then in His great might,  
With all His strength endured;  
And take, to arm you for the fight,  
The panoply of God.
- 4 From strength to strength go on,  
Wrestle, and fight, and pray:  
Tread all the powers of darkness down,  
And win the well-fought day.
- 5 That having all things done,  
And all your conflicts past,  
Ye may o'ercome, through Christ alone,  
And stand complete at last.



L. TUTTIETT.

M. TESCHNER.



2 Go forward, Christian soldier!  
 Fear not the secret foe;  
 Far more o'er thee are watching  
 Than human eyes can know:  
 Trust only Christ, thy Captain;  
 Cease not to watch and pray;  
 Heed not the treacherous voices  
 That lure thy soul astray.

3 Go forward, Christian soldier!  
 Nor dream of peaceful rest,  
 Till Satan's host is vanquished  
 And heaven is all possessed;

Till Christ Himself shall call thee  
 To lay thine armor by,  
 And wear in endless glory  
 The crown of victory.

4 Go forward, Christian soldier!  
 Fear not the gathering night:  
 The Lord has been thy shelter;  
 The Lord will be thy light.  
 When morn His face revealeth,  
 Thy dangers all are past:  
 Oh, pray that faith and virtue  
 May keep thee to the last!

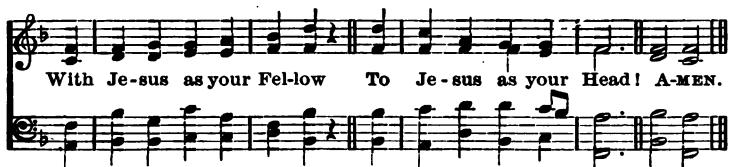
## GENERAL.

511

KOCHER. 7s, 6s.

Tr. J. M. NEALE.

J. H. KNECHT.



2 Oh, happy if ye labor  
As Jesus did for men!  
Oh, happy if ye hunger  
As Jesus hungered then!

5 The trials that beset you,  
The sorrows ye endure,  
The manifold temptations  
That death alone can cure;

3 The cross that Jesus carried,  
He carried as your due:  
The crown that Jesus weareth,  
He weareth it for you.

6 What are they but His jewels,  
Of right celestial worth?  
What are they but the ladder  
Set up to heaven on earth?

4 The faith by which ye see Him,  
The hope in which ye yearn,  
The love that through all troubles  
To Him alone will turn;

7 O happy band of pilgrims,  
Look upward to the skies,  
Where such a light affliction  
Shall win so great a prize!

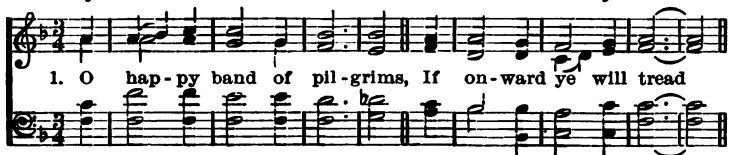
511

PLYMOUTH. 7s, 6s.

Tr. J. M. NEALE.

SECOND TUNE.

J. STAINER.



512

## AMSTERDAM. 7s, 6s, D. Pec.

R. SEAGRAVE.

J. NARES.

1. Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings, Thy bet-ter por-tion trace;

Rise from tran-si-to-ry things, Toward heaven, thy destined place.

Sun and moon and stars de-cay, Time shall soon this earth remove;

Rise, my soul, and haste a-way To seats prepared a-bove. A-MEN.

2 Cease, my soul, oh, cease to mourn!

Press onward to the prize;

Soon thy Saviour will return,

To take thee to the skies:

There is everlasting peace,

Rest, enduring rest, in heaven;

There will sorrow ever cease,

And crowns of joy be given.

513

## HUNTINGTON. S. M.

J. MONTGOMERY.

H. P. MAIN.

1. Oh, where shall rest be found, Rest for the wea - ry soul?

'Twere vain the ocean-depths to sound, Or pierce to eith - er pole. A - MEN.

Copyright, 1897, by Hubert P. Main.

- 2 The world can never give  
The bliss for which we sigh ;  
'Tis not the whole of life to live,  
Nor all of death to die.
- 3 Beyond this vale of tears  
There is a life above,  
Unmeasured by the flight of years,  
And all that life is love.
- 4 There is a death, whose pang  
Outlasts the fleeting breath ;
- Oh, what eternal horrors hang  
Around the second death !
- 5 Lord God of truth and grace,  
Teach us that death to shun,  
Lest we be banished from Thy face,  
For evermore undone.
- 6 Here would we end our quest :  
Alone are found in Thee  
The life of perfect love, and rest  
Of immortality.

513

## SHAWMUT. S. M.

J. MONTGOMERY.

SECOND TUNE.

L. MASON.

1. Oh, where shall rest be found, Rest for the wea - ry soul?

'Twere vain the o - cean-depths to sound, Or pierce to eith - er pole. A - MEN.

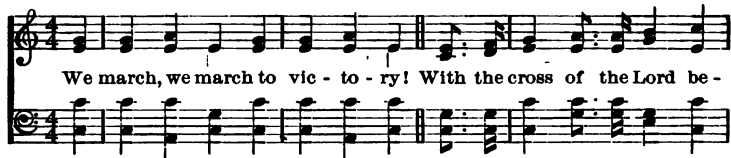
## VII. Processionals.

514

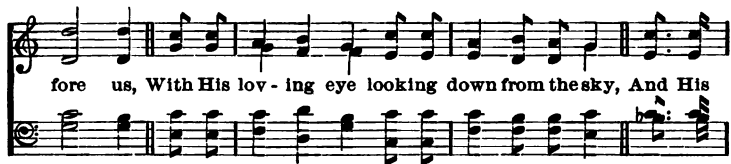
G. MOULTRIE.

BARNBY. P. M.


J. BARNEY.



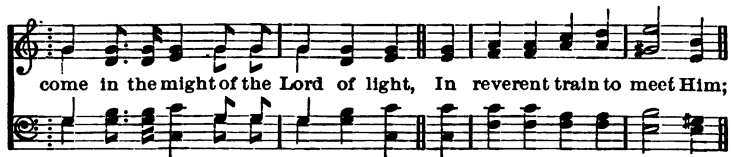
We march, we march to vic - to - ry! With the cross of the Lord be -



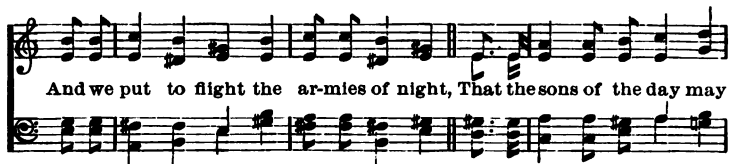
fore us, With His lov - ing eye looking down from the sky, And His



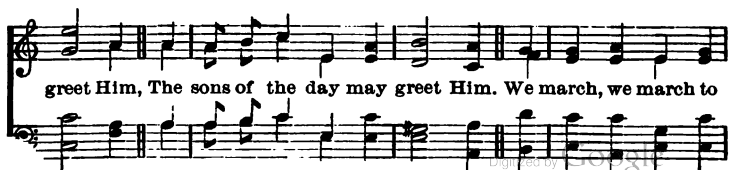
ho - ly arms spread o'er us, His ho - ly arm spread o'er us. 1. We



come in the might of the Lord of light, In reverent train to meet Him;

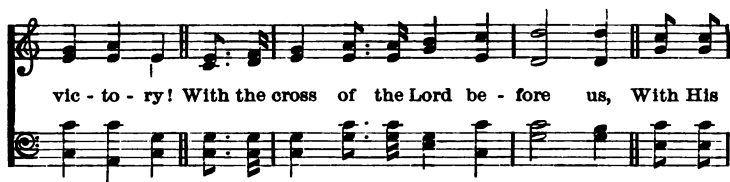


And we put to flight the armies of night, That the sons of the day may

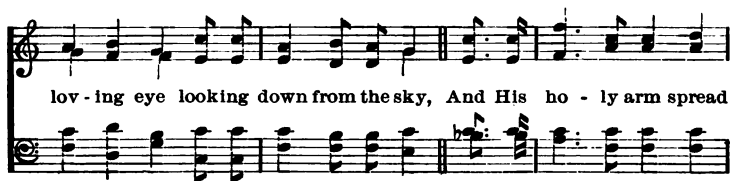


greet Him, The sons of the day may greet Him. We march, we march to

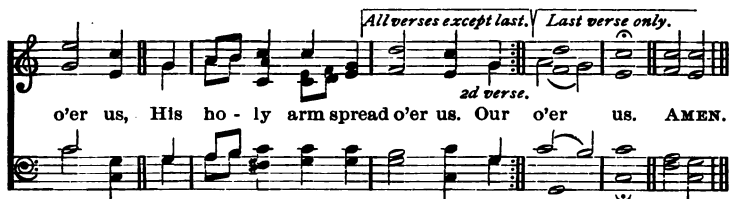
# PROCESSIONALS.



vic - to - ry! With the cross of the Lord be - fore us, With His



lov - ing eye looking down from the sky, And His ho - ly arm spread



o'er us, His ho - ly arm spread o'er us. Our o'er us. AMEN.

*All verses except last. Last verse only.*

*2d verse.*

2 Our sword is the Spirit of God on high,  
Our helmet is His salvation,  
Our banner, the Cross of Calvary,  
Our watchword, the Incarnation.  
We march, we march, etc.

3 And the choir of angels with song awaits  
Our march to the golden Sion;  
For our Captain has broken the brazen gates,  
And burst the bars of iron.  
We march, we march, etc.

4 Then onward we march, our arms to prove,  
With the banner of Christ before us,  
With His eye of love looking down from above,  
And His holy arm spread o'er us.  
We march, we march, etc.

We march, we march to victory!  
With the cross of the Lord before us,  
With His loving eye looking down from the sky,  
And His holy arm spread o'er us.

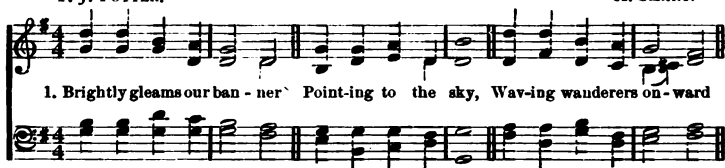
PROCESSIONALS.

515

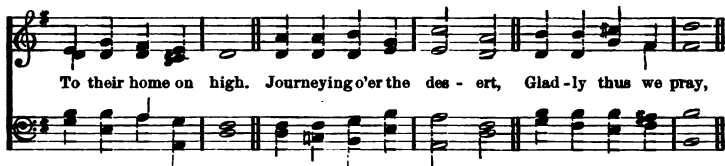
BRIGHTLY GLEAMS. 6s, 5s, D, With Refrain.

T. J. POTTER.

H. SMART.



1. Brightly gleams our ban - ner Point-ing to the sky, Wav-ing wanderers on - ward



To their home on high. Journeying o'er the des - ert, Glad - ly thus we pray,

REFRAIN.



And with hearts u - nit - ed Take our heavenward way. Brightly gleams our ban-ner



Point-ing to the sky, Waving wanderers on - ward To their home on high. A - MEN.

2 Jesu, Lord and Master,  
At Thy sacred feet,  
Here with hearts rejoicing  
See Thy children meet:  
Often have we left Thee,  
Often gone astray;  
Keep us, mighty Saviour,  
In the narrow way.  
Brightly gleams, etc.

3 All our days direct us  
In the way we go,  
Lead us on victorious  
Over every foe:

Bid Thine angels shield us  
When the storm-clouds lower,  
Pardon, Lord, and save us  
In the last dread hour.  
Brightly gleams, etc.

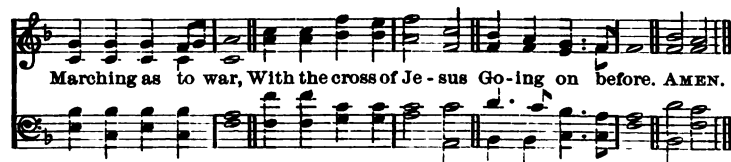
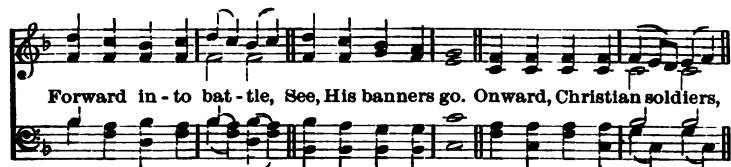
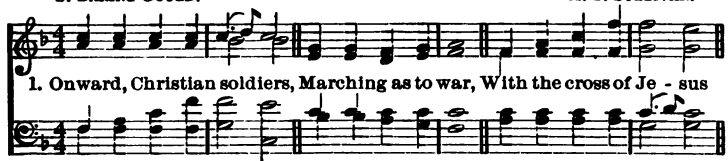
4 Then with saints and angels  
May we join above,  
Offering prayers and praises  
At Thy throne of love;  
When the toil is over,  
Then come rest and peace,  
Jesus in His beauty,  
Songs that never cease.  
Brightly gleams, etc.

516

## ST. GERTRUDE. 6s, 5s, D. With Refrain.

S. BARING-GOULD.

A. S. SULLIVAN.



2 At the sign of triumph  
Satan's host doth flee;  
On, then, Christian soldiers,  
On to victory!  
Hell's foundations quiver  
At the shout of praise;  
Brothers, lift your voices,  
Loud your anthems raise!  
Onward, etc.

3 Like a mighty army  
Moves the Church of God;  
Brothers, we are treading  
Where the saints have trod;  
We are not divided,  
All one Body we,  
One in hope and doctrine,  
One in charity.  
Onward, etc.

4 Crowns and thrones may perish,  
Kingdoms rise and wane,  
But the Church of Jesus  
Constant will remain;  
Gates of hell can never  
'Gainst that Church prevail;  
We have Christ's own promise,  
And that cannot fail.  
Onward, etc.

5 Onward, then, ye people!  
Join our happy throng!  
Blend with ours your voices  
In the triumph song!  
Glory, laud, and honor,  
Unto Christ the King;  
This through countless ages  
Men and angels sing.  
Onward, etc.



PROCESSIONALS.

516

ONWARD. 6s, 5s. D. With Refrain.

S. BARING-GOULD.

SECOND TUNE.

H. J. GAUNTLETT.

1. On - ward, Christian sol - diers, March - ing as to war,  
*D.C.*—On - ward, Christian sol - diers, etc.

With the cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore! FINE.

Christ the roy - al Mas - ter Leads a - gainst the foe;

*D.C.*  
 For - ward in - to bat - tle, See, His ban - ners go. A-MEN.

- 2 At the sign of triumph  
 Satan's host doth flee;  
 On, then, Christian soldiers,  
 On to victory!  
 Hell's foundations quiver  
 At the shout of praise;  
 Brothers, lift your voices,  
 Loud your anthems raise!  
 Onward, etc.
- 3 Like a mighty army  
 Moves the Church of God;  
 Brothers, we are treading  
 Where the saints have trod;  
 We are not divided,  
 All one Body we,  
 One in hope and doctrine,  
 One in charity.  
 Onward, etc.

- 4 Crowns and thrones may perish,  
 Kingdoms rise and wane,  
 But the Church of Jesus  
 Constant will remain;  
 Gates of hell can never  
 'Gainst that Church prevail;  
 We have Christ's own promise,  
 And that cannot fail.  
 Onward, etc.
- 5 Onward, then, ye people!  
 Join our happy throng!  
 Blend with ours your voices  
 In the triumph song!  
 Glory, laud, and honor,  
 Unto Christ the King;  
 This through countless ages  
 Men and angels sing.  
 Onward, etc.

PROCESSIONALS.

517

STAUNTON. 8s, 7s. 6 lines.

J. ELLERTON.

H. P. MAIN.

1. Sing, ye faithful, sing with gladness! Wake your noblest, sweetest strain!  
 With the praises of your Sav-i-our Let His house re-sound a-gain!  
 Him let all your music honor, And your songs exalt His reign! A - MEN.

Copyright, 1897, by Hubert P. Main.

- 2 Sing how He came forth from heaven,  
 Bowed Himself to Bethlehem's cave,  
 Stooped to wear the servant's vesture,  
 Bore the pain, the cross, the grave,  
 Passed within the gates of darkness,  
 Thence His banished ones to save!
- 3 So He tasted death for all men,  
 He of all mankind the Head,  
 Sinless One among the sinful,  
 Prince of life among the dead;  
 So He wrought the full redemption,  
 And the captor captive led.
- 4 Now on high, yet ever with us,  
 From His Father's throne, the Son  
 Rules and guides the world He ransomed,  
 Till the appointed work be done,  
 Till He see, renewed and perfect,  
 All things gathered into one.
- 5 Day of promised restitution!  
 Fruit of all His sorrows past!  
 When the crown of His dominion  
 He before the throne shall cast,  
 And throughout the wide creation  
 God be "all in all" at last;

## PROCESSIONALS.

518

C. M. NOEL.

EVELYNS. 6s, 5s. D.

W. H. MONK.



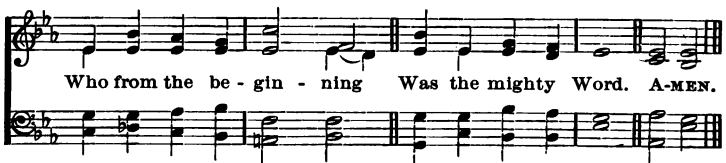
1. At the Name of Je - sus Ev - ery knee shall bow,



Ev - ery tongue con - fess Him King of glo - ry now;



'Tis the Father's pleas - ure We should call Him Lord,



Who from the be - gin - ning Was the mighty Word. A-MEN.

- 2 At His voice creation  
Sprang at once to sight,  
All the angel faces,  
All the hosts of light,  
Thrones and dominations,  
Stars upon their way,  
All the heavenly orders,  
In their great array.
- 3 Humbled for a season  
To receive a Name  
From the lips of sinners,  
Unto whom He came,  
Faithfully He bore it  
Spotless to the last,  
Brought it back victorious,  
When from death He passed;
- 4 Bore it up triumphant,  
With its human light,  
Through all ranks of creatures,  
To the central height;

To the throne of Godhead,  
To the Father's breast,  
Filled it with the glory  
Of that perfect rest.

- 5 In your hearts enthrone Him;  
There let Him subdue  
All that is not holy,  
All that is not true:  
Crown Him as your Captain  
In temptation's hour;  
Let His will enfold you  
In its light and power.
- 6 Brothers, this Lord Jesus  
Shall return again,  
With His Father's glory,  
With His angel train;  
For all wreaths of empire  
Meet upon His brow,  
And our hearts confess Him  
King of glory now.

PROCESSIONALS.

518

RUTH. 6s, 5s. D.

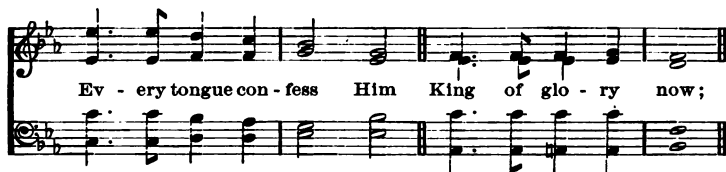
C. M. NOEL.

SECOND TUNE.

S. SMITH.



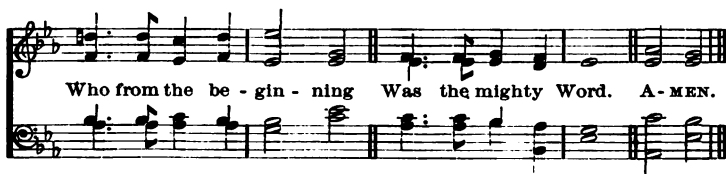
1. At the Name of Je - sus Ev - ery knee shall bow,



Ev - ery tongue con - fess Him King of glo - ry now;



'Tis the Fa - ther's pleas - ure We should call Him Lord,



Who from the be - gin - ning Was the mighty Word. A - MEN.

- 2 At His voice creation  
Sprang at once to sight,  
All the angel faces,  
All the hosts of light,  
Thrones and dominations,  
Stars upon their way,  
All the heavenly orders,  
In their great array.
- 3 Humbled for a season,  
To receive a Name  
From the lips of sinners,  
Unto whom He came,  
Faithfully He bore it  
Spotless to the last,  
Brought it back victorious,  
When from death He passed;
- 4 Bore it up triumphant,  
With its human light,  
Through all ranks of creatures,  
To the central height;

- To the throne of Godhead,  
To the Father's breast,  
Filled it with the glory  
Of that perfect rest.
- 5 In your hearts en throne Him;  
There let Him subdue  
All that is not holy,  
All that is not true:  
Crown Him as your Captain  
In temptation's hour;  
Let His will enfold you  
In its light and power.
- 6 Brothers, this Lord Jesus  
Shall return again,  
With His Father's glory,  
With His angel train;  
For all wreaths of empire  
Meet upon His brow,  
And our hearts confess Him  
King of glory now.

PROCESSIONALS.

519


G. THRING.

EDINA. 6s, 5s. D.

H. S. OAKELEY.



1. Sav-iour, bless-ed Sav - iour, Lis - ten while we sing; Hearts and voic - es



rais - ing Prais-es to our King. All we have we of - fer, All we hope to



be, Bo - dy, soul, and spir - it, All we yield to Thee. A-MEN.

2 Nearer, ever nearer,  
Christ, we draw to Thee,  
Deep in adoration  
Bending low the knee:  
Thou for our redemption  
Cam'st on earth to die:  
Thou, that we might follow,  
Hast gone up on high.

3 Great, and ever greater  
Are Thy mercies here,  
True and everlasting  
Are the glories there;  
Where no pain, or sorrow,  
Toil, or care, is known,  
Where the angel legions  
Circle round Thy throne.

4 Clearer still, and clearer,  
Dawns the light from heaven,  
In our sadness bringing  
News of sins forgiven;  
Life has lost its shadows;  
Pure the light within;  
Thou hast shed Thy radiance  
On a world of sin.

5 Brighter still, and brighter,  
Glow the western sun,  
Shedding all its gladness  
O'er our work that's done;  
Time will soon be over,  
Toil and sorrow past,  
May we, blessed Saviour,  
Find a rest at last!

6 Onward, ever onward,  
Journeying o'er the road  
Worn by saints before us,  
Journeying on to God!  
Leaving all behind us,  
May we hasten on,  
Backward never looking  
Till the prize is won.

7 Bliss, all bliss excelling,  
When the ransomed soul,  
Earthly toils forgetting,  
Finds its promised goal;  
Where in joys unheard of  
Saints with angels sing,  
Never weary raising  
Praises to their King.

PROCESSIONALS.

519

BLESSED SAVIOUR. 6s, 5s. D.

G. THRING.

SECOND TUNE.

G. E. STUBBS.

1. Sav-iour, bless-ed Sav-iour, Lis-ten while we sing; Hearts and voic-es  
rais-ing Prais-es to our King. All we have we of-fer, All we hope to  
be, Bod-y, soul, and spir-it, All we yield to Thee. A-MEN.

Copyright, 1889, by G. Edward Stubbs.

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <p>2 Nearer, ever nearer,<br/>Christ, we draw to Thee,<br/>Deep in adoration<br/>Bending low the knee:<br/>Thou for our redemption<br/>Cam'st on earth to die:<br/>Thou, that we might follow,<br/>Hast gone up on high.</p>                  | <p>5 Brighter still, and brighter,<br/>Glow's the western sun,<br/>Shedding all its gladness<br/>O'er our work that's done;<br/>Time will soon be over,<br/>Toil and sorrow past,<br/>May we, blessed Saviour,<br/>Find a rest at last!</p> |
| <p>3 Great, and ever greater<br/>Are Thy mercies here,<br/>True and everlasting<br/>Are the glories there;<br/>Where no pain, or sorrow,<br/>Toil, or care, is known,<br/>Where the angel legions<br/>Circle round Thy throne.</p>            | <p>6 Onward, ever onward,<br/>Journeying o'er the road<br/>Worn by saints before us,<br/>Journeying on to God!<br/>Leaving all behind us,<br/>May we hasten on,<br/>Backward never looking<br/>Till the prize is won.</p>                   |
| <p>4 Clearer still, and clearer,<br/>Dawns the light from heaven,<br/>In our sadness bringing<br/>News of sins forgiven;<br/>Life has lost its shadows;<br/>Pure the light within;<br/>Thou hast shed Thy radiance<br/>On a world of sin.</p> | <p>7 Bliss, all bliss excelling,<br/>When the ransomed soul,<br/>Earthly toils forgetting,<br/>Finds its promised goal;<br/>Where in joys unheard of<br/>Saints with angels sing,<br/>Never weary raising<br/>Praises to their King.</p>    |

520

## MARION. S.M. With Refrain.

E. H. PLUMPTRE.

A. H. MESSITER.

1. Re-joice, ye pure in heart! Re-joyce, give thanks, and sing!

Your glo-rious ban-ner wave on high, The cross of Christ your King!

Re-joyce! Re-joyce! Rejoice, give thanks and sing! A-MEN.  
Re-joyce! Re-joyce!

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| 2 Bright youth, and snow-crowned<br>age,<br>Strong men and maidens meek:<br>Raise high your free, exulting song!<br>God's wondrous praises speak! | 5 Yes, on through life's long path!<br>Still chanting as ye go;<br>From youth to age, by night and<br>day,<br>In gladness and in woe.     |
| 3 With all the angels choirs,<br>With all the saints of earth,<br>Pour out the strains of joy and<br>bliss,<br>True rapture, noblest mirth!       | 6 Still lift your standard high!<br>Still march in firm array!<br>As warriors through the darkness<br>toil,<br>Till dawns the golden day! |
| 4 Your clear hosannas raise,<br>And alleluias loud!<br>Whilst answering echoes upward<br>float,<br>Like wreathes of incense cloud.                | 7 At last the march shall end;<br>The wearied ones shall rest;<br>The pilgrims find their Father's<br>house,<br>Jerusalem the blest.      |

- 8 Then on, ye pure in heart!  
Rejoice, give thanks, and sing!  
Your glorious banner wave on high,  
The cross of Christ your King!

PROCESSIONALS.

520

HOLBORN. S. M.

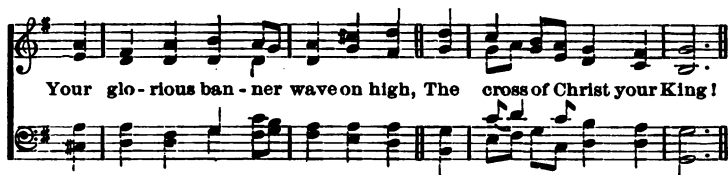
E. H. PLUMPTRE.

SECOND TUNE.

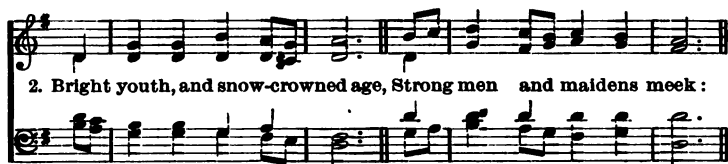
G. F. HANDEL, *arr.*



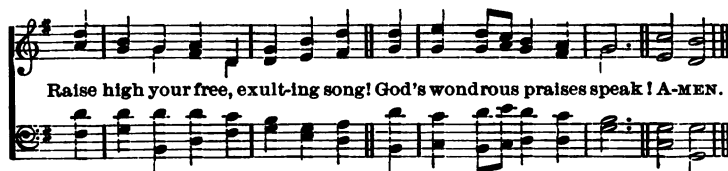
1. Re - jice, ye pure in heart! Re - jice, give thanks, and sing!



Your glo - rious ban - ner wave on high, The cross of Christ your King!



2. Bright youth, and snow-crowned age, Strong men and maidens meek:



Raise high your free, exult-ing song! God's wondrous praises speak! A-MEN.

3 With all the angel choirs,  
With all the saints of earth,  
Pour out the strains of joy and  
bliss,  
True rapture, noblest mirth!

4 Your clear hosannas raise,  
And alleluias loud! [float,  
Whilst answering echoes upward  
Like wreathes of incense cloud.

5 Yes, on through life's long path!  
Still chanting as ye go; [day,  
From youth to age, by night and  
In gladness and in woe.

6 Still lift your standard high!  
Still march in firm array! [toil,  
As warriors through the darkness  
Till dawns the golden day!

7 At last the march shall end;  
The wearied ones shall rest;  
The pilgrims find their Father's  
Jerusalem the blest. [house,

8 Then on, ye pure in heart!  
Rejoice, give thanks, and sing!  
Your glorious banner wave on  
high,  
The cross of Christ your King!



521

## SHERMAN SQUARE. 8s, 7s, D.

Tr. S. BARING-GOULD.

P. C. EDWARDS, Jr.

1. Through the night of doubt and sor-row Onward goes the pilgrim band,

Sing-ing songs of ex - pec-ta-tion, Marching to the promised land.

Clear be-fore us through the darkness Gleams and burns the guiding light:

Brother clasps the hand of brother, Stepping fearless through the night. AMEN.

Copyright, 1898, by P. C. Edwards, Jr.

2 One, the light of God's own  
presence,  
O'er His ransomed people shed,  
Chasing far the gloom and terror,  
Brightening all the path we tread:  
One, the object of our journey,  
One, the faith which never tires,  
One, the earnest looking forward,  
One, the hope our God inspires.

3 One, the strain the lips of thou-  
sands  
lift as from the heart of one;  
the conflict, one the peril,

One, the march in God begun:  
One, the gladness of rejoicing  
On the far eternal shore,  
Where the One Almighty Father  
Reigns in love for evermore.

4 Onward therefore, pilgrim brothers!  
Onward, with the Cross our aid!  
Bear its shame, and fight its battle,  
Till we rest beneath its shade!  
Soon shall come the great awaking;  
Soon the rending of the tomb;  
Then, the scattering of all shadows,  
And the end of toil and gloom!

PROCESSIONALS.

521

LUX EOI. 8s, 7s, D.

Tr. S. BARING-GOULD.

SECOND TUNE.

A. S. SULLIVAN.

1. Through the night of doubt and sorrow On-ward goes the pil-grim band,

Singing songs of ex - pec - ta - tion, Marching to the prom-ised land.

Clear be - fore us through the darkness Gleams and burns the guiding light:

Brother clasps the hand of brother, Stepping fearless through the night. AMEN.

2 One, the light of God's own  
presence,  
O'er His ransomed people shed,  
Chasing far the gloom and terror,  
Brightening all the path we tread:  
One, the object of our journey,  
One, the faith which never tires,  
One, the earnest looking forward,  
One, the hope our God inspires.

3 One, the strain the lips of thous-  
ands  
Lift as from the heart of one;  
One the conflict, one the peril,

One, the march in God begun:  
One, the gladness of rejoicing  
On the far eternal shore,  
Where the One Almighty Father  
Reigns in love for evermore.

4 Onward therefore, pilgrim brothers!  
Onward, with the Cross our aid!  
Bear its shame, and fight its battle,  
Till we rest beneath its shade!  
Soon shall come the great awaking;  
Soon the rending of the tomb;  
Then, the scattering of all shadows.  
And the end of toil and gloom

PROCESSIONALS.

522

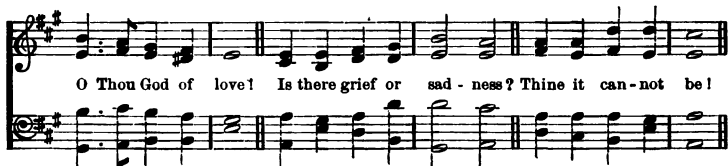
HERMAS. 6s, 5s. D. With Refrain.

J. S. B. MONSELL.

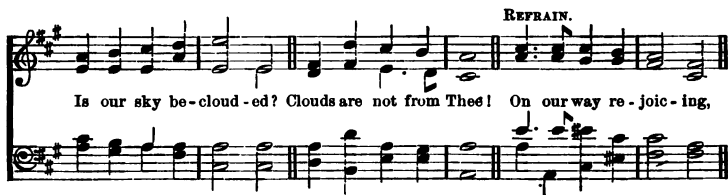
F. R. HAVERGAL.



1. On our way re-joic-ing, As we homeward move, Hearken to our prais-es,



O Thou God of love! Is there grief or sad-ness? Thine it can-not be!



REFRAIN.  
Is our sky be-cloud-ed? Clouds are not from Thee! On our way re-joic-ing,



As we homeward move, Hearken to our prais-es, O Thou God of love! A-MEN.

2 If with honest-hearted  
Love for God and man,  
Day by day Thou find us  
Doing what we can,  
Thou Who giv'st the seed-time  
Wilt give large increase,  
Crown the head with blessings,  
Fill the heart with peace.  
On our way rejoicing, etc.

3 On our way rejoicing  
Gladly let us go;  
Conquered bath our Leader!  
Vanquished is our foe!

Christ without, our safety;  
Christ within, our joy;  
Who, if we be faithful,  
Can our hope destroy?  
On our way rejoicing, etc.

4 Unto God the Father  
Joyful songs we sing;  
Unto God the Saviour  
Thankful hearts we bring;  
Unto God the Spirit  
Bow we and adore,  
On our way rejoicing  
Now and evermore!  
On our way rejoicing, etc.

PROCESSIONALS.

522

NEW YEAR. 6s, 5s. D. With Refrain.

J. S. B. MONSELL.

SECOND TUNE.

A. H. MANN.

1. On our way re - joic - ing, As we homeward move,

Hearken to our prais - es, O Thou God of love! Is there grief or

sad - ness? Thine it can - not be! Is our sky be - cloud - ed?

REFRAIN.

Clouds are not from Thee! On our way re - joic - ing, As we homeward

move, Hearken to our prais - es, O Thou God of love! AMEN.

2 If with honest-hearted  
Love for God and man,  
Day by day Thou find us  
Doing what we can,  
Thou Who giv'st the seed-time  
Wilt give large increase,  
Crown the head with blessings,  
Fill the heart with peace.  
On our way rejoicing, etc.

3 On our way rejoicing  
Gladly let us go;  
Conquered hath our Leader!  
Vanquished is our foe!

Christ without, our safety;  
Christ within, our joy;  
Who, if we be faithful,  
Can our hope destroy?  
On our way rejoicing, etc.

4 Unto God the Father  
Joyful songs we sing;  
Unto God the Saviour  
Thankful hearts we bring;  
Unto God the Spirit  
Bow we and adore,  
On our way rejoicing  
Now and evermore!  
On our way rejoicing, etc.


PROCESSIONALS.

528

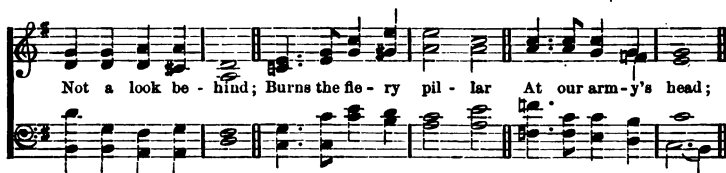
ST. BONIFACE. 6s, 5s, D. With Refrain.

H. ALFORD.

H. GADSBY.

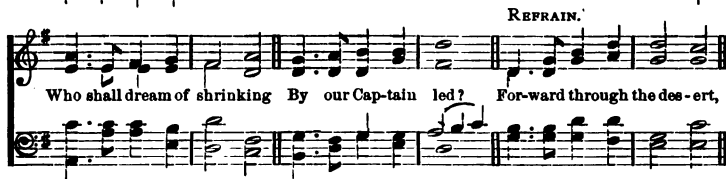


1. Forward! be our watchword, Steps and voices joined; Seek the things before us,

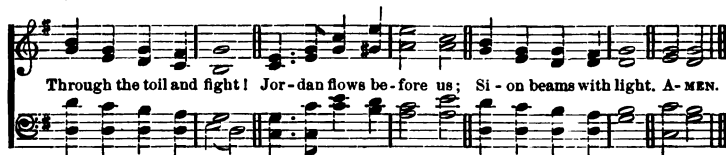


Not a look behind; Burns the fiery pillar At our army's head;

REFRAIN.



Who shall dream of shrinking By our Captain led? Forward through the desert,



Through the toil and fight! Jordan flows before us; Zion beams with light. A-MEN.

2 Glories upon glories

Hath our God prepared,  
By the souls that love Him  
One day to be shared;  
Eye hath not beheld them,  
Ear hath never heard;  
Nor of these hath uttered  
Thought or speech a word;  
Forward! marching eastward  
Where the heaven is bright,  
Till the veil be lifted,  
Till our faith be sight.

3 Far o'er yon horizon

Rise the city towers,  
Where our God abideth;  
That fair home is ours:  
Flash the streets with jasper,  
Open the gates with gold;

Flows the gladdening river  
Shedding joys untold.

Thither, onward thither,  
In the Spirit's might!  
Pilgrims to your country,  
Forward into light!

4 To the eternal Father

Loudest anthems raise:  
To the Son and Spirit  
Echo songs of praise:  
To the Lord of glory,  
Blesséd Three in One,  
Be by men and angels  
Endless honor done.  
Weak are earthly praises,  
Dull the songs of night:  
Forward into triumph!  
Forward into light!

## PROCESSIONALS.

528

## ST. ALBAN. 6s, 5s, D. With Refrain.

H. ALFORD.

SECOND TUNE.

Arr. by J. B. DYKES.

1. For-ward! be our watch-word, Steps and voices joined;  
D.C.—For-ward through the desert, Through the toil and fight!

Seek the things before us, Not a look behind:  
Jordan flows before us; Si-on beams with light.

Burns the fiery pillar At our army's head;

D.C.  
Who shall dream of shrink-ing, By our Captain led? A-MEN.

*Also the following :*

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| 311.—Ancient of days.                        | 445.—When morning gilds the skies.               |
| 313.—Lord of all being; throned afar.        | 446.—Shepherd of tender youth.                   |
| 323.—Hail to the Lord's Anointed.            | 448.—Come, let us sing the song of songs!        |
| 365.—Hail, Thou once despised Jesus.         | 453.—Praise to the Holiest in the height.        |
| 367.—Jesus, our risen King.                  | 454.—Lift up your heads, ye mighty gates.        |
| 368.—Alleluia! sing to Jesus.                | 455.—O God of God! O Light of Light!             |
| 374.—Crown Him with many crowns.             | 458.—Praise, my soul, the King of heaven.        |
| 378.—Come, Thou Holy Spirit, come!           | 459.—Oh, worship the King.                       |
| 382.—Spirit divine, attend our prayers.      | 460.—The God of Abraham praise.                  |
| 385.—Holy, Holy, Holy Lord.                  | 482.—In loud exalted strains.                    |
| 395.—Those eternal bowers.                   | 483.—Christ is made the sure foundation.         |
| 396.—Ten thousand times ten thousand.        | 484.—We love the place, O God.                   |
| 397.—Oh, what the joy and the glory must be. | 489.—Pleasant are Thy courts above.              |
| 400.—Blessed city, heavenly Salem.           | 490.—Glorious things of thee are spoken.         |
| 403.—O mother dear, Jerusalem.               | 491.—The Church's one foundation.                |
| 404.—I heard a sound of voices.              | 496.—Lord of our life, and God of our salvation. |
| 407.—For thee, O dear, dear country.         | 507.—The Son of God goes forth to war.           |
| 408.—Jerusalem the golden.                   | 510.—Go forward, Christian soldier.              |
| 420.—Jesu, still lead on.                    | 511.—O happy band of pilgrims.                   |
| 424.—O Light, Whose beams illumine all.      | 579.—O brothers, lift your voices.               |
| 444.—O Saviour, precious Saviour.            |  |

# VIII. Litanies.

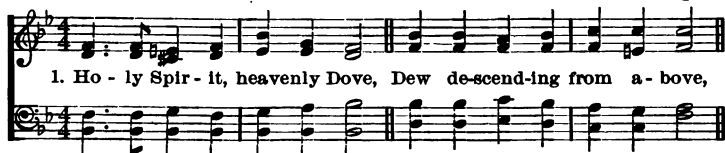
## Litany of the Holy Ghost.

524

R. F. LITTEDALE.

No. I. 78, 6.

T. MORLEY.



- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <p>2 Source of strength, of knowledge clear,<br/>Wisdom, godliness sincere,<br/>Understanding, counsel, fear;<br/>Hear us, Holy Spirit.</p> <p>3 Source of meekness, love, and peace,<br/>Patience, pureness, faith's increase,<br/>Hope and joy that cannot cease;<br/>Hear us, Holy Spirit.</p> <p>4 Spirit guiding us aright,<br/>Spirit making darkness light,<br/>Spirit of resistless might;<br/>Hear us, Holy Spirit.</p> <p>5 Thou by Whom the Virgin bore<br/>Him Whom heaven and earth<br/>adore,<br/>Sent our nature to restore;<br/>Hear us, Holy Spirit.</p> <p>6 Thou Whom Jesus, from His throne,<br/>Gave to cheer and help His own,<br/>That they might not be alone;<br/>Hear us, Holy Spirit.</p> <p>7 Thou Whose grace the Church doth fill,<br/>Showing her God's perfect will,<br/>Making Jesus present still;<br/>Hear us, Holy Spirit.</p> <p>8 Coming with Thy power to save,<br/>Moving on baptismal wave,</p> | <p>Raising us from sin's dark grave;<br/>Hear us, Holy Spirit.</p> <p>9 Thou by Whom our souls are fed<br/>With the true and living Bread,<br/>Even Him Who for us bled;<br/>Hear us, Holy Spirit.</p> <p>10 All Thy sevenfold gifts bestow,<br/>Gifts of wisdom God to know,<br/>Gifts of strength to meet the foe;<br/>Hear us, Holy Spirit.</p> <p>11 All our evil passions kill,<br/>Bend aright our stubborn will,<br/>Though we grieve Thee, patient<br/>still;<br/>Hear us, Holy Spirit.</p> <p>12 Come to raise us when we fall,<br/>And, when snares our souls en-<br/>thrall,<br/>Lead us back with gentle call;<br/>Hear us, Holy Spirit.</p> <p>13 Come to strengthen all the weak,<br/>Give Thy courage to the meek,<br/>Teach our faltering tongues to<br/>speak;<br/>Hear us, Holy Spirit.</p> <p>14 Come to aid the souls who yearn<br/>More of truth divine to learn,<br/>And with deeper love to burn;<br/>Hear us, Holy Spirit.</p> |
|--|--|

# LITANIES.

15 Keep us in the narrow way,  
Warn us when we go astray,  
Plead within us when we pray;  
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

16 Holy, loving, as Thou art,  
Come, and live within our heart;  
Never more from us depart;  
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

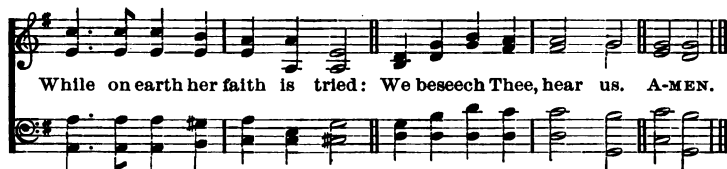
## Litany of the Church.

525

T. B. POLLOCK.

No. 2. 78, 6.

W. S. HOYTE.



2 Keep her life and doctrine pure,  
Help her, patient to endure,  
Trusting in Thy promise sure:  
We beseech Thee, hear us.

And the broken-hearted bind:  
We beseech Thee, hear us.

3 Be Thou with her all the days,  
May she, safe from error's ways,  
Toil for Thine eternal praise:  
We beseech Thee, hear us.

8 Save her love from growing cold,  
Make her watchman strong and  
bold,  
Fence her round, Thy peaceful fold:  
We beseech Thee, hear us.

4 May her voice be ever clear,  
Warning of a judgment near,  
Telling of a Saviour dear:  
We beseech Thee, hear us.

9 May her priests Thy people feed,  
Shepherds of the flock indeed,  
Ready, where Thou call'st, to lead:  
We beseech Thee, hear us.

5 All her fettered powers release,  
Bid our strife and envy cease,  
Grant the heavenly gift of peace:  
We beseech Thee, hear us.

10 Judge her not for work undone,  
Judge her not for fields unwon,  
Bless her works in Thee begun:  
We beseech Thee, hear us.

6 May she one in doctrine be,  
One in truth and charity,  
Winning all to faith in Thee:  
We beseech Thee, hear us.

11 For the past give deeper shame,  
Make her jealous for Thy Name,  
Kindle zeal's most holy flame:  
We beseech Thee, hear us.

7 May she guide the poor and blind,  
Seek the lost until she find,

12 Raise her to her calling high,  
Let the nations far and nigh  
Hear Thy heralds' warning cry:  
We beseech Thee, hear us.



# LITANIES.

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <p>13 May her lamp of truth be bright,<br/>         Bid her bear aloft its light [night:<br/>         Through the realms of heathen<br/>         We beseech Thee, hear us.</p> | <p>16 May she holy triumphs win,<br/>         Overthrow the hosts of sin,<br/>         Gather all the nations in :<br/>         We beseech Thee, hear us</p>                |
| <p>14 May her scattered children be<br/>         From reproach of evil free,<br/>         Blameless witnesses for Thee :<br/>         We beseech Thee, hear us.</p>            | <p>17 May she soon all glorious be,<br/>         Spotless and from wrinkle free,<br/>         Pure, and bright, and worthy Thee:<br/>         We beseech Thee, hear us.</p> |
| <p>15 Arm her soldiers with the cross,<br/>         Brave to suffer toil or loss,<br/>         Counting earthly gain but dross :<br/>         We beseech Thee, hear us.</p>    | <p>18 Fit her all Thy joy to share<br/>         In the home Thou dost prepare,<br/>         And be ever blessed there :<br/>         We beseech Thee, hear us.</p>          |

## Litany for Children.

526

T. B. POLLOCK.

No. 3. 7s, 6.

F. A. J. HERVEY.

*To be sung in Unison.*

1. Je - su, from Thy throne on high, Far a - bove the bright blue sky,  
 Look on us with lov-ing eye: Hear us, Ho-ly Je - su. A-MEN.

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <p>2 Little children need not fear, [near:<br/>         When they know that Thou art<br/>         Thou dost love us, Saviour dear:<br/>         Hear us, Holy Jesu.</p> | <p>Though the God and Lord of all:<br/>         Hear us, Holy Jesu.</p>   |
| <p>3 Little hearts may love Thee well,<br/>         Little lips Thy love may tell,<br/>         Little hymns Thy praises swell :<br/>         Hear us, Holy Jesu.</p>   | <p>6 Once a child so good and fair,<br/>         Feeling want, and toil, and care,<br/>         All that we may have to bear :<br/>         Hear us, Holy Jesu.</p> |
| <p>4 Little lives may be divine,<br/>         Little deeds of love may shine,<br/>         Little ones be wholly Thine:<br/>         Hear us, Holy Jesu.</p>            | <p>7 Jesu, Thou dost love us still,<br/>         And it is Thy holy will<br/>         That we should be safe from ill:<br/>         Hear us, Holy Jesu.</p>         |
| <p>5 Jesu, once an infant small,<br/>         Cribbled in the oxen's stall,</p>   | <p>8 Be Thou with us every day,<br/>         In our work and in our play,<br/>         When we learn and when we pray:<br/>         Hear us, Holy Jesu.</p>         |

# LITANIES.

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <p>9 When we lie asleep at night,<br/>Ever may Thy angels bright<br/>Keep us safe till morning light :<br/>Hear us, Holy Jesu.</p> <p>10 Make us brave without a fear,<br/>Make us happy, full of cheer,<br/>Sure that Thou art always near :<br/>Hear us, Holy Jesu.</p> <p>11 May we prize our Christian name,<br/>May we guard it free from blame,<br/>Fearing all that causes shame :<br/>Hear us, Holy Jesu.</p> <p>12 May we grow from day to day,<br/>Glad to learn each holy way,<br/>Ever ready to obey :<br/>Hear us, Holy Jesu.</p> <p>13 May we ever try to be<br/>From all sinful tempers free,</p> | <p>Pure and gentle, Lord, like Thee:<br/>Hear us, Holy Jesu.</p> <p>14 May our thoughts be undefiled,<br/>May our words be true and mild,<br/>Make us each a holy child :<br/>Hear us, Holy Jesu.</p> <p>15 Jesu, Son of God most high,<br/>Who didst in a manger lie,<br/>Who upon the cross didst die :<br/>Hear us, Holy Jesu.</p> <p>16 Jesu, from Thy heavenly throne,<br/>Watching o'er each little one,<br/>Till our life on earth is done :<br/>Hear us, Holy Jesu.</p> <p>17 Jesu, Whom we hope to see<br/>Calling us in heaven to be<br/>Happy evermore with Thee :<br/>Hear us, Holy Jesu.</p> |
|--|---|

## Litany of the Incarnate Life.

527

R. HEBER.

No. 4. 7s, 5.

R. JACKSON.

1. Lord of mer - cy and of might, Of mankind the life and light,

Mak - er, Teach - er in - fi - nite: Je - su, hear and save. A - MEN.

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>2 Strong Creator, Saviour mild,<br/>Humbled to a mortal child,<br/>Captive, beaten, bound, reviled :<br/>Jesu, hear and save.</p> <p>4 Soon to come to earth again,<br/>Judge of angels and of men,<br/>Hear us now, and hear us then :<br/>Jesu, hear and save.</p> | <p>3 Throned above celestial things,<br/>Borne aloft on angels' wings,<br/>Lord of lords, and King of kings :<br/>Jesu, hear and save.</p> |
|---|--|

LITANIES.

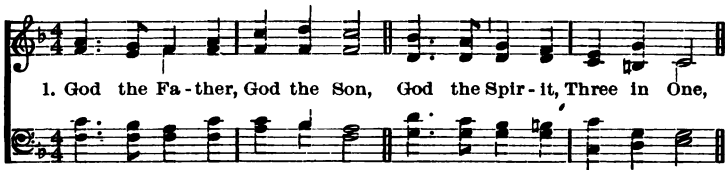
*Litany of the Incarnate Life.*

528

R. F. LITLEDALE.

No. 5. 7s, 6.

F. A. J. HERVEY.



1. God the Fa-ther, God the Son, God the Spir-it, Three in One,



Hear us from Thy heavenly throne: Spare us, Ho-ly Trinity. A-MEN.

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <p>2 Thou Who, leaving crown and throne,<br/>Camest here, an outcast lone,<br/>That Thou mightest save Thine own:<br/>Hear us, Holy Jesu.</p> | <p>8 Shepherd of the straying sheep,<br/>Comforter of them that weep,<br/>Hear us crying from the deep:<br/>Hear us Holy Jesu.</p>      |
| <p>3 Thou with sinners wont to eat,<br/>Who with loving words didst greet<br/>Mary weeping at Thy feet:<br/>Hear us, Holy Jesu.</p>           | <p>9 That in Thy pure innocence<br/>We may wash our souls' offense,<br/>And find truest penitence:<br/>We beseech Thee, Jesu.</p>       |
| <p>4 Thou Whose saddened look did chide<br/>Peter when he thrice denied,<br/>Till with bitter tears he cried:<br/>Hear us, Holy Jesu.</p>     | <p>10 That we give to sin no place,<br/>That we never quench Thy grace,<br/>That we ever seek Thy face:<br/>We beseech Thee, Jesu.</p>  |
| <p>5 Thou Who hanging on the tree<br/>To the thief saidst, "Thou shalt be<br/>To-day in Paradise with Me:"<br/>Hear us, Holy Jesu.</p>        | <p>11 That denying evil lust,<br/>Living godly, meek, and just,<br/>In Thee only we may trust:<br/>We beseech Thee, Jesu.</p>           |
| <p>6 Thou, despised, denied, refused,<br/>And for man's transgressions bruised,<br/>Sinless, yet of sin accused:<br/>Hear us, Holy Jesu.</p>  | <p>12 That to sin forever dead,<br/>We may live to Thee instead,<br/>And the narrow pathway tread:<br/>We beseech Thee, Jesu.</p>       |
| <p>Thou Who on the cross didst reign,<br/>ying there in bitter pain,<br/>ansing with Thy blood our stain:<br/>Hear us, Holy Jesu.</p>         | <p>13 When shall end the battle sore,<br/>When our pilgrimage is o'er,<br/>Grant thy peace for evermore:<br/>We beseech Thee, Jesu.</p> |

## LITANIES.

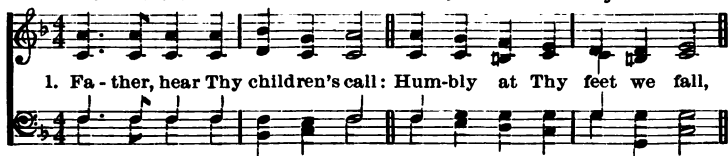
## Litany of Penitence.

529

T. B. POLLOCK.

No. 6. Part 1. 7s, 6.

J. STAINER.



1. Fa - ther, hear Thy children's call: Hum-bly at Thy feet we fall,



Prod - i - gals, con-fess-ing all: We beseech Thee, hear us. A-MEN.

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| 2 Christ, beneath Thy cross, we blame<br>All our life of sin and shame;<br>Penitent we breathe Thy Name:<br>We beseech Thee, hear us. | And repentance have delayed:<br>We beseech Thee, hear us.  |
| 3 Holy Spirit, grieved and tried,<br>Oft forgotten and defied,<br>Now we mourn our stubborn pride:<br>We beseech Thee, hear us.       | 6 Sick, we come to Thee for cure,<br>Guilty, seek Thy mercy sure,<br>Evil, long to be made pure:<br>We beseech Thee, hear us.              |
| 4 Love, that caused us first to be,<br>Love, that bled upon the tree,<br>Love, that draws us lovingly:<br>We beseech Thee, hear us.   | 7 Blind, we pray that we may see,<br>Bound, we pray to be made free,<br>Stained, we pray for sanctity:<br>We beseech Thee, hear us.        |
| 5 We Thy call have disobeyed,<br>Into paths of sin have strayed,  | 8 Thou Who hear'st each contrite sigh,<br>Bidding sinful souls draw nigh,<br>Willing not that one should die:<br>We beseech Thee, hear us. |

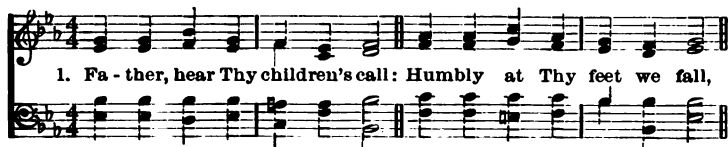
529

No. 6. Part 1. 7s, 6.

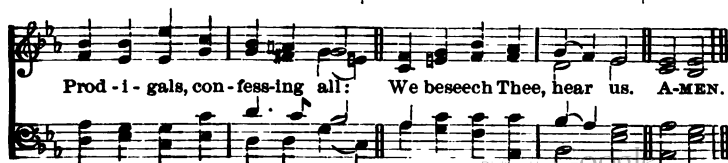
T. B. POLLOCK.

SECOND TUNE.

C. C. SCHOLEFIELD.



1. Fa - ther, hear Thy children's call: Humbly at Thy feet we fall,



Prod - i - gals, con-fess-ing all: We beseech Thee, hear us. A-MEN.

LITANIES.

*Litany of Penitence.*

529

T. B. POLLOCK.

No. 6. Part II. 7s, 6.

J. STAINER.



9 By the gra-cious sav-ing call, Spok-en ten-der-ly to all



Who have shared in A-dam's fall, We beseech Thee, hear us. A-MEN.

10 By the nature Jesus wore,  
By the stripes and death He bore,  
By His life for evermore,  
We beseech Thee, hear us.

And our day of grace prolong,  
We beseech Thee, hear us.

11 By the love that longs to bless,  
Pitying our sore distress,  
Leading us to holiness,  
We beseech Thee, hear us.

13 By the love that speaks within,  
Calling us to flee from sin,  
And the joy of goodness win,  
We beseech Thee, hear us.

12 By the love so calm and strong,  
Patient still to suffer wrong

14 By the love that bids Thee spare,  
By the heaven Thou dost prepare,  
By Thy promises to prayer,  
We beseech Thee, hear us.

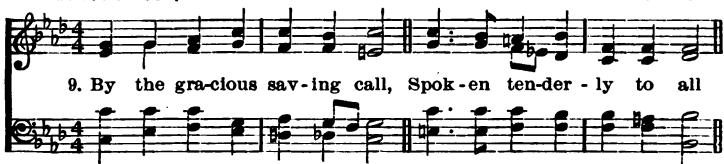
529

Part II. 7s, 6.

T. B. POLLOCK.

SECOND TUNE.

E. H. TURPIN.



9. By the gra-cious sav-ing call, Spok-en ten-der-ly to all



Who have shared in A-dam's fall, We beseech Thee, hear us. AMEN.

## LITANIES.

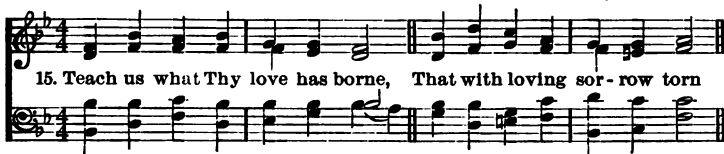
## Litanies of Penitence.

529

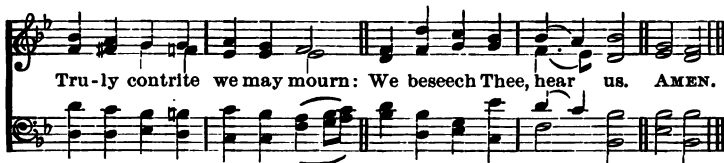
T. B. POLLOCK.

No. 6. Part III. 7s, 6.

F. A. J. HERVEY.



15. Teach us what Thy love has borne, That with loving sor-row torn



Tru-ly contrite we may mourn: We beseech Thee, hear us. AMEN.

16 Gifts of light and grace bestow,  
Help us to resist the foe,  
Fearing what alone is woe:  
We beseech Thee, hear us.

20 Grant us hope from earth to rise,  
And to strain with eager eyes  
Towards the promised heavenly  
prize:  
We beseech Thee, hear us.

17 Let not sin within us reign,  
May we gladly suffer pain,  
If it purge away our stain:  
We beseech Thee, hear us.

21 Grant us love Thy love to own,  
Love to live for Thee alone,  
And the power of grace make known:  
We beseech Thee, hear us.

18 May we to all evil die,  
Fleshly longings crucify,  
Fix our hearts and thoughts on  
high:  
We beseech Thee, hear us.

22 All our weak endeavors bless,  
As we ever onward press,  
Till we perfect holiness:  
We beseech Thee, hear us.

19 Grant us faith to know Thee near,  
Hail Thy grace, Thy judgment fear,  
And through trial persevere:  
We beseech Thee, hear us.

23 Lead us daily nearer Thee,  
Till at last Thy face we see,  
Crowned with Thine own purity:  
We beseech Thee, hear us.

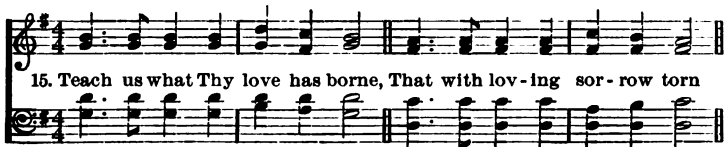
529

Part III. 7s, 6.

T. B. POLLOCK.

SECOND TUNE.

A. S. SULLIVAN.



15. Teach us what Thy love has borne, That with lov-ing sor-row torn



Tru-ly contrite we may mourn: We beseech Thee, hear us. A-MEN.

LITANIES.

The Words on the Cross.

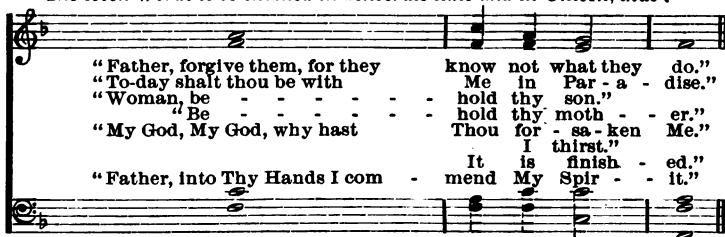
580

T. B. POLLOCK.

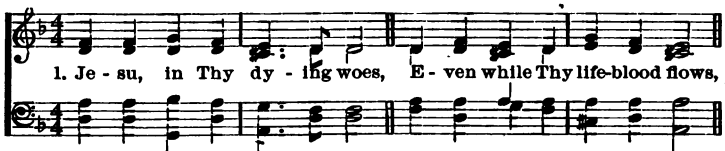
No. 7. 7s, 6.

W. H. MONK.

-The seven Words to be chanted in deliberate time and in Unison, thus :



"Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."  
 "To-day shalt thou be with Me in Par-a-dise."  
 "Woman, be - - - hold thy son."  
 "Be - - - hold thy moth - - er."  
 "My God, My God, why hast Thou for - sa - ken Me."  
 "Father, into Thy Hands I com - mend My Spir - - it."  
 "I thirst."  
 "It is finish - ed."



1. Je - su, in Thy dy - ing woes, E - ven while Thy life-blood flows,



Craving par-don for Thy foes: Hear us, Ho-ly Je - su. A-MEN.

PART I.

"Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do."—ST. LUKE, xxiii. 34.

2 Saviour, for our pardon sue,  
 When our sins Thy pangs renew,  
 For we know not what we do:  
 Hear us, Holy Jesu.

3 Oh, may we, who mercy need,  
 Be like Thee in heart and deed,  
 When with wrong our spirits bleed:  
 Hear us, Holy Jesu.

PART II.

"To-day shalt thou be with Me in Paradise." ST. LUKE, xxiii. 43.

1 Jesu, pitying the sighs  
 Of the thief, who near Thee dies,  
 Promising him Paradise:  
 Hear us, Holy Jesu.

2 May we, in our guilt and shame,  
 'till Thy love and mercy claim,

Calling humbly on Thy Name:  
 Hear us, Holy Jesu.

3 Oh, remember us who pine,  
 Looking from our cross to Thine;  
 Cheer our souls with hope divine:  
 Hear us, Holy Jesu.

PART III.

"Woman, behold thy Son!" "Behold thy mother!"—ST. JOHN, xix. 26, 27.

1 Jesu, loving to the end  
 Her whose heart Thy sorrows rend,  
 And Thy dearest human friend:  
 Hear us, Holy Jesu.

2 May we in Thy sorrows share,  
 And for Thee all peril dare,  
 And enjoy Thy tender care:  
 Hear us, Holy Jesu.

3 May we all Thy loved ones be,  
 All one holy family,  
 Loving for the love of Thee:  
 Hear us, Holy Jesu.

# LITANIES.

## PART IV.

"My God, My God, what hast Thou forsaken Me?"—ST. MATT. xxvii. 46.

- 1 Jesu, whelmed in fears unknown,  
With our evil left alone, [shown:  
While no light from heaven is  
Hear us, Holy Jesu.
- 2 When we vainly seem to pray,  
And our hope seems far away,  
In the darkness be our stay:  
Hear us, Holy Jesu.
- 3 Though no Father seem to hear,  
Though no light our spirits cheer,  
Tell our faith that God is near:  
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

## PART V.

"I thirst."—ST. JOHN, xix. 28.

1. Jesu, in Thy thirst and pain,  
While Thy wounds Thy life-blood  
drain,  
Thirsting more our love to gain:  
Hear us, Holy Jesu.
- 2 Thirst for us in mercy still,  
All Thy holy work fulfill:  
Satisfy Thy loving will:  
Hear us, Holy Jesu.
- 3 May we thirst Thy love to know;  
Lead us in our sin and woe  
Where the healing waters flow:  
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

## PART VI.

"It is finished."—ST. JOHN, xix. 30.

- 1 Jesu, all our ransom paid,  
All Thy Father's will obeyed,  
By Thy sufferings perfect made:  
Hear us, Holy Jesu.
- 2 Save us in our soul's distress,  
Be our help to cheer and bless,  
While we grow in holiness:  
Hear us, Holy Jesu.
- 3 Brighten all our heavenward way,  
With an ever holier ray,  
Till we pass to perfect day:  
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

## PART VII.

"Father, into Thy hands I commend My spirit."—ST. LUKE, xxiii. 46.

- 1 Jesu, all Thy labor vast,  
All Thy woe and conflict past,  
Yielding up Thy soul at last:  
Hear us, Holy Jesu.
- 2 When the death shades round us  
lower,  
Guard us from the tempter's power,  
Keep us in that trial hour:  
Hear us, Holy Jesu.
- 3 May Thy life and death supply  
Grace to live and grace to die,  
Grace to reach the home on high:  
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

580

No. 7. 7s, 6.

T. B. POLLOCK.

SECOND TUNE.

R. REDHEAD.

1. Je - su, in Thy dy - ing woes, E - ven while Thy life - blood flows,  
Craving pardon for Thy foes: Hear us, Ho - ly Je - su. A - MEN.



# IX. Appendix.


For Children.

531

ST. ALBAN. 6s, 5s, D. With Refrain.

W. H. DAVISON.

F. J. HAYDN.



1. Je - sus, King of glo - ry, Throned a - bove the sky, Je - sus, ten - der Sav - iour,

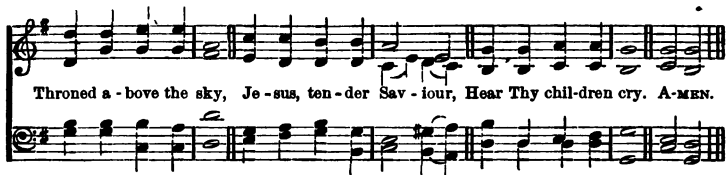


Hear Thy chil - dren cry. Par - don our trans - gres - sions, Cleanse us from our sin ;

REFRAIN.



By Thy Spir - it help us Heavenly life to win. Je - sus, King of glo - ry,



Throned a - bove the sky, Je - sus, ten - der Sav - iour, Hear Thy chil - dren cry. A - MEN.

2 On this day of gladness,  
Bending low the knee  
In Thine earthly temple,  
Lord, we worship Thee,  
Celebrate Thy goodness,  
Mercy, grace, and truth,  
All Thy loving guidance  
Of our heedless youth.  
Jesus, King of glory,  
Throned above the sky,  
Jesus, tender Saviour,  
Hear our grateful cry.

3 For the little children,  
Who have come to Thee ;  
For the glad, bright spirits  
Who Thy glory see ;  
For the loved ones resting  
In Thy dear embrace ;  
For the pure and holy  
Who behold Thy face,  
Jesus, King of glory,  
Throned above the sky,  
Jesus, tender Saviour,  
Hear our grateful cry.

FOR CHILDREN.

4 For Thy faithful servants  
Who have entered in ;  
For Thy fearless soldiers  
Who have conquered sin ;  
For the countless legions  
Who have followed Thee,  
Heedless of the danger,  
On to victory ;  
Jesus, King of glory,  
Throned above the sky,  
Jesus, tender Saviour,  
Hear our grateful cry.

5 When the shadows lengthen,  
Show us, Lord, Thy way ;  
Through the darkness lead us  
To the heavenly day.  
When our course is finished,  
Ended all the strife,  
Grant us with the faithful,  
Palms and crowns of life.  
Jesus, King of glory,  
Throned above the sky,  
Jesus, tender Saviour,  
Hear Thy children cry.

582

L. MACLEOD.

GOODLIFFE. 6-6s.

H. P. MAIN.

1. With gladsome hearts we come With - in our ho - ly home, Our  
Saviour's Name to sing. Oh, well His House we love! Oh, joy all joys a -  
bove, To praise the children's King! To praise the children's King! AMEN.

Copyright, 1897, by Hubert P. Main.

2 The angels sing on high  
Thy glory through the sky,  
And then to earth they wing ;  
To guard us while we sleep,  
And, as their watch they keep,  
To praise the children's King.

4 And may our hearts aspire  
To join the heavenly choir,  
Whose strains forever ring ;  
And learn on earth their hymn,  
The song of seraphim,  
To praise the children's King.

3 Oh, may we, while we live,  
Such willing service give,  
A holy offering!  
And still Thy glory show  
By deeds of love below  
To praise the children's King.

5 O Light of Light, to Thee  
Let earth and sky and sea  
Eternal homage bring ;  
And grant us through Thy love,  
Before Thy throne above,  
To praise the children's King.

FOR CHILDREN.

538

W. W. How.

MAGDALENA. 7s, 6. D.

J. STAINER.

1. Come, praise your Lord and Sav - lour In strains of ho - ly mirth!

Give thanks to Him, O chil - dren, Who lived a child on earth!

He loved the lit - tle chil - dren, And called them to His side,

His lov - ing arms embraced them, And for their sake He died. A-MEN.

2 O Jesus, we would praise Thee  
With songs of holy joy;  
For Thou on earth didst sojourn  
A pure and spotless boy.  
Make us like Thee, obedient,  
Like Thee from sin-stains free,  
Like Thee in God's own temple,  
In lowly home like Thee.

3 O Jesus, we would praise Thee,  
The lowly maiden's son:  
In Thee all gentlest graces  
Are gathered into one.  
Oh, give that best adornment  
That Christian child can wear,  
The meek and quiet spirit  
Which shone in Thee so fair!

4 O Lord, with voices lifted  
We sing our songs of praise;  
Be Thou the light and pattern  
Of all our childhood's days;  
And lead us ever onward,  
That while we stay below,  
We may, like Thee, O Jesus,  
In grace and wisdom grow.

584

M. DUNCAN.

BROCKLESBURY. 8s, 7s.

C. A. BARNARD.

1. Je - sus, ten - der Shep - herd, hear me; Bless Thy lit - tle lamb to - night;  
Thro' the dark - ness be Thou near me, Keep me safe till morn - ing light. A - MEN.

- 2 All this day Thy hand has led me,  
And I thank Thee for Thy care;  
Thou hast warmed me, clothed and  
fed me;  
Listen to my evening prayer!
- 3 Let my sins be all forgiven;  
Bless the friends I love so well:  
Take us all at last to heaven,  
Happy there with Thee to  
dwell.

585

S. BARING-GOULD.

MERRIAL. 6s, 5s.

J. BARNEY.

1. Now the day is o - ver, Night is draw - ing nigh;  
Shad - ows of the eve - ning Steal a - cross the sky; A - MEN.  
evening Steal a - cross the sky.

- 2 Jesus, give the weary  
Calm and sweet repose;  
With Thy tenderest blessing  
May our eyelids close.
- 3 Grant to little children  
Visions bright of Thee;  
Guard the sailors tossing  
On the deep, blue sea.
- 4 Comfort every sufferer  
Watching late in pain;

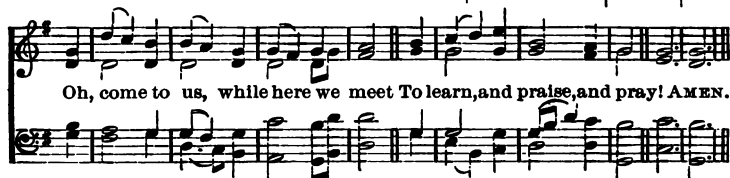
- Those who plan some evil  
From their sins restrain.
- 5 Through the long night-watches,  
May Thine angels spread  
Their white wings above me,  
Watching round my bed.
- 6 When the morning wakens,  
Then may I arise  
Pure, and fresh, and sinless  
In Thy holy eyes.

536

Unknown.

THACHER. S. M.

G. F. HANDEL.



2 Our many sins forgive;  
The Holy Spirit send;  
And teach us to begin to live  
The life that knows no end.

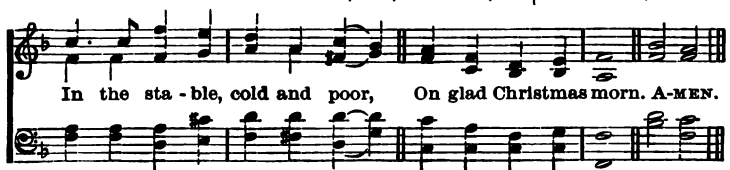
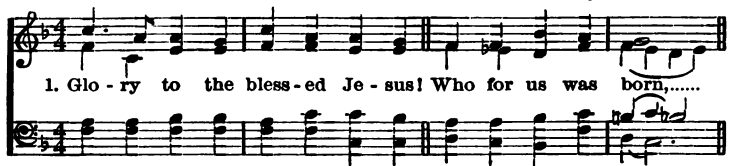
3 Lord, fill our hearts with love;  
Our teachers' labors own;  
That we and they may meet above,  
To sing before Thy throne.

537

Unknown.

WOODCHESTER. 8, 5, 7, 5.

J. NAPLETON.



2 Glory to the blessed Jesus!  
Who was crucified  
On Good Friday for our sins:  
Loving us He died.

3 Glory to the blessed Jesus!  
Who for sinners lay  
In the tomb, and rose upon  
Happy Easter day.

Glory to the blessed Jesus!  
He, Who is our Way,

Went up in a cloud to heaven,  
On Ascension day.

5 Glory to the blessed Jesus!  
Who, at Whitsuntide,  
Sent His Holy Spirit down,  
With us to abide.

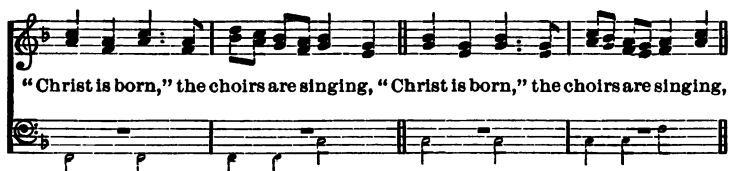
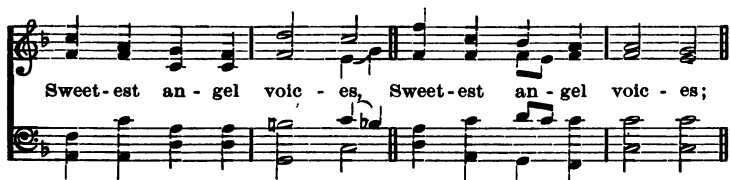
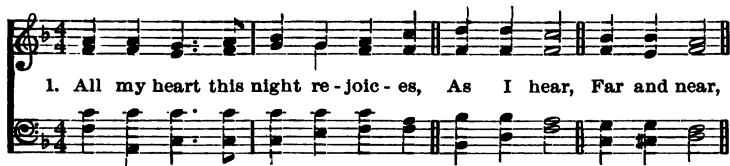
6 Glory to the blessed Jesus!  
We will praise His love,  
All our days on earth below,  
And for aye above.

538

BOTTOME. 8s, 3s, 6. D.

Tr. C. WINKWORTH.

H. P. MAIN.



Copyright, 1897, by Hubert P. Main.

- 2 Hark! a voice from yonder manger, Love Him Who with love is yearning!  
 Soft and sweet, Hail the Star,  
 Doth entreat, That from far  
 'Flee from woe and danger! Bright with hope is burning!  
 Brethren, come! from all doth grieve  
 You are freed; [you, 4 Thee, dear Lord, with heed I'll  
 All you need Live to Thee, [cherish,  
 I will surely give you." And with Thee  
 Dying, shall not perish;  
 3 Come, then, let us hasten yonder! But shall dwell with Thee forever,  
 Here let all, Far on high,  
 Great and small, In the joy  
 Kneel in awe and wonder! That can alter never.

FOR CHILDREN.

539

W. C. DIX.

GAUDETE. 8s, 6s, 8, 4.

S. SMITH.

1. Joy fills our in - most hearts to - day! The roy - al Child is born;

And an - gel hosts in glad ar - ray His Ad - vent keep this morn.

Re - joice, re - joice! Th' in - car - nate Word Has come on earth to  
Rejoice, re - joice! Th' incarnate Word

dwell; No sweet - er sound than this is heard, Em - man - u - el! AMEN.

2 Low at the cradle throne we bend,  
We wonder and adore;  
And feel no bliss can ours transcend,  
No joy was sweet before.  
Rejoice, etc.

3 For us the world must lose its charms  
Before the manger shrine,  
When, folded in Thy mother's arms,  
We see Thee, Babe divine.  
Rejoice, etc.

4 Thou Light of uncreated Light,  
Shine on us, Holy Child;  
That we may keep Thy birthday bright,  
With service undefiled.  
Rejoice, etc.

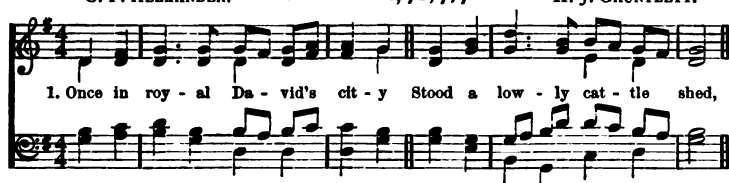
FOR CHILDREN.

540

C. F. ALEXANDER.

IRBY. 8s, 7s, 7, 7.

H. J. GAUNTLETT.



2 He came down to earth from heaven,  
Who is God and Lord of all,  
And His shelter was a stable,  
And His cradle was a stall;  
With the poor, and mean, and lowly,  
Lived on earth our Saviour holy.

3 And, through all His wondrous childhood,  
He would honor and obey,  
Love, and watch the lowly maiden  
In whose gentle arms He lay;  
Christian children all must be  
Mild, obedient, good as He.

4 For He is our children's pattern;  
Day by day like us He grew;  
He was little, weak and helpless,  
Tears and smiles like us He knew;  
And He feeleth for our sadness,  
And He shareth in our gladness.

5 And our eyes at last shall see Him,  
Through His own redeeming love;  
For that child so dear and gentle  
Is our Lord in heaven above;  
And He leads His children on  
To the place where He is gone.

6 Not in that poor lowly stable,  
With the oxen standing by,  
We shall see Him; but in heaven,  
Set at God's right hand on high;  
When like stars His children crowned,  
All in white shall wait around.



FOR CHILDREN.

541

S. C. CLARKE.

CASWALL. 6s, 5s.

F. FILITZ.

1. Now a new year o - pens, Now we new - ly turn  
To the ho - ly Sav - lour, Les - sons fresh to learn. A - MEN.

- 2 This the holy lesson  
On the year's first day;  
Jesus by obedience  
Teaches to obey.
- 3 Of Thy cross thus early,  
Tokens Thou dost give;  
By Thy wounds Thou healest;  
By Thy death we live.
- 4 Not to suffer only,  
Jesus, didst Thou come,  
But to leave us way-marks  
Pointing to our home.
- 5 In Thy blessed footsteps  
Ever may we tread;  
Safe when keeping near Thee,  
By Thy Spirit led.

541

S. C. CLARKE.  
*In Unison.*

SECOND TUNE.

F. A. J. HERVEY.

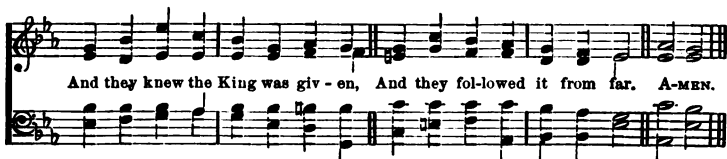
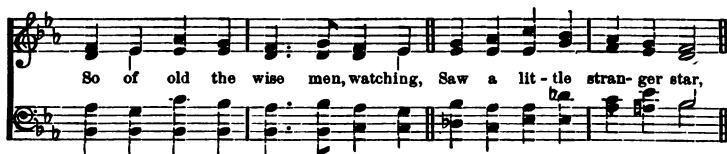
1. Now a new year o - pens, Now we new - ly turn  
To the ho - ly Sav - lour, Les - sons fresh to learn. A - MEN.

542

## SCHOLEFIELD. 8s, 7s. D.

C. F. ALEXANDER.

C. C. SCHOLEFIELD.



- 2 Heard you never of the story  
 How they crossed the desert wild,  
 Journeyed on by plain and mountain,  
 Till they found the holy Child?  
 How they opened all their treasure,  
 Kneeling to that infant King;  
 Gave the gold and fragrant incense,  
 Gave the myrrh in offering?
- 3 Know ye not that lowly baby  
 Was the bright and morning Star?  
 He Who came to light the Gentiles,  
 And the darkened isles afar?  
 And, we too, may seek His cradle;  
 There our hearts' best treasures bring;  
 Love, and faith, and true devotion,  
 For our Saviour, God, and King.

FOR CHILDREN.

548

J. R. WOODFORD.

HOLLEY. 78.

G. HEWS.

1. Lamb of God, for sin - ners slain; By Thy mer - cy born a - gain,

For Thy guidance still we pray, Lest from grace we fall a - way. A-MEN.

2 By the mystic, cleansing flood,  
By the Water and the Blood,  
Washed and sanctified to Thee,  
Holy may we ever be.

Grant us victory in the strife,  
And the prize of endless life.

3 Aid us with Thy daily grace  
Steadfastly to run our race;

4 Praise to Thee, from all on earth,  
God, Who gavest us new birth;  
Praise from all the heavenly host;  
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

544

C. F. ALEXANDER.

HORSLEY. C. M.

W. HORSLEY.

1. There is a green hill far a - way, With - out a cit - y wall,

Where the dear Lord was cru - ci - fied Who died to save us all. A-MEN.

2 We may not know, we cannot tell,  
What pains He had to bear,  
But we believe it was for us  
He hung and suffered there.

4 There was no other good enough  
To pay the price of sin,  
He only could unlock the gate  
Of heaven, and let us in.

3 He died that we might be forgiven,  
He died to make us good,  
That we might go at last to heaven,  
Saved by His precious blood.

5 Oh, dearly, dearly has He loved!  
And we must love Him too,  
And trust in His redeeming blood,  
And try His works to do.

545

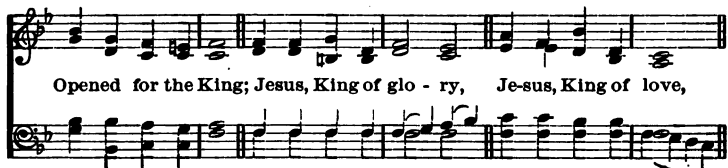
LOW. 6s, 5s, D. With Refrain.

F. R. HAVERGAL.

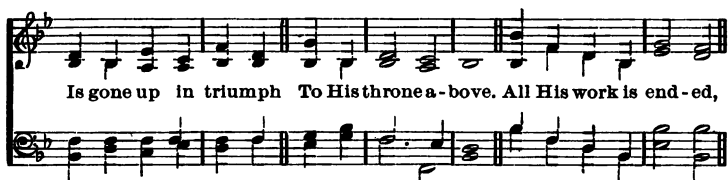
Adap. by J. Goss.



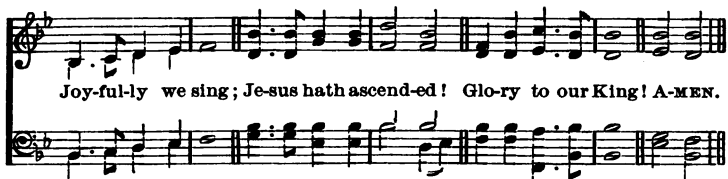
1. Golden harps are sounding, Angel voices sing, Pearl-y gates are opened,



Opened for the King; Jesus, King of glo - ry, Je-sus, King of love,



Is gone up in triumph To His throne a - bove. All His work is end - ed,



Joy-ful-ly we sing; Je-sus hath ascend-ed! Glo-ry to our King! A-MEN.

2 He Who came to save us,  
 He Who bled and died,  
 Now is crowned with glory,  
 At His Father's side.  
 Never more to suffer,  
 Never more to die;  
 Jesus, King of glory,  
 Is gone up on high!  
 All His work, etc.

3 Pleading for His children  
 In that blessed place,  
 Calling them to glory,  
 Sending them His grace;  
 His bright home preparing,  
 Faithful ones, for you;  
 Jesus ever liveth,  
 Ever loveth too.  
 All His work, etc.

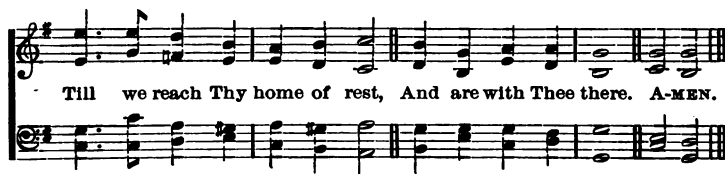
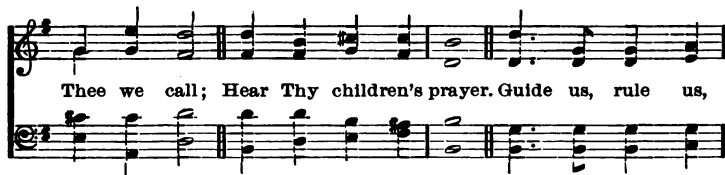
FOR CHILDREN.

546

T. B. POLLOCK.

SAN REMO. 7s, 5, 7s, 5.

E. W. BARBER.



2 Jesus, Who for man didst die,  
Who dost plead Thy death on high,  
And our place prepare;  
From sin's bondage set us free,  
Lead us onward after Thee,  
Till with joy Thy face we see,  
And Thy likeness wear.

3 Holy Spirit, Life and Light,  
Wisdom, Purenness, Love, and Might,  
Fallen souls restore;  
Guide our spirits when we pray,  
Cheer us, help us on our way,  
Make us holier day by day,  
Till we sin no more.

4 Ever blessed Three in One,  
May Thy will in us be done,  
Show in us Thy love;  
Keep us Thine while here below,  
Make us in Thy grace to grow,  
And at last Thy glory know  
In the world above.

FOR CHILDREN.

547

J. MONTGOMERY.

MONKLAND. 7s.

Art. J. P. WILKES.



1. Glo-ry to the Fa-ther give, God in Whom we move and live;  
Children's prayers He deigns to hear, Children's songs delight His ear. A-MEN.

2 Glory to the Son we bring,  
Christ our Prophet, Priest, and King;  
Children, raise your sweetest strain  
To the Lamb, for He was slain.

Children's minds may He inspire,  
Touch their tongues with holy fire.

3 Glory to the Holy Ghost!  
Be this day a Pentecost;


4 Glory in the highest be  
To the blessed Trinity,  
For the Gospel from above,  
For the word that "God is love."

548

R. H. BAYNES.

NEANDER. 8s, 7s, 4, 7.

Arr. W. H. MONK.



1. { God Almighty, in Thy tem-ple Low be-fore Thy throne we bow; }  
{ From Thy dwelling-place in glo-ry Hear our sup-pli-cations now; }  
While we of-fer, While we of-fer Earn-est prayer and solemn vow. A-MEN.

2 Christ our Saviour, Thou Who carest  
For the youngest of Thy fold,  
Give us now Thy Heavenly blessing,  
As Thou didst in days of old;  
Priceless treasure,  
Richer far than gems or gold.

Give us grace to conquer sin,  
And, through Jesus,  
Heaven's eternal crown to win.

3 God the Holy Ghost, be near us;  
Ever dwell our hearts within;  
Keep them pure, and brave and  
earnest,

4 Holy Trinity, defend us  
In a world with evil rife;  
Let Thine angel-guards surround  
us  
In each sore and bitter strife:  
Oh, preserve us  
Unto everlasting life!

FOR CHILDREN.

549

E. H. MITCHELL.

SOLITUDE. 7s.

L. T. DOWNES.

1. King of glo-ry! Sav-lour dear! Grant us grace to per-severe:

Lead-er of the hosts of God, May we tread where Thou hast trod! AMEN.

2 Once for Thee, the Crucified,  
Many a faithful martyr died:  
How can we, Thy children, show  
All our love, for all Thy woe?

4 Bearing calmly for our Lord  
Thoughtless jest or bitter word;  
Curbing angry speech and tear,  
Strong in Thee to persevere.

3 They for Thee faced ax and wheel,  
Fire, and beasts, and piercing steel:  
Like them, may we suffer shame,  
Pain or loss for Thy dear Name;

5 Persevere! Thy yoke is light.  
Persevere! Thy crown is bright.  
Persevere, and we shall sing  
In the palace of our King!

550

J. E. CLARK.

NORTH COATES. 6s, 5s.

T. R. MATTHEWS.

1. Je-sus, high in glo-ry, Lend a listening ear;

When we bow be-fore Thee, Children's prais-es hear. A-MEN.

2 Though Thou art so holy,  
Heaven's almighty King,  
Thou wilt stoop to listen,  
When Thy praise we sing.

4 Save us, Lord, from sinning;  
Watch us day by day;  
Help us now to love Thee;  
Take our sins away.

3 We are little children,  
Weak and apt to stray;  
Saviour, guide and keep us  
In the heavenly way.

5 Then, when Thou dost call us  
To our heavenly home.  
We shall gladly answer,  
Saviour, Lord, we come.

FOR CHILDREN.

551

H. NEELE.

HORTON. 7s.

X. SCHNYDER.

1. God of mer - cy, throned on high, List - en from Thy loft - y seat;  
Hear, oh, hear our low - ly cry! Guide, oh, guide our wandering feet! A - MEN.

2 Young and erring travellers, we  
All our dangers do not know;  
Scarcely fear the stormy sea,  
Hardly feel the tempest blow.

3 Jesus, lover of the young,  
Cleanse us with Thy blood divine;  
Ere the tide of sin grow strong,  
Make us, take us, keep us Thine.

4 When perplexed in dangers' snare,  
Thou alone our guide canst be;

When oppressed with deepest care,  
Whom have we to trust but Thee?

5 Let us ever hear Thy voice,  
Ask Thy counsel every day:  
Saints and angels will rejoice,  
If we walk in wisdom's way.

6 Saviour, give us faith, and pour  
Hope and love on every soul;  
Hope, till time shall be no more;  
Love, while endless ages roll.

552

J. E. LEESON.

NUREMBURG. 7s.

J. R. AHLE.

1. Lov - ing Shepherd of Thy sheep, Keep Thy lambs, in safe - ty keep;  
Noth - ing can Thy power withstand; None can pluck us from Thy hand. A - MEN.

2 Loving Saviour, Thou didst give  
Thine own life that we might live;  
And the hands outstretched to bless  
Bear the cruel nails' impress.

3 We would praise Thee every day,  
Gladly all Thy will obey,  
Like Thy blessed ones above  
Happily in Thy precious love.

4 Loving Shepherd, ever near,  
Teach Thy lambs Thy voice to hear;  
Suffer not our steps to stray  
From the strait and narrow way.

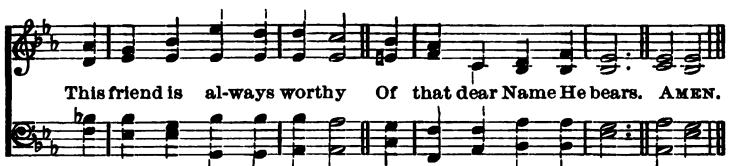
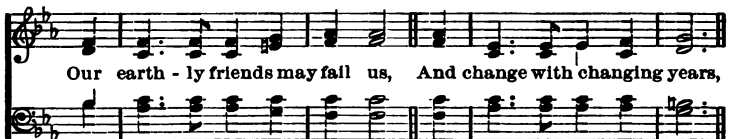
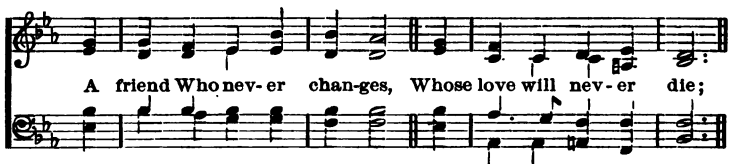
5 Where Thou leadest we would go,  
Walking in Thy steps below,  
Till before our Father's throne  
We shall know as we are known.



553

A. MIDLANE. EDEN GROVE. 8, 6, 7s, 6s.

S. SMITH.



This hymn may be sung to Chelms, No. 255.

2 There's a rest for little children  
Above the bright blue sky,  
Who love the blessed Saviour,  
And to the Father cry;  
A rest from every turmoil,  
From sin and sorrow free,  
Where every little pilgrim  
Shall rest eternally.

3 There's a home for little children  
Above the bright blue sky,  
Where Jesus reigns in glory,  
A home of peace and joy;  
No home on earth is like it,  
Nor can with it compare;  
For every one is happy,  
Nor could be happier there.

4 There's a song for little children  
Above the bright blue sky,  
A song that will not weary,  
Though sung continually;  
A song which even angels  
Can never, never sing;  
They know not Christ as Saviour,  
But worship Him as King.

5 There's a crown for little children  
Above the bright blue sky,  
And all who look for Jesus  
Shall wear it by and by;  
All, all above is treasured,  
And found in Christ alone:  
Lord, grant Thy little children  
To know Thee as their own.

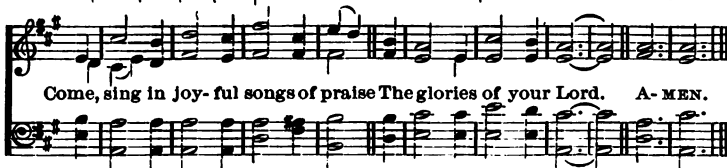
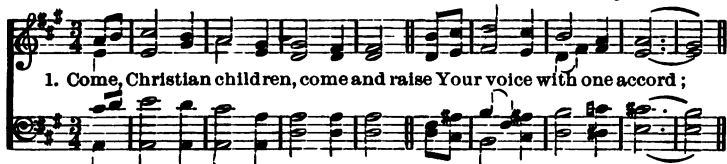
FOR CHILDREN.

554

D. A. THRUPP.

MANOAH. C. M.

F. J. HAYDN.



- 2 Sing of the wonders of His love,  
And loudest praises give  
To Him Who left His throne above,  
And died that you might live.
- 3 Sing of the wonders of His truth,  
And read in every page  
The promise made to earliest youth,  
Fulfilled to latest age.
- 4 Sing of the wonders of His power,  
Who with His own right arm  
Upholds and keeps you hour by hour,  
And shields from every harm.
- 5 Sing of the wonders of His grace,  
Who made and keeps you His,  
And guides you to the appointed place  
At His right hand in bliss.

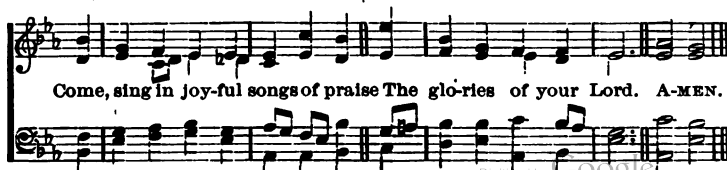
554

D. A. THRUPP.

GREER. C. M.

SECOND TUNE.

B. C. UNSELD.

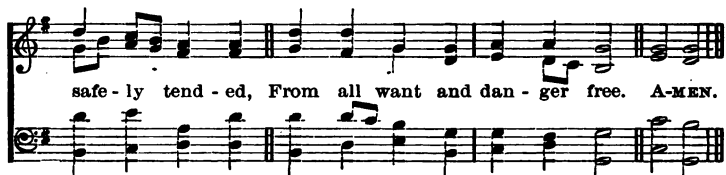
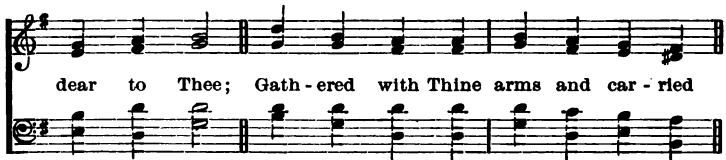
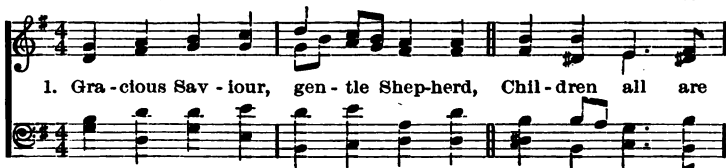


555

MUHLENBURG. 8s, 7s. 6 lines.

H. BATEMAN.

W. A. MUHLENBURG.



2 Tender Shepherd, never leave us  
From Thy fold to go astray;  
By Thy look of love directed  
May we walk the narrow way;  
Thus direct us, and protect us,  
Lest we fall an easy prey.

4 Let Thy holy Word instruct us;  
Guide us daily by its light;  
Let Thy love and grace constrain us  
To approve whate'er is right;  
Take Thine easy yoke, and wear it,  
Strengthened with Thy heavenly  
might.

3 Cleanse our hearts from sinful folly,  
In the stream Thy love supplied,  
Mingled stream of blood and water,  
Flowing from Thy wounded side;  
And to heavenly pastures lead us,  
Where Thy own still waters  
glide.

5 Taught to lisp the holy praises  
Which on earth Thy children sing,  
Both with lips and hearts unfeigned,  
May we our thank-offerings bring;  
Then with all the saints in glory  
Join to praise our Lord and King.

556

## GREENVILLE. 8s, 7s, D.

C. WORDSWORTH.

J. J. ROUSSEAU. FINE.

1. { Heaven-ly Fa-ther, send Thy bless-ing On Thy chil-dren gathered here, }  
 { May they all, Thy Name con-fess-ing, Be to Thee for-ev-er dear; }

*D.C.*—And their faith, like Dav-id, prov-ing, Stead-fast un-to death en-dure.

May they be like Jo-seph, lov-ing, Du-ti-ful, and chaste, and pure; A-MEN.

2 Holy Saviour, Who in meekness  
 Didst vouchsafe a child to be,  
 Guide their steps and help their  
 weakness,  
 Bless and make them like to Thee.  
 Bear Thy lambs when they are  
 weary  
 In Thine arms and at Thy breast;  
 Through life's desert, dry and  
 dreary,  
 Bring them to Thy heavenly rest.

3 Spread Thy golden pinions o'er  
 them,  
 Holy Spirit from above;  
 Guide them, lead them, go before  
 them,  
 Give them peace, and joy, and  
 love:  
 Temples of Thy glorious Godhead,  
 May they with Thy presence shine,  
 And immortal bliss inherit,  
 And for evermore be Thine.

556

## NETTLETON. 8s, 7s, D.

C. WORDSWORTH.

SECOND TUNE.

J. WYETH. FINE.

1. { Heavenly Fa-ther, send Thy bless-ing On Thy chil-dren gath-ered here, }  
 { May they all, Thy Name con-fess-ing, Be to Thee for-ev-er dear; }

*D.C.*—And their faith, like Da-vid, prov-ing, Stead-fast un-to death en-dure.


May they be like Jo-seph, lov-ing, Du-ti-ful, and chaste, and pure; A-MEN.

557

H. ALFORD.

BADEN. 8s, 7.


German.



1. When in the Lord Je - hovah's Name, The Saviour low-ly rid-ing came,



Loud-est and first an in - fant thron'g Greet-ed His com-ing



with their song, Ho - san - na in the high - est! A-MEN.

- 2 We too are taught to know the Lord,  
To fear His Name, to read His Word;  
And though we simple are and young,  
Can praise Him with our joyful song,  
Hosanna in the highest!
- 3 Soon shall the Lord again pass by  
To judgment from His throne on high;  
And from the saints' assembled throng  
Shall burst upon the world the song,  
Hosanna in the highest!
- 4 Then may our youthful band be found  
With coronals of triumph crowned;  
Raising, the heavenly hosts among,  
Our chorus of eternal song,  
Hosanna in the highest!

558

MERWIN. 7s, 6s. D. and 8.

J. KING.

N. O. HALSTED, from MEHUL.

1. When, His sal - va - tion bring - ing To Si - on Je - sus came,  
The chil - dren all stood sing - ing Ho - san - na to His Name;  
Nor did their zeal of - fend Him, But as He rode a - long,  
He let them still at - tend Him, And smiled to hear their song.  
Ho - san - na, ho - san - na to Je - sus they sang. A-MEN.

2 And since the Lord retaineth  
His love to children still,  
Though now as King He reigneth  
On Sion's heavenly hill;  
We'll flock around His banner,  
Who sits upon the throne,  
And cry aloud, Hosanna  
To David's royal Son:  
Hosanna to Jesus we'll sing.

3 For should we fail proclaiming  
Our great Redeemer's praise,  
The stones, our silence shaming,  
Might well hosannas raise.  
But shall we only render  
The tribute of our words?  
No; while our hearts are tender,  
They too shall be the Lord's.  
Hosanna to Jesus, our King.

FOR CHILDREN.

559

BREWSTER. C. M.

W. H. HAVERGAL.

G. J. GREER.



1. Ho - san - na! Raise the peal - ing hymn To Da - vid's Son and Lord:  
With cher - u - bim and ser - aph - im, Ex - alt th' In - car - nate Word. A - MEN.

- 2 Hosanna! Lord, our feeble tongue  
No lofty strains can raise;  
But Thou wilt not despise the young,  
Who meekly chant Thy praise.
- 3 Hosanna! Sovereign, Prophet, Priest,  
How vast Thy gifts, how free!  
Thy Blood, our life; Thy Word, our feast;  
Thy Name, our only plea.
- 4 Hosanna! Once Thy gracious ear  
Approved a lisping throng;  
Be gracious still, and deign to hear  
Our ever grateful song.

559

EVAN. C. M.

W. H. HAVERGAL.

SECOND TUNE.

W. H. HAVERGAL.



1. Ho - san - na! Raise the peal - ing hymn To Da - vid's Son and Lord:  
With cher - u - bim and ser - aph - im, Ex - alt th' Incarnate Word. A - MEN.

FOR CHILDREN.

560

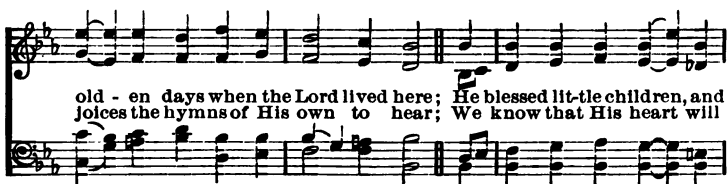
G. S. HODGES.

EDSON. P. M.

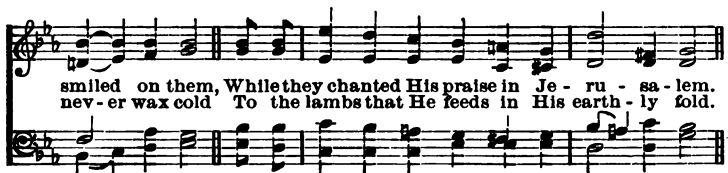
J. B. DYKES.



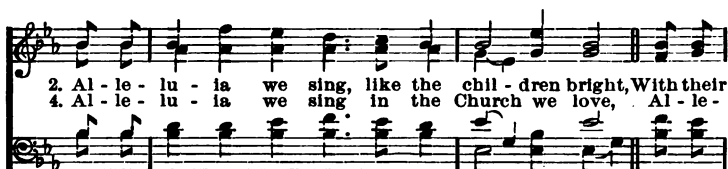
1. Ho - san - na we sing, like the chil - dren dear, In the  
3. Ho - san - na we sing, for He bends His ear, And re -



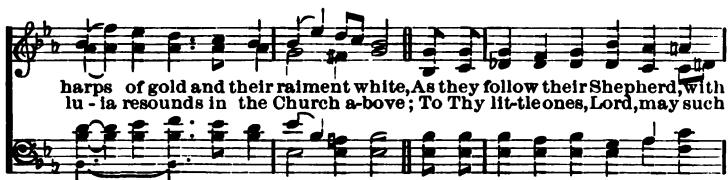
old - en days when the Lord lived here; He blessed lit - tle children, and  
joices the hymns of His own to hear; We know that His heart will



smiled on them, While they chanted His praise in Je - ru - sa - lem.  
nev - er wax cold To the lambs that He feeds in His earth - ly fold.



2. Al - le - lu - ia we sing, like the chil - dren bright, With their  
4. Al - le - lu - ia we sing in the Church we love, Al - le -

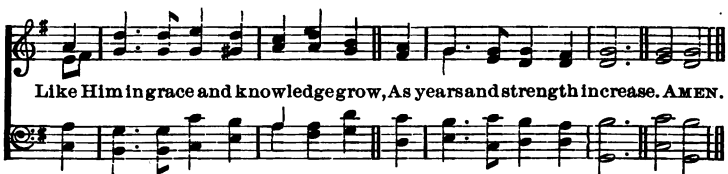
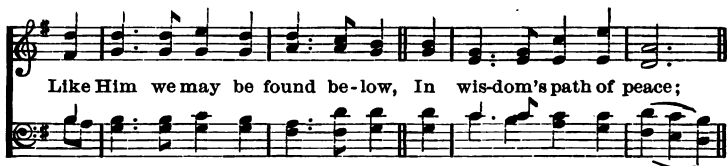
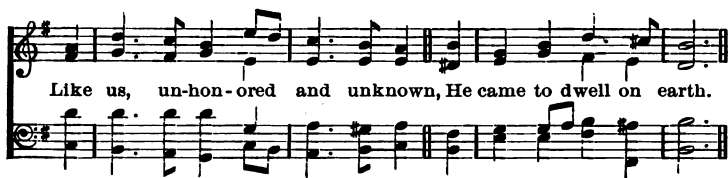


harp - s of gold and their raiment white, As they follow their Shepherd, with  
lu - ia resounds in the Church a - bove; To Thy lit - tle ones, Lord, may such



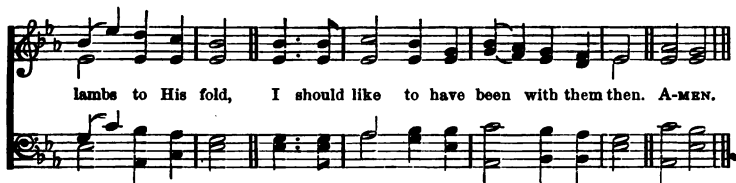
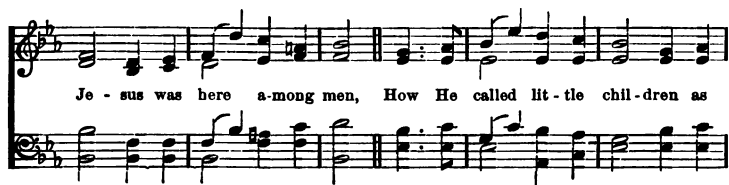
lov - ing eyes, Thro' the beautiful valleys of Par - a - dise.  
grace be given, That we lose not our part in the song of heaven. A - MEN.





2 Sweet were His words and kind His look,  
 When mothers round Him pressed;  
 Their infants in His arms He took,  
 And on His bosom blessed.  
 Safe from the world's alluring harms,  
 Beneath His watchful eye,  
 Thus in the circle of His arms  
 May we forever lie.

3 When Jesus into Salem rode,  
 The children sang around;  
 For joy they plucked the palms, and strowed  
 Their garments on the ground.  
 Hosanna our glad voices raise,  
 Hosanna to our King!  
 Should we forget our Saviour's praise,  
 The stones themselves would sing.



2 I wish that His hands had been placed on my head,  
That His arm had been thrown around me,  
And that I might have seen His kind look when He said,  
"Let the little ones come unto Me."

3 Yet still to His footstool in prayer I may go,  
And ask for a share in His love;  
And if I thus earnestly seek Him below,  
I shall see Him and hear Him above,

4 In that beautiful place He has gone to prepare  
For all who are washed and forgiven;  
And many dear children shall be with Him there,  
For "of such is the kingdom of heaven."

5 But thousands and thousands who wander and fall,  
Never heard of that heavenly home;  
I wish they could know there is room for them all,  
And that Jesus has bid them to come.

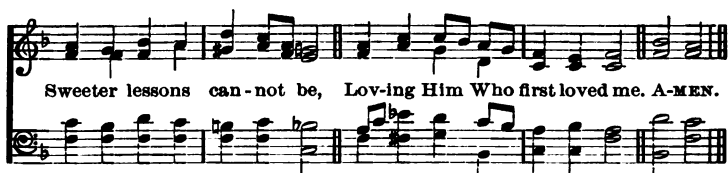
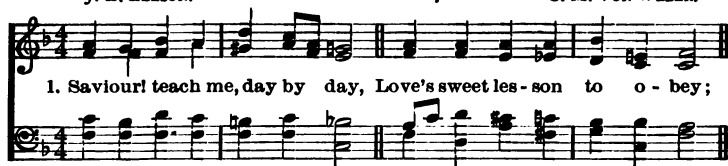
FOR CHILDREN.

568

J. E. LEESON.

SEYMOUR. 7s.

C. M. VON WEBER.



2 With a childlike heart of love,  
At Thy bidding may I move;  
Prompt to serve and follow Thee,  
Loving Him Who first loved me.

4 Love in loving finds employ,  
In obedience all her joy;  
Ever new that joy will be,  
Loving Him Who first loved me.

3 Teach me all Thy steps to trace,  
Strong to follow in Thy grace;  
Learning how to love from Thee;  
Loving Him Who first loved me.

5 Thus may I rejoice to show  
That I feel the love I owe;  
Singing, till Thy face I see,  
Of His love Who first loved me.

564

F. W. FABER.

LUCIUS. C. M.

G. KINGSLEY.



2 I cannot feel Thee touch my hand,  
With pressure light and mild,  
To check me as my mother did,  
When I was but a child:

4 And when, dear Saviour, I kneel  
down,  
Morning and night in prayer,  
Something there is within my heart  
Which tells me Thou art there.

3 But I have felt Thee in my thoughts,  
Rebuking sin for me;  
And when my heart loves God, I  
know  
The sweetness is from Thee.

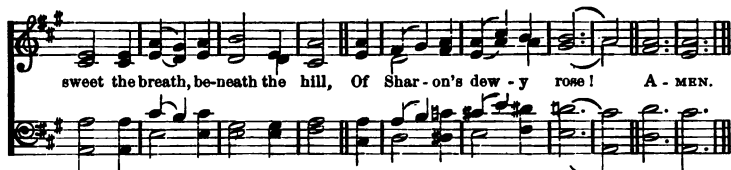
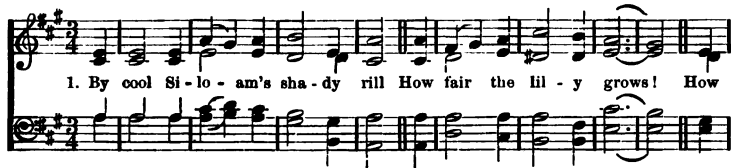
5 Yes, when I pray, Thou prayest too:  
Thy prayer is all for me;  
But when I sleep, Thou sleepest not,  
But watchest patiently.

565

R. HEBER.

## CHILDHOOD. C. M.

H. F. HEMY.



2 Lo! such the child whose early feet  
The paths of peace have trod,  
Whose secret heart, with influence  
sweet,  
Is upward drawn to God.

3 By cool Siloam's shady rill  
The lily must decay;  
The rose that blooms beneath the  
hill  
Must shortly fade away.

4 And soon, too soon, the wintry hour  
Of man's maturer age

Will shake the soul with sorrow's  
power,  
And stormy passion's rage.

5 O Thou, Whose infant feet were found  
Within Thy Father's shrine,  
Whose years, with changeless virtue  
crowned,  
Were all alike divine:

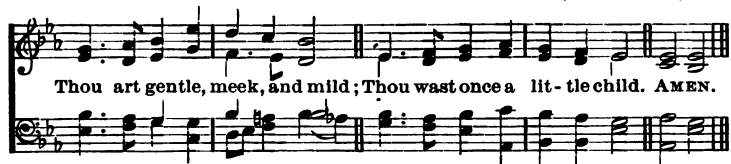
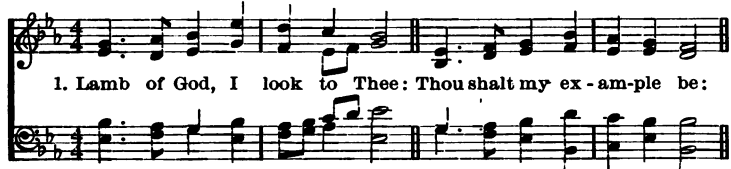
6 Dependent on Thy bounteous breath,  
We seek Thy grace alone, [death,  
In childhood, manhood, age and  
To keep us still Thine own.

566

C. WESLEY.

## INNOCENTS. 7s.

THIBAUT.



2 Fain I would be as Thou art;  
Give me Thy obedient heart;  
Thou art pitiful and kind,  
Let me have Thy loving mind.

3 Let me, above all, fulfill  
God my heavenly Father's will,  
Never His good Spirit grieve,  
Only to His glory live.

4 Loving Jesus, gentle Lamb,  
In Thy gracious hands I am;  
Make me, Saviour, what Thou art,  
Live Thyself within my heart.

5 I shall then show forth Thy praise,  
Serve Thee all my happy days;  
Then the world shall always see  
Christ the holy Child in me.

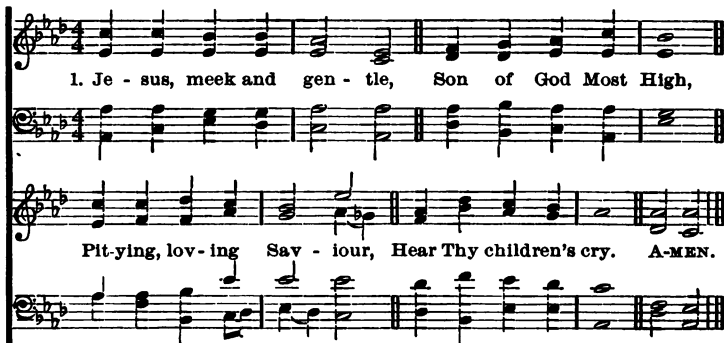
FOR CHILDREN.

567

ST. LAMBERT. 6s. 5s.

G. R. PRYNNE.

C. H. RINCK.



1. Je - sus, meek and gen - tle, Son of God Most High,  
Pit-ying, lov - ing Sav - iour, Hear Thy children's cry. A-MEN.

2 Pardon our offenses,  
Loose our captive chains,  
Break down every idol  
Which our soul detains.

4 Lead us on our journey,  
Be Thyself the way  
Through terrestrial darkness  
To celestial day.

3 Give us holy freedom.  
Fill our hearts with love;  
Draw us, holy Jesus,  
To the realms above.

5 Jesus, meek and gentle,  
Son of God most high,  
Pitying, loving Saviour,  
Hear Thy children's cry.

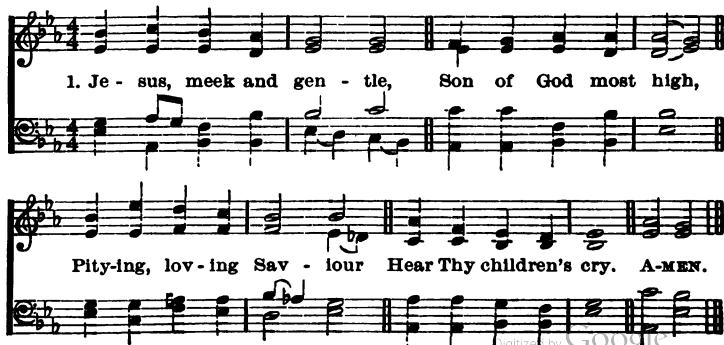
567

ST. JOHN BAPTIST. 6s. 5s.

G. R. PRYNNE.

SECOND TUNE.

O. M. FEILDEN.



1. Je - sus, meek and gen - tle, Son of God most high,  
Pit-ying, lov - ing Sav - iour Hear Thy children's cry. A-MEN.

568

J. D. BURNS.

EVENING HYMN. 6s, 8s.

A. S. SULLIVAN.

1. Hushed was the evening hymn, The temple courts were dark; The  
 lamp was burning dim, Be-fore the sa-cred ark: When sud-den-ly a  
 voice di-vine Rang through the si-lence of the shrine. A-MEN.

2 The old man, meek and mild,  
 The priest of Israel, slept;  
 His watch the temple-child,  
 The little Levite, kept;  
 And what from Eli's sense was sealed,  
 The Lord to Hannah's son revealed.

3 Oh, give me Samuel's ear,  
 The open ear, O Lord,  
 Alive and quick to hear  
 Each whisper of Thy word!  
 Like him to answer at Thy call,  
 And to obey Thee first of all.

4 Oh, give me Samuel's heart,  
 A lowly heart, that waits  
 Where in Thy house Thou art,  
 Or watches at Thy gates!  
 By day and night, a heart that still  
 Moves at the breathing of Thy will.

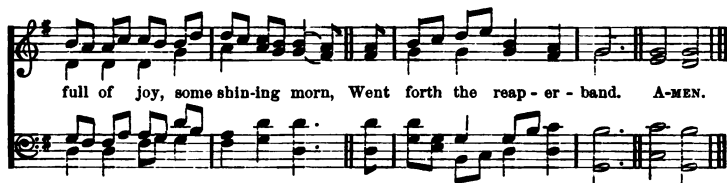
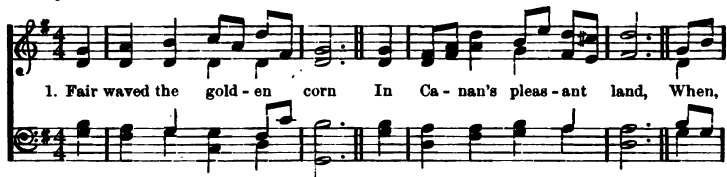
5 Oh, give me Samuel's mind,  
 A sweet, un murmuring faith,  
 Obedient and resigned  
 To Thee in life and death!  
 That I may read with childlike eyes  
 Truths that are hidden from the wise.

FOR CHILDREN.  
SHIRLAND. S. M.

569

J. H. GURNEY.

S. STANLEY.



2 To God, so good and great,  
Their cheerful thanks they pour;  
Then carry to His temple-gate  
The choicest of their store.

4 Thine is our youthful prime,  
And life and all its powers;  
Be with us in our morning time,  
And bless our evening hours.

3 Like Israel, Lord, we give  
Our earliest fruits to Thee,  
And pray that long as we shall  
live,  
We may Thy children be.

5 In wisdom let us grow,  
As years and strength is given,  
That we may serve Thy Church  
below,  
And join Thy saints in heaven.

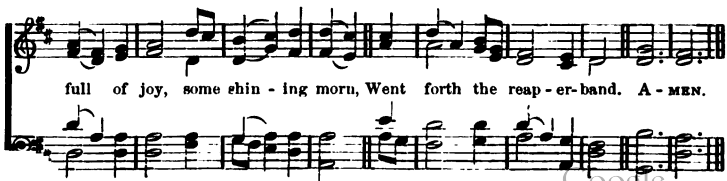
569

BROOKS. S. M.

J. H. GURNEY.

SECOND TUNE.

G. J. GEER.



570

## CHILDREN'S VOICES. 6s, 4s.

M. BOURDILLON.

E. J. HOPKINS.

TREBLE VOICES.

1. A - bove the clear blue sky, In heav-en's bright a - bode, The

- an - gel host on high Sing prais-es to their God: Al - le-

lu - ia! They love to sing To God their King Al - le - lu - ia! A-MEN.

2 But God from children's tongues  
On earth receiveth praise;  
We then our cheerful songs  
In sweet accord will raise:  
Alleluia!  
We too will sing  
To God our King  
Alleluia!

3 O blessed Lord, Thy truth  
To all Thy flock impart,  
And teach us in our youth  
To know Thee as Thou art.

Alleluia!  
Then shall we sing  
To God our King  
Alleluia!

4 Oh, may Thy holy Word  
Spread all the world around!  
And all with one accord  
Uplift the joyful sound:  
Alleluia!  
All then shall sing  
To God their King  
Alleluia!



FOR CHILDREN.

571

Anon.

INGLESIDE. 6-6s.

G. M. GARRETT.

1. Great Shepherd of the sheep, Who all Thy flock doth keep,  
Lead-ing by wa-ters calm; Do Thou my footsteps guide,  
To fol-low by Thy side; Make me Thy lit-tle lamb. A-MEN.

2 I fear I may be torn  
By many a sharp-set thorn,  
As far from Thee I stray;  
My weary feet may bleed,  
For rough are paths which lead  
Out of Thy pleasant way.

3 But when the road is long,  
Thy tender arm, and strong,  
The weary one will bear;  
And Thou wilt wash me clean,  
And lead to pastures green,  
Where all the flowers are fair.

4 Till, from the soil of sin  
Cleansed and made pure within  
Dear Saviour, Who hast died,  
Thou bringest me in love,  
Safe to Thy fold above,  
Forever to abide.

572

W. W. How.

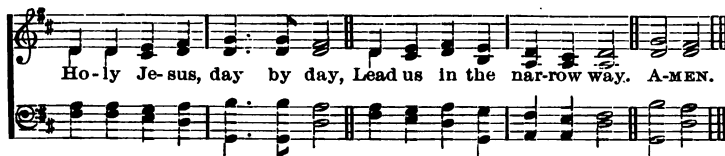
REDHEAD, No. 76. 6-7s.

R. REDHEAD.

1. Lord, Thy chil-dren guide and keep, As with fee-ble steps they press



On the path-way rough and steep Through the weary wil - der - ness,



Holy Je - sus, day by day, Lead us in the nar - row way. A - MEN.

2 There are stony ways to tread;  
Give the strength we sorely lack.  
There are tangled paths to tread;  
Light us, lest we miss the track.  
Holy Jesus, day by day,  
Lead us in the narrow way.

4 There are soft and flowery glades  
Decked with golden-fruited trees,  
Sunny slopes and scented shades;  
Keep us, Lord, from slothful ease.  
Holy Jesus, day by day,  
Lead us in the narrow way.

3 There are sandy wastes that lie  
Cold and sunless, vast and drear,  
Where the feeble faint and die;  
Grant us grace to persevere.  
Holy Jesus, day by day,  
Lead us in the narrow way.

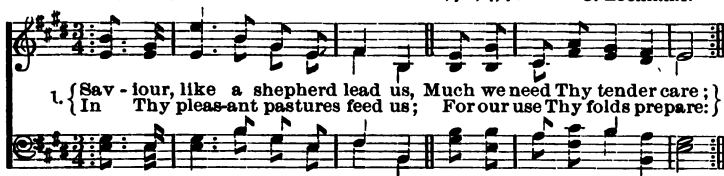
5 Upward still to purer heights!  
Onward yet to scenes more blest,  
Calmer regions, clearer lights,  
Till we reach the promised rest!  
Holy Jesus, day by day,  
Lead us in the narrow way.

578

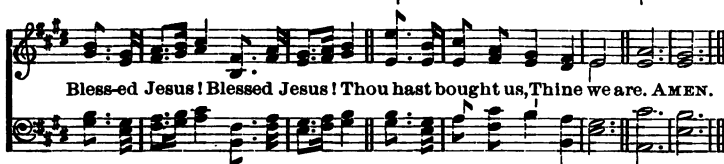
H. F. LYTE.

TAMWORTH. 8s, 7s, 4, 7.

C. LOCKHART.



1. { Sav - our, like a shepherd lead us, Much we need Thy tender care; }  
{ In Thy pleas - ant pastures feed us; For our use Thy folds prepare: }



Bless - ed Jesus! Blessed Jesus! Thou hast bought us, Thine we are. AMEN.

\* May also be sung to Newton on page 485.

2 Thou hast promised to receive us,  
Poor and sinful though we be;  
Thou hast mercy to relieve us,  
Grace to cleanse, and power to free:  
Blessèd Jesus!  
Let us early turn to Thee.

3 Early let us seek Thy favor,  
Early let us learn Thy will;  
Do Thou, Lord, our only Saviour,  
With Thy love our bosoms fill:  
Blessèd Jesus!  
Thou hast loved us: love us still!

FOR CHILDREN.

574

G. THRING.

WRAYSBURY. 8s, 7s. E. J. HOPKINS.

1. Grant us, O our heavenly Father, In the dawn-ing of our days,

Thee in all things to re-mem-ber, Thee to serve, and Thee to praise. AMEN.

2 With the cross of Christ, our Saviour, Through the world unharmed, rejoicing  
 Stamped upon our infant brows, In His all-redeeming love :  
 May we in the battle's dawning  
 Heed His word, and keep our vows.

3 Then in Holy Confirmation, By the laying on of hands, May His presence still be with us, As we do it with our might.  
 Strength may we receive, and blessing,  
 To obey our Lord's commands.

4 Drawing nearer still and nearer, May we close and closer cling  
 To our Lord, and to His altar  
 There ourselves an offering bring.

5 Step by step in life advancing, Onward, upward, as we move  
 7 Serving Thee, our heavenly Father, From the dawn to set of sun,  
 Serving Thee in life's young morning,  
 Till our work on earth is done :  
 8 Till the shadows of the evening  
 Shall forever pass away,  
 And the Resurrection-morning  
 Kindle into perfect day.

574

MOUNT VERNON. 8s, 7s.

G. THRING.

SECOND TUNE.

L. MASON.

1. Grant us, O our heavenly Fa-ther, In the dawn-ing of our days,

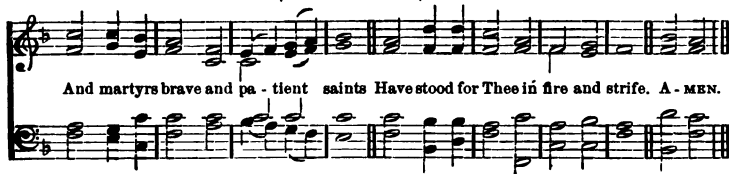
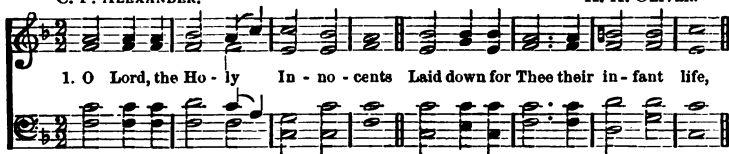
Thee in all things to re-mem-ber, Thee to serve, and Thee to praise. A-MEN.

575

## FEDERAL STREET. L. M.

C. F. ALEXANDER.

H. K. OLIVER.



- 2 We wear the cross they wore of old, 5 Then we may stay the angry blow,  
Our lips have learned like vows Then we may check the hasty  
to make word,  
We need not die; we cannot fight; Give gentle answers back again,  
What may we do for Jesus' sake? And fight a battle for our Lord.
- 3 Oh, day by day each Christian child 6 With smiles of peace and looks of  
Has much to do, without, within; love,  
A death to die for Jesus' sake, Light in our dwellings we may  
A weary war to wage with sin. make,  
Bid kind good-humor brighten there,  
4 When deep within our swelling And do all still for Jesus' sake.  
hearts,  
The thoughts of pride and anger 7 There's not a child so weak and  
rise, small  
When bitter words are on our But has his little cross to take,  
tongues, His little work of love and praise,  
And tears of passion in our eyes; That he may do for Jesus' sake.

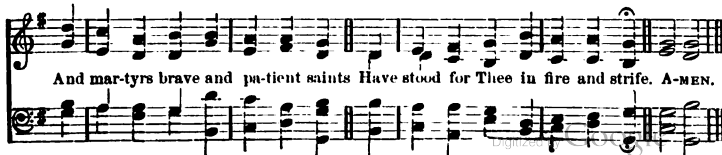
575

## TALLIS' CANON. L. M.

C. F. ALEXANDER.

SECOND TUNE.

T. TALLIS.



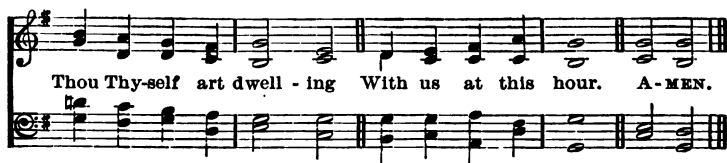
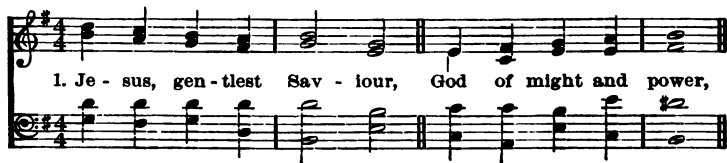
FOR CHILDREN.

576

F. W. FABER.

CLAUDIA. 6s, 5s.

F. R. HAVERGAL.



2 Nature cannot hold Thee,  
Heaven is all too strait  
For Thine endless glory,  
And Thy royal state.

5 Jesus, gentlest Saviour,  
Thou art with us now;  
Fill us with Thy goodness  
Till our hearts o'erflow.

3 Out beyond the shining  
Of the farthest star,  
Thou art ever stretching  
Infinitely far.

6 Multiply our graces;  
Give us love and fear,  
And, dear Lord, the chiefest,  
Grace to persevere!

4 Yet the hearts of children  
Hold what worlds cannot,  
And the God of wonders  
Loves the lowly spot.

7 Oh, how can we thank Thee  
For a gift like this,  
Gift that truly maketh  
Heaven's eternal bliss?

577

T. MACKELLAR.

GOSS. 8s, 7s, 4, 7.

J. Goss.



Digitized by Google

FOR CHILDREN.

Though we are but young and few; Lit - tle clus - ters  
Lit - tle clus - ters Help to fill the gar - ners too. AMEN.

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <p>2 Tolling early in the morning,<br/>Catching moments through the day,<br/>Nothing small or lowly scorned,<br/>While we work, and watch, and<br/>Gathering gladly [pray;<br/>Free-will offerings by the way.</p> | <p>4 Up and ever at our calling,<br/>Till in death our lips are dumb,<br/>Or till, sin's dominion falling,<br/>Christ shall in His kingdom come,<br/>And His children<br/>Reach their everlasting home.</p> |
| <p>3 Not for selfish praise or glory,<br/>Not for objects nothing worth,<br/>But to send the blessed story<br/>Of the Gospel o'er the earth,<br/>Telling mortals<br/>Of our Lord and Saviour's birth.</p>          | <p>5 Steadfast, then, in our endeavor,<br/>Heavenly Father, may we be;<br/>And forever, and forever,<br/>We will give the praise to Thee;<br/>Alleluia!<br/>Singing all eternity.</p>                       |

578

F. R. HAVERGAL.

STOCKWELL. 8s, 7s.

D. E. JONES.

1. God in heav - en, hear our sing - ing! On - ly lit - tle ones are we;  
Yet a great pe - ti-tion bringing, Fa - ther, now we come to Thee. A - MEN.

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <p>2 Let Thy kingdom come, we pray Thee;<br/>Let the world in Thee find rest!<br/>Let all know Thee and obey Thee,<br/>Loving, praising, blessing, blest!</p> | <p>4 Father, send the glorious hour!<br/>Every heart be Thine alone!<br/>For the kingdom, and the power,<br/>And the glory are Thine own.</p> |
| <p>3 Let the sweet and joyful story<br/>Of the Saviour's wondrous love,<br/>Wake on earth a song of glory,<br/>Like the angels' song above!</p>               |   |

Also the following :

526.—Jesu, from Thy throne on high


# 

579

LANCASHIRE. 7s, 6s, D.

E. H. BICKERSTETH.

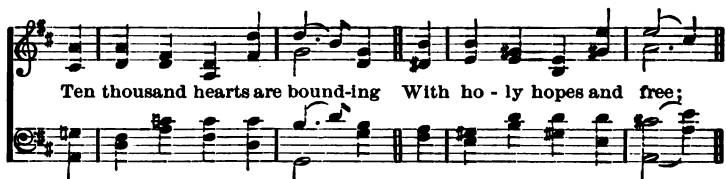
H. SMART.



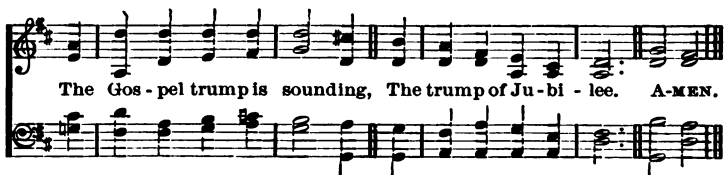
1. O broth-ers, lift your voic - es, Tri - umphant songs to raise;



Till heaven on high re - joic - es, And earth is filled with praise.



Ten thousand hearts are bound-ing With ho - ly hopes and free;



The Gos - pel trump is sounding, The trump of Ju - bi - lee. A-MEN.

2 O Christian brothers, glorious  
 Shall be the conflict's close:  
 The cross hath been victorious,  
 And shall be o'er its foes.  
 Faith is our battle-token:  
 Our Leader all controls;  
 Our trophies, fetters broken;  
 Our captives, ransomed souls.

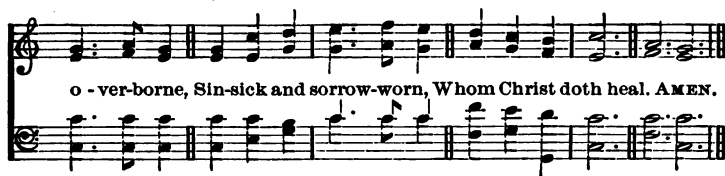
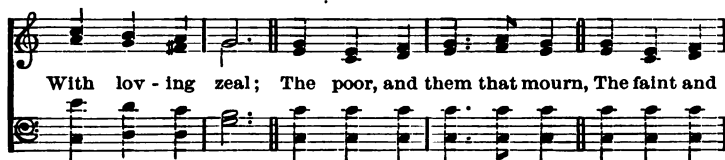
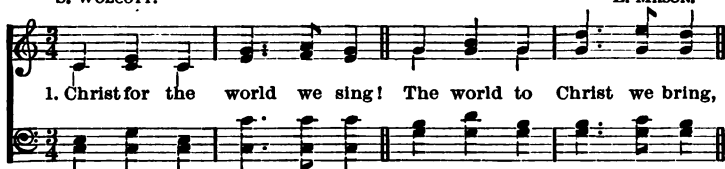
3 Not unto us: Lord Jesus,  
 To Thee all praise be due!  
 Whose blood-bought mercy frees us,  
 Has freed our brethren too.

Not unto us: in glory  
 The angels catch the strain,  
 And cast their crowns before Thee  
 Exultingly again.

4 Captain of our salvation,  
 Thy presence we adore:  
 Praise, glory, adoration  
 Be Thine for evermore!  
 Still on in conflict pressing  
 On Thee Thy people call,  
 Thee, King of kings confessing,  
 Thee, crowning Lord of all.

S. WOLCOTT.

L. MASON.



2 Christ for the world we sing!  
 The world to Christ we bring,  
 With fervent prayer;  
 The wayward and the lost,  
 By restless passions tossed,  
 Redeemed at countless cost,  
 From dark despair.

3 Christ for the world we sing!  
 The world to Christ we bring,  
 With one accord;  
 With us the work to share,  
 With us reproach to dare,  
 With us the cross to bear,  
 For Christ our Lord.

4 Christ for the world we sing!  
 The world to Christ we bring,  
 With joyful song;  
 The new-born souls, whose days,  
 Reclaimed from error's ways,  
 Inspired with hope and praise,  
 To Christ belong.



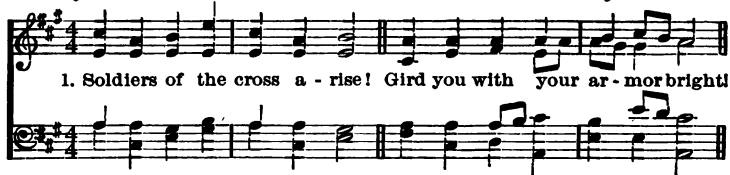
LAY HELPERS.

581

J. A. WATERBURY.

NUREMBURG. 7s.

J. R. AHLR.



2 O'er a faithless fallen world,  
Raise your banner in the sky!  
Let it float there wide unfurled!  
Bear it onward! lift it high!

5 To the weary and the worn  
Tell of realms where sorrows  
To the outcast and forlorn [cease!  
Speak of mercy and of peace!

3 'Mid the homes of want and woe,  
Strangers to the living Word,  
Let the Saviour's herald go!  
Let the voice of hope be heard!

6 Guard the helpless! seek the strayed!  
Comfort troubles! banish grief!  
In the might of God arrayed,  
Scatter sin and unbelief!

4 Where the shadows deepest lie,  
Carry truth's unsullied ray!  
Where are crimes of blackest dye,  
There the saving sign display!

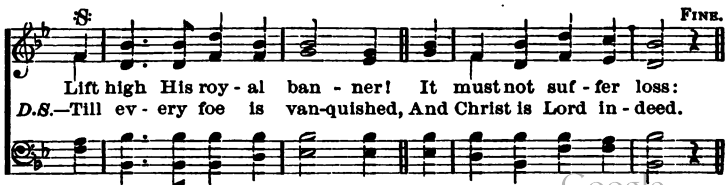
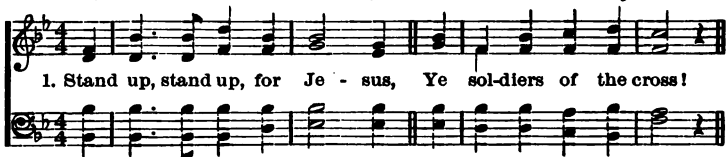
7 Be the banner still unfurled, [sword,  
Still unsheathed the Spirit's  
Till the kingdoms of the world  
Are the kingdom of the Lord!

582

G. DUFFIELD.

WEBB. 7s, 6s. D.

G. J. WEBB.



# LAY HELPERS.

D.S.

From vic - tory un - to vic - tory His ar - my shall He lead ; A - MEN.

2 Stand up, stand up, for Jesus !  
 The trumpet call obey !  
 Forth to the mighty conflict  
 In this His glorious day !  
 Ye that are men now serve Him  
 Against unnumbered foes !  
 Let courage rise with danger,  
 And strength to strength oppose.

3 Stand up, stand up, for Jesus !  
 Stand in His strength alone!  
 The arm of flesh will fail you,  
 Ye dare not trust your own:

Put on the gospel armor,  
 And watching unto prayer,  
 When duty calls, or danger,  
 Be never wanting there !

4 Stand up, stand up, for Jesus !  
 The strife will not be long :  
 This day, the noise of battle ;  
 The next, the victor's song.  
 To him that overcometh,  
 A crown of life shall be ;  
 He with the King of glory  
 Shall reign eternally.

588

A. L. WALKER.

WORK. 7, 6, 7, 5. D.

L. MASON.

1. Work, for the night is com - ing, Work through the morning hours;

FINE.

Work while the dew is sparkling, Work 'mid springing flowers ;  
*D.S.* - Work, for the night is com - ing, When man's work is done.

D.S.

Work when the day grows bright - er, Work in the glow - ing sun. A - MEN.

Used by per. of Oliver Ditson Co., owners of Copyright.

2 Work, for the night is coming,  
 Work through the sunny noon ;  
 Fill brightest hours with labor,  
 Rest comes sure and soon :  
 Give every flying minute  
 Something to keep in store  
 Work, for the night is coming,  
 When man works no more.

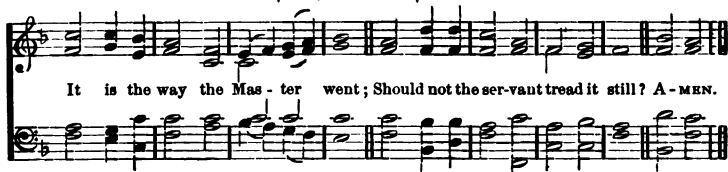
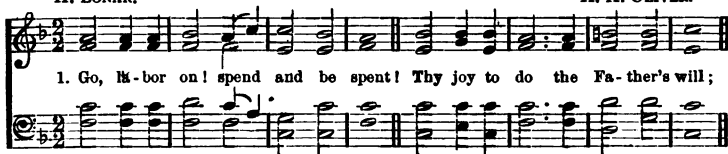
3 Work, for the night is coming,  
 Under the sunset skies ;  
 While their bright tints are glowing,  
 Work, for daylight flies :  
 Work, till the last beam fadeeth,  
 Fadeeth to shine no more :  
 Work, while the night is darkening,  
 When man's work is o'er.

584

## FEDERAL STREET. L.M.

H. BONAR.

H. K. OLIVER.



2 Go, labor on! 'tis not for naught;  
Thine earthly loss is heavenly  
gain;  
Men heed thee, love thee, praise  
thee not;  
The Master praises: what are  
men?

3 Go, labor on! enough, while here,  
If Heshall praisethee, if Hedeign  
The willing heart to mark and  
cheer:  
No toil for Him shall be in vain.

4 Go, labor on, while it is day!  
The world's dark night is hasten-  
ing on:

Speed, speed thy work! cast sloth  
away!  
It is not thus that souls are won.

5 Toil on! faint not! deep watch,  
and pray!  
Be wise the erring soul to win!  
Go forth into the world's highway!  
Compel the wanderer to come in!

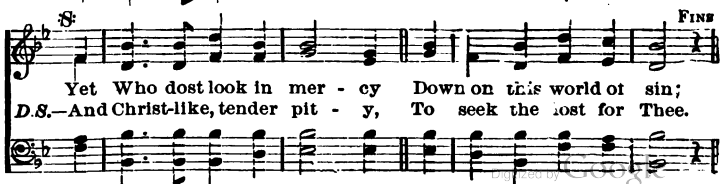
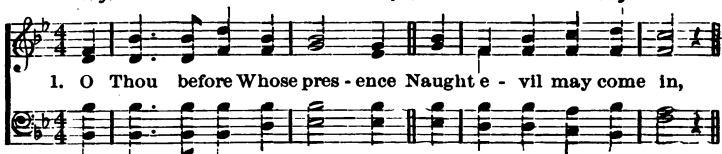
6 Toil on, and in thy toil rejoice!  
For toil comes rest, for exile  
home;  
Soon shalt thou hear the Bride-  
groom's voice,  
The midnight peal, "Behold, I  
come!"

585

S. J. STONE.

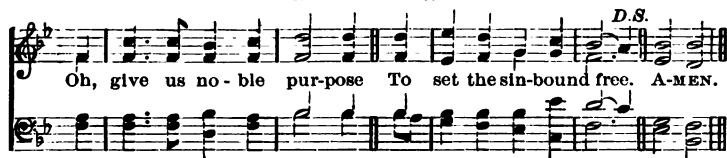
WEBB. 7s, 6s. D.

G. J. WEBB.



LAY HELPERS.

D.S.



Oh, give us no - ble pur - pose To set the sin - bound free. A - MEN.

2 Fierce is our subtle foe man:  
The forces at his hand,  
With woes that none can number  
Despoil the pleasant land;  
All they who war against them,  
In strife so keen and long,  
Must in their Saviour's armor  
Be stronger than the strong.

3 So hast Thou wrought among us  
The great things that we see:  
For things that are we thank Thee,  
And for the things to be:

For bright Hope is uplifting  
Faint hands and feeble knees,  
To strive beneath Thy blessing  
For greater things than these.

4 Lead on, O Love and Mercy,  
O Purity and Power!  
Lead on, till peace eternal  
Shall close this battle-hour:  
Till all who prayed and struggled  
To set their brethren free,  
In triumph, meet to praise Thee,  
Most Holy Trinity.

586

F. R. HAVERGAL.

BAKER. L. M.

S. G. POTTS.



1. Lord, speak to me, that I may speak In liv - ing ech - oes of Thy tone;

As Thou hast sought, so let me seek, Thy er - ring chil - dren lost and lone. A - MEN.

Copyright, 1893, by S. G. Potts.

2 Oh, lead me, Lord, that I may lead  
The wandering and the wavering  
feet;  
Oh, feed me, Lord, that I may feed  
Thy hungering ones with manna  
sweet.

3 Oh, strengthen me, that while I stand  
Firm on the Rock, and strong in  
Thee,  
I may stretch out a loving hand  
To wrestlers with the troubled sea.

4 Oh, teach me, Lord, that I may teach  
The precious things Thou dost  
impart; [reach  
And wing my words, that they may  
The hidden depths of many a heart.

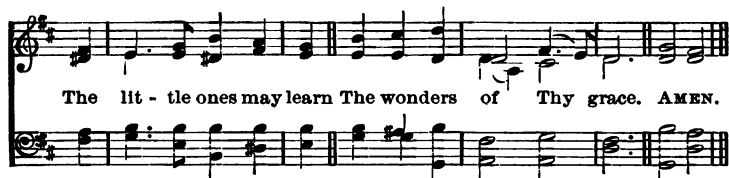
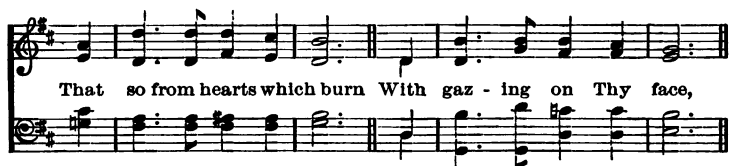
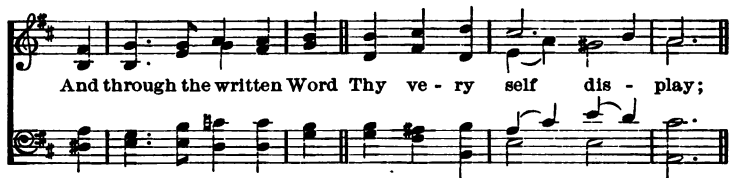
5 Oh, give Thine own sweet rest to  
me, [power  
That I may speak with soothing  
A word in season, as from Thee,  
To weary ones in needful hour.

6 Oh, fill me with Thy fullness, Lord,  
Until my very heart o'erflow  
In kindling thought and glowing  
word,  
Thy love to tell, Thy praise to  
show.

7 Oh, use me, Lord, use even me,  
Just as Thou wilt, and when, and  
where;  
Until Thy blessed face I see, [share.  
Thy rest, Thy joy, Thy glory

J. ELLERTON.

A. H. MANN.



2 Breathe Thou upon us, Lord,  
Thy Spirit's living flame,  
That so with one accord  
Our lips may tell Thy Name;  
Give Thou the hearing ear,  
Fix Thou the wandering thought,  
That those who teach may hear  
The great things Thou hast  
wrought.

3 Speak Thou for us, O Lord,  
In all we say of Thee;  
According to Thy Word  
Let all our teaching be;

That so Thy lambs may know  
Their own true Shepherd's  
voice,  
Where'er He leads them go,  
And in His love rejoice.

4 Live Thou within us, Lord;  
Thy mind and will be ours;  
Be Thou beloved, adored,  
And served, with all our powers;  
That so our lives may teach  
Thy children what Thou art,  
And plead, by more than speech,  
For Thee with every heart.

LAY HELPERS.

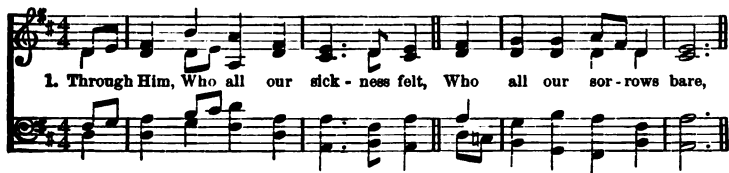
Guilds or Friendly Societies.

588

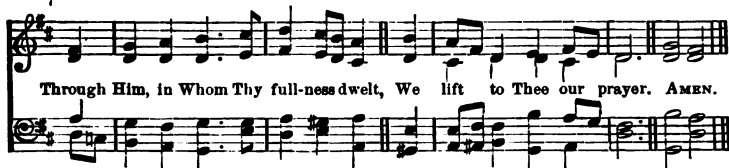
C. WESLEY.

POTTER. C. M.

W. A. MUHLENBURG.



1. Through Him, Who all our sick-ness felt, Who all our sor-rows bare,



Through Him, in Whom Thy full-ness dwelt, We lift to Thee our prayer. AMEN.

2 Help us to help each other, Lord,  
Each other's burdens bear;  
Let each his friendly aid afford,  
To soothe another's care.

3 Help us to build each other up,  
Help us ourselves to prove;  
Increase our faith, confirm our hope,  
And perfect us in love.

4 Complete at length Thy work of grace,  
And take us to Thy rest,  
Among the saints who see Thy face  
To be forever blest.

*Also the following :*

161.—O Son of God, our Captain of salvation.  
162.—The son of Consolation.  
496.—Lord of our life, and God of our salvation.  
499.—Almighty God, Whose only Son.  
506.—Fight the good fight with all thy might.  
507.—The Son of God goes forth to war.

510.—Go forward, Christian soldier.  
511.—O happy band of pilgrims.  
520.—Rejoice, ye pure in heart!  
521.—Through the night of doubt and sorrow.  
522.—On our way rejoicing.  
579.—O brothers, lift your voices.

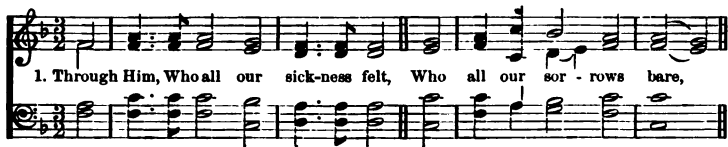
588

ARLINGTON. C. M.

C. WESLEY.

SECOND TUNE.

T. A. ARNE.



1. Through Him, Who all our sick-ness felt, Who all our sor-rows bare,



Through Him, in Whom Thy full-ness dwelt, We lift to Thee our prayer. A-MEN.

# Parochial Missions.

589

EVEN ME. 8s, 7s, 3.

E CODNER.

W. B. BRADBURY.

1. Lord, I hear of showers of blessing, Thou art scattering full and free!  
Showers the thirsty land refreshing; Let some portion fall on me,  
E-ven me! E-ven me! Let some portion fall on me. A-MEN.

Used by per. The Biglow & Main Co., owners of Copyright.

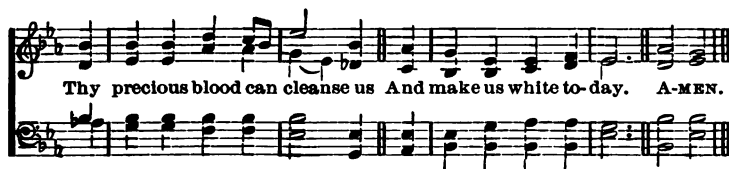
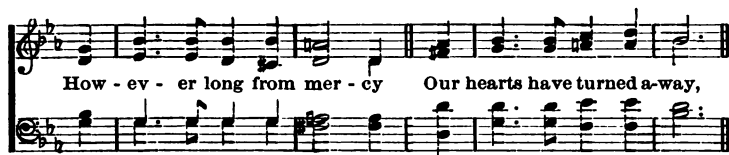
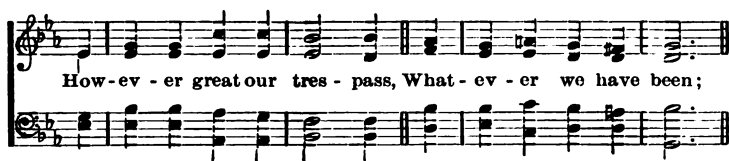
- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <p>2 Pass me not, O gracious Father!<br/>Sinful though my heart may be;<br/>Thou might'st punish, but the<br/>rather<br/>Let Thy mercy light on me,<br/>Even me!</p> | <p>5 Have I long in sin been sleeping!<br/>Long been slighting, grieving<br/>Thee? [keeping?<br/>Has the world my heart been<br/>Oh, forgive and rescue me,<br/>Even me!</p>      |
| <p>3 Pass me not, O tender Saviour!<br/>Let me love and cling to Thee;<br/>I am longing for Thy favor;<br/>Whilst Thou'rt calling, oh, call<br/>me,<br/>Even me!</p> | <p>6 Love of God, so pure and change-<br/>less;<br/>Blood of God, so rich and free;<br/>Grace of God, so strong and bound-<br/>Magnify it all in me, [less,<br/>Even me!</p>      |
| <p>4 Pass me not, O mighty Spirit!<br/>Thou canst make the blind to<br/>see;<br/>Witnesser of Jesus' merit,<br/>Speak the word of power to me,<br/>Even me!</p>      | <p>7 Pass me not! this lost one bring-<br/>ing,<br/>'Tis but one more, Lord, for Thee!<br/>All my heart to Thee is springing;<br/>Blessing others, oh, bless me,<br/>Even me!</p> |

590

O. ALLEN.

HOMELAND. 7s, 6s. D.

A. S. SULLIVAN.



2 To-day Thy gate is open,  
 And all who enter in  
 Shall find a Father's welcome,  
 And pardon for their sin.  
 The past shall be forgotten,  
 A present joy be given,  
 A future grace be promised,  
 A glorious crown in heaven.

3 To-day our Father calls us,  
 His Holy Spirit waits;  
 His blessed angels gather  
 Around the heavenly gates:  
 No question will be asked us  
 How often we have come;  
 Although we oft have wandered,  
 It is our Father's home.

4 Oh, all-embracing mercy!  
 Oh, ever-open door!  
 What shall we do without Thee  
 When heart and eyes run o'er?  
 When all things seem against us,  
 To drive us to despair,  
 We know one gate is open,  
 One ear will hear our prayer,

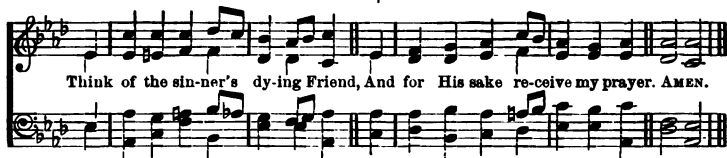


591

H. F. LYTE.

CANONBURY. L. M.

R. SCHUMANN.



2 Oh, think not of my shame and guilt,  
My thousand stains of deepest dye!  
Think of the blood which Jesus spilt,  
And let that blood my pardon buy.

How prayer should evermore be  
heard,  
And how Thy glory is to spare.

3 Think, Lord, how I am still Thine  
own, [hand;  
The trembling creature of Thy  
Think how my heart to sin is prone,  
And what temptations round me  
stand.

5 Oh, think not of my doubts and fears,  
My strivings with Thy grace divine;  
Think upon Jesus' woes and tears,  
And let His merits stand for mine.

4 Oh, think upon Thy holy Word,  
And every plighted promise there!

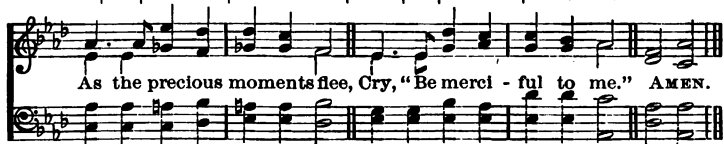
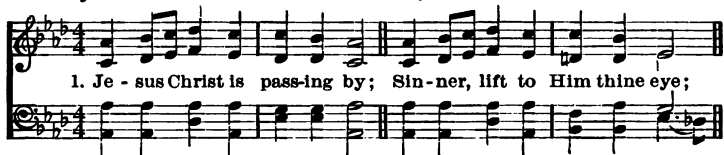
6 Thine eye, Thine ear, they are not  
dull;  
Thine arm can never shortened be;  
Behold me here; my heart is full;  
Behold, and spare, and succor me.

592

J. D. SMITH.

KIMBER. 7s.

W. W. WOODWARD.



2 Jesus Christ is passing by;  
Will He always be so nigh?  
Now is the accepted day;  
Seek for healing while you may.

5 "Lord, I would Thy mercy see;  
Lord, reveal Thy love to me:  
Let it penetrate my soul;  
All my heart and life control."

3 Fearest thou He will not hear?  
Art thou bidden to forbear?  
Let no obstacle defeat;  
Yet more earnestly entreat.

6 Oh, how sweet! the touch of power  
Comes; it is salvation's hour:  
Jesus gives from guilt release;  
Faith hath saved thee, go in peace.

4 Lo! He stands and calls to thee,  
"What wilt thou then have of Me?"  
Rise and tell Him all thy need;  
Rise, He calleth thee indeed.

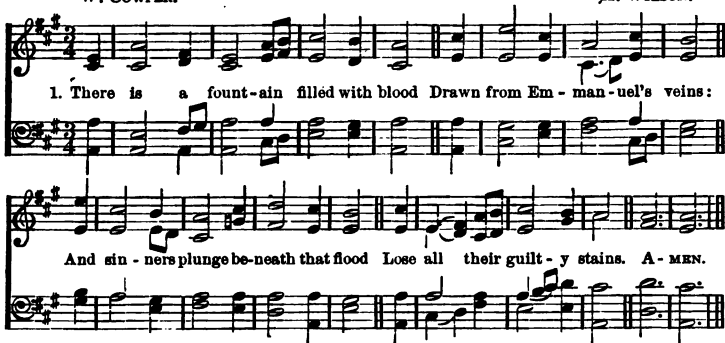
7 Glory to the Saviour's Name!  
He is ever still the same;  
To His matchless honor raise  
Never-ending songs of praise.

598

W. COWPER.

MARTYRDOM. C. M.

H. WILSON.



1. There is a fount-ain filled with blood Drawn from Em-man-uel's veins:  
And sin-ners plunge be-neath that flood Lose all their guilt-y stains. A-MEN.

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see  
That fountain in his day;  
And there may I, as vile as he,  
Wash all my sins away.

4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream  
Thy flowing wounds supply,  
Redeeming love has been my theme,  
And shall be till I die.

3 Dear, dying Lamb, Thy precious blood  
Shall never lose its power,  
Till all the ransomed Church of God  
Be saved to sin no more.

5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,  
I'll sing Thy power to save,  
When this poor, lisping, stammer-  
ing tongue  
Lies silent in the grave.

594

W. C. DIX.

BOYLSTON. S. M.

L. MASON.



1. On-ly one prayer to-day, One ear-nest, tear-ful plea;  
A lit-a-ny from out the heart, Have mer-cy, Lord, on me. AMEN.

2 Although my sin is great,  
Still to my God I flee:  
Yes, I can dare look up, and say,  
"Have mercy, Lord, on me."

4 No other Name than His,  
My hope, my help may be:  
Oh, by that one all-saving Name,  
Have mercy, Lord, on me.

3 Because of Jesus' cross,  
And that unfathomed sea, [world,  
The crimson tide which laves the  
Have mercy, Lord, on me.

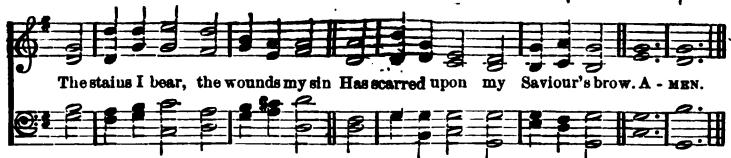
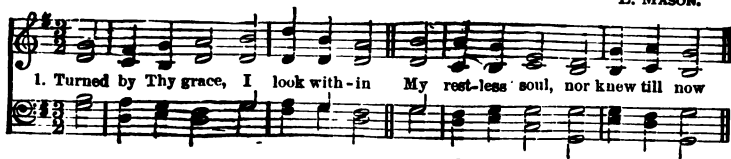
5 In garb of sorrow clad  
I crave Thy pardon free;  
In life to die, in death to live;  
Have mercy, Lord, on me.

595

## ROCKINGHAM. (Mason's.) L. M.

E. A. BRADLEY.

L. MASON.



2 The sight afflicts my guilty soul:  
My conscience cries and spares me not.  
Grief's bitter waves now o'er me roll:  
Tears flow that cannot cleanse one spot.

3 O God, my God, I see my sin;  
I crucified the Lord of love.  
Wormwood and gall I gave to Him;  
And sorely grieved God's holy Dove.

4 Turned back and won by grace so free,  
My sin confessed I'll ne'er repeat:  
Converted now, my aim shall be  
To tread the prints of Christ's dear feet.

5 The wrong my sin has done, confessed,  
Return four-fold shall now make right.  
My soul shall then by God be blest  
Through Christ's atonement in His sight.

6 Forgiveness for the wrongs done me,  
With my whole heart I freely give;  
'Tis only so that there can be life.  
Pardon from Christ and grace to

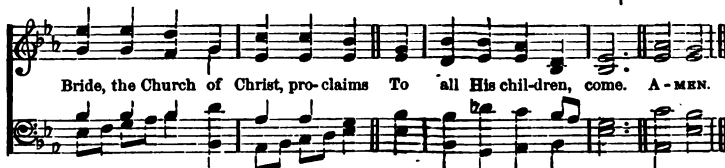
7 My sin thus seen, wept o'er, confessed,  
Turned from and loathed as pain-ing Thee,  
As Thou forgiv'st, O, Saviour blest,  
Is pardoned, cleansed! My soul is free.

596

H. U. ONDERDONK.

AITKEN. S. M.

W. M. H. AITKEN.



2 Let him that heareth say  
To all about him, Come:  
Let him that thirsts for righteousness  
To Christ, the fountain, come.

3 Yes, whosoever will,  
let him freely come,

And freely drink the stream of life!  
'Tis Jesus bids him come.

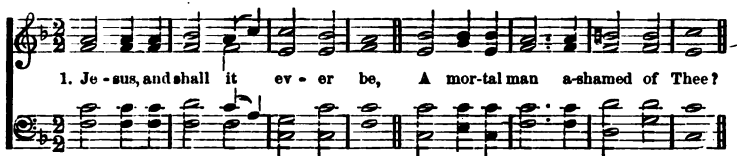
4 Lo, Jesus, Who invites,  
Declares, I quickly come.  
Lord! even so; I wait Thy hour!  
Jesus, my Saviour, come,

597

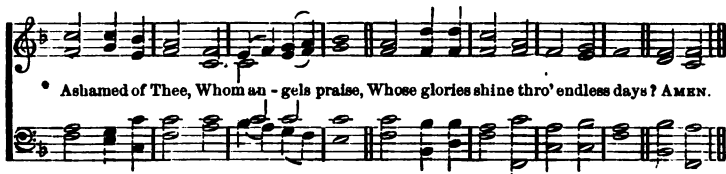
J. GRIGG.

FEDERAL STREET. L. M.

H. K. OLIVER.



1. Je - sus, and shall it ev - er be, A mor-tal man a-shamed of Thee?



\* Ashamed of Thee, Whom an - gels praise, Whose glories shine thro' endless days? AMEN.

2 Ashamed of Jesus! sooner far  
Let night disown each radiant star;  
'Tis midnight with my soul, till He,  
Bright Morning Star, bid darkness  
flee.

4 Ashamed of Jesus! that dear frie: d  
On Whom my hopes of heaven de-  
pend!  
No; when I blush, be this my shame,  
That I no more revere His Name

3 Ashamed of Jesus! oh, as soon  
Let morning blush to own the sun!  
He sheds the beams of light divine  
O'er this benighted soul of mine.

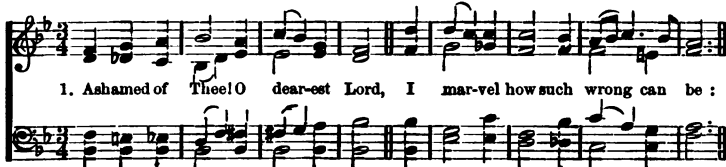
5 Ashamed of Jesus! empty pride!  
I'll boast a Saviour crucified;  
And oh, may this my portion be,  
My Saviour not ashamed of me.

598

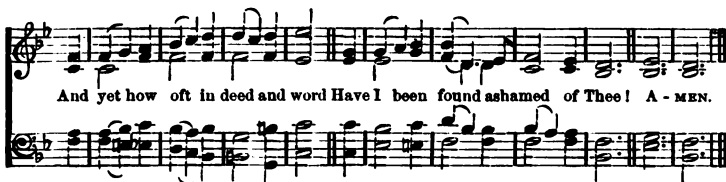
W. W. HOW.

SAN SALVADOR. L. M.

E. PIERACCINI.



1. Ashamed of Thee! O dear-est Lord, I mar-vel how such wrong can be :



And yet how oft in deed and word Have I been found ashamed of Thee! A - MEN.

2 Ashamed of Thee! my King, my  
God, <sup>[love,</sup>  
Who soughtest me with wondrous  
Whose feet the way of sorrow trod  
To bring me to Thy home above.

4 Ashamed of Thee! Whose love di-  
vine,  
Was not ashamed of our lost race,  
But even this cold heart of mine  
Dost make Thy home and dwell-  
ing-place.

3 Ashamed of Thee! of that blest  
Name <sup>[free]</sup>  
Which speaks of mercy full and  
Nay, Lord, I would my only shame  
Might be to be ashamed of Thee.

5 Ashamed of Thee! O Lord, I pray  
This cruel wrong no more may be:  
And in Thy last great Advent-day,  
Oh, be not Thou ashamed of me!

599

OAKLEY. 7s.

W. COWPER.

J. C. M. SHREWSBURY.



- 2 He delivered thee when bound,  
And when wounded, healed thy wound;  
Sought thee wandering, set thee right,  
Turned thy darkness into light.
- 4 His is an unchanging love,  
Higher than the heights above,  
Deeper than the depths beneath,  
Free and faithful, strong as death.
- 3 Can a woman's tender care  
Cease towards the child she bare?  
Yes, she may forgetful be;  
Yet will He remember thee.
- 5 We shall see His glory soon,  
When the work of grace is done;  
Partners of His throne shall be;  
Hear Him asking, "Lov'st thou Me?"
- 6 Lord, it is my chief complaint  
That my love is weak and faint;  
Yet I love Thee and adore;  
Oh, for grace to love Thee more!

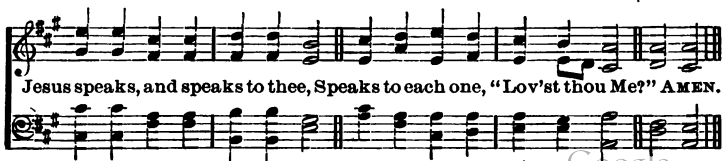
599

HART'S. 7s.

W. COWPER.

SECOND TUNE.

B. MILGROVE.



1. Je - su, my Lord, my God, my all, Hear me, blest Sav - iour,  
 when I call; Hear me, and from Thy dwell - ing - place  
 Pour down the rich - es of Thy grace. Je - su, my Lord, I  
 Thee a - dore; Oh, make me love Thee more and more! A - MEN.

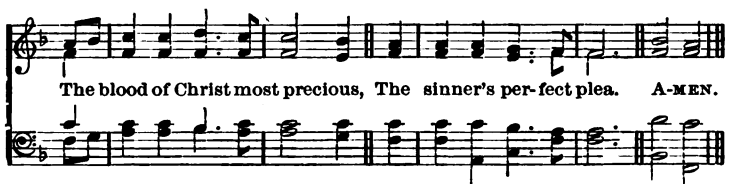
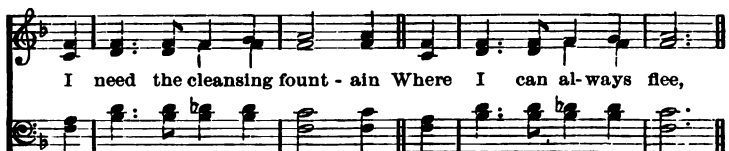
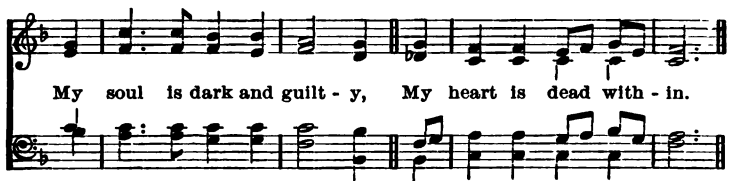
2 Jesu, too late I Thee have sought;  
 How can I love Thee as I ought?  
 And how extol Thy matchless fame,  
 The glorious beauty of Thy Name?  
 Jesu, my Lord, I Thee adore;  
 Oh, make me love Thee more and more!

3 Jesu, what didst Thou find in me  
 That Thou hast dealt so lovingly?  
 How great the joy that Thou hast brought!  
 Oh, far exceeding hope or thought!  
 Jesu, my Lord, I Thee adore;  
 Oh, make me love Thee more and more!

4 Jesu, of Thee shall be my song;  
 To Thee my heart and soul belong:  
 All that I am or have is Thine;  
 And Thou, my Saviour, Thou art mine.  
 Jesu, my Lord, I Thee adore;  
 Oh, make me love Thee more and more!

F. WHITFIELD.

C. URHAN.



2 I need Thee, precious Jesus,  
For I am very poor;  
A stranger and a pilgrim,  
I have no earthly store.  
I need the love of Jesus  
To cheer me on my way,  
To guide my doubting footsteps,  
To be my strength and stay.

3 I need Thee, precious Jesus,  
I need a friend like Thee,  
A friend to soothe and pity,  
A friend to care for me.

I need the heart of Jesus  
To feel each anxious care,  
To tell my every trial,  
And all my sorrows share.

4 I need Thee, precious Jesus,  
And hope to see Thee soon,  
Encircled with the rainbow  
And seated on Thy throne: [dren,  
There, with Thy blood-bought chil-  
My joy shall ever be,  
To sing my Jesus' praises,  
To gaze, O Lord, on Thee.

**I NEED THEE.** 6s, 4s, 7, 6, 7, 4.

A. S. HAWKS.

R. LOWRY.

1. I need Thee eve - ry hour, Most gra - cious Lord;

No ten - der voice like Thine Can peace af - ford.

## REFRAIN.

I need Thee, oh, I need Thee, Eve - ry hour I need Thee;

Oh, bless me now, my Sav-iour, I come to Thee. A - MEN.

Copyright, 1872, by R. Lowry. Used by per.

2 I need Thee every hour;  
Stay Thou near by;  
Temptations lose their power  
When Thou art nigh.

3 I need Thee every hour,  
In joy or pain:  
Come quickly and abide,  
Or life is vain.

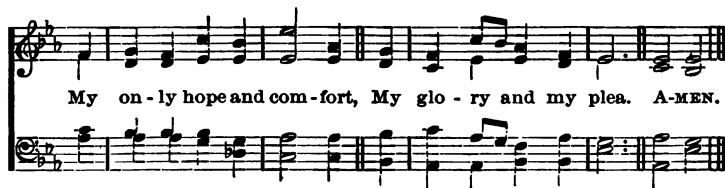
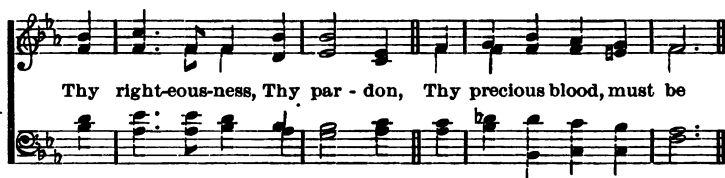
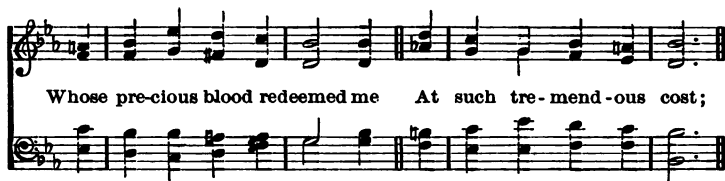
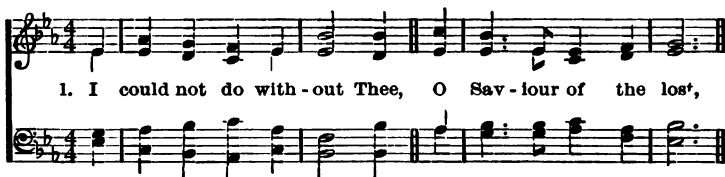
4 I need Thee every hour;  
Teach me Thy will;  
And Thy rich promises  
In me fulfill.

5 I need Thee every hour,  
Most Holy One;  
Oh, make me Thine indeed,  
Thou blessed Son!



F. R. HAVERGAL.

J. STAINER.



2 I could not do without Thee,  
I cannot stand alone,  
I have no strength or goodness,  
No wisdom of my own;  
But Thou, beloved Saviour,  
Art all in all to me,  
And weakness will be power  
If leaning hard on Thee.

3 I could not do without Thee,  
For, oh, the way is long,  
And I am often weary,  
And sigh replaces song:

How could I do without Thee?  
I do not know the way;  
Thou knowest, and Thou leadest,  
And wilt not let me stray.

4 I could not do without Thee,  
O Jesus, Saviour dear;  
E'en when my eyes are holden,  
I know that Thou art near.  
How dreary and how lonely  
This changeful life would be,  
Without the sweet communion,  
The secret rest with Thee!

PAROCHIAL MISSIONS.

5 I could not do without Thee ;  
 No other friend can read  
 The spirit's strange deep longings,  
 Interpreting its need ;  
 No human heart could enter  
 Each dim recess of mine,  
 And soothe, and hush, and calm it,  
 O blessed Lord, but Thine.

6 I could not do without Thee,  
 For years are fleeting fast,  
 And soon in solemn loneliness  
 The river must be passed ;  
 But Thou wilt never leave me,  
 And though the waves roll high,  
 I know Thou wilt be near me,  
 And whisper, "It is I."

604

ROBBINS. 6-6s.

F. R. HAVERGAL.

G. LOMAS.

1. Thy life was given for me! Thy blood, O Lord, was shed  
 That I might ransom'd be, And quicken'd from the dead.  
 Thy life was given for me: What have I given for Thee? A-MEN.

2 Long years were spent for me  
 In weariness and woe,  
 That through eternity  
 Thy glory I might know.  
 Long years were spent for me:  
 Have I spent one for Thee?

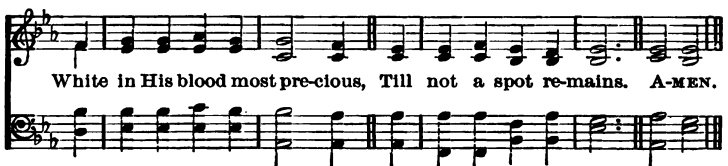
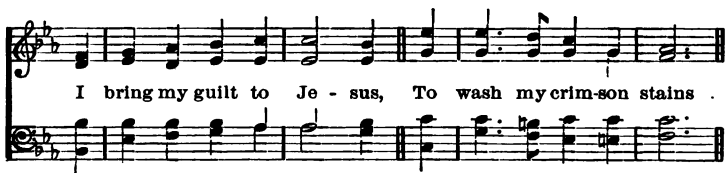
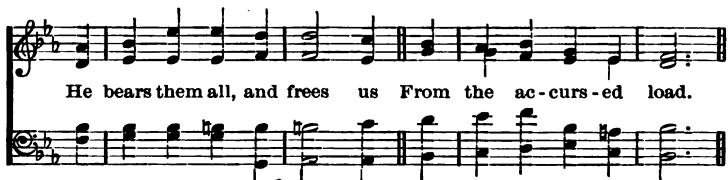
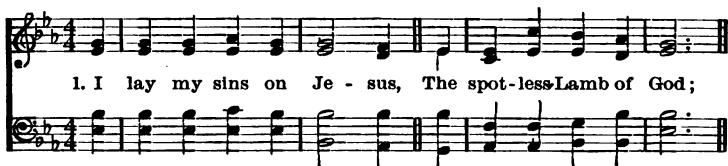
4 And Thou hast brought to me,  
 Down from Thy home above,  
 Salvation full and free,  
 Thy pardon and Thy love.  
 Great gifts Thou broughtest me:  
 What have I brought to Thee?

3 Thy Father's home of light,  
 Thy rainbow-circled throne,  
 Were left for earthly night,  
 For wanderings sad and lone.  
 Yea, all was left for me:  
 Have I left aught for Thee?

5 Oh, let my life be given,  
 My years for Thee be spent!  
 World-fetters all be riven,  
 And joy with suffering blent!  
 Thou gavest Thyself for me:  
 I give myself to Thee.

H. BONAR.

S. S. WESLEY.



2 I lay my wants on Jesus:  
All fullness dwells in Him;  
He heals all my diseases,  
He doth my soul redeem.

I lay my sins on Jesus,  
My burdens and my cares;  
He from them all releases;  
He all my sorrows shares.

3 I rest my soul on Jesus,  
This weary soul of mine;  
His right hand me embraces,  
I on His breast recline.

I love the Name of Jesus,  
Emmanuel, Christ, the Lord;  
Like fragrance on the breezes,  
His Name abroad is poured.

4 I long to be like Jesus,  
Meek, loving, lowly, mild;  
I long to be like Jesus,  
The Father's holy Child;  
I long to be with Jesus,  
Amid the heavenly throng;  
To sing with saints His praises,  
To learn the angels' song.

PAROCHIAL MISSIONS.

606

C. ELLIOTT.

WOODWORTH. L. M.

W. B. BRADBURY.

1. Just as I am, with-out one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me,

And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God, I come. I come. A-MEN.

2 Just as I am, and waiting not  
To rid my soul of one dark blot,  
To Thee, Whose blood can cleanse  
each spot,  
O Lamb of God, I come.

Yea, all I need, in Thee to find,  
O Lamb of God, I come.

3 Just as I am, though tossed about  
With many a conflict, many a  
doubt,  
Fightings and fears within, without,  
O Lamb of God, I come.

5 Just as I am : Thou wilt receive,  
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse,  
relieve;  
Because Thy promise I believe,  
O Lamb of God, I come.

4 Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind ;  
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,

6 Just as I am, Thy love unknown  
Has broken every barrier down ;  
Now to be Thine, yea, Thine  
alone,  
O Lamb of God, I come.

606

ST. PAUL'S. L. M.

C. ELLIOTT.

SECOND TUNE.

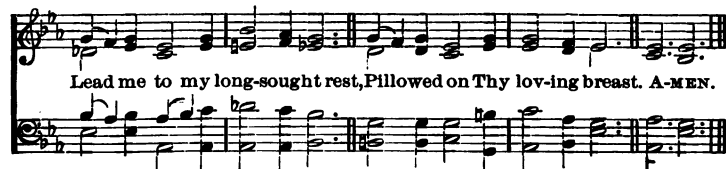
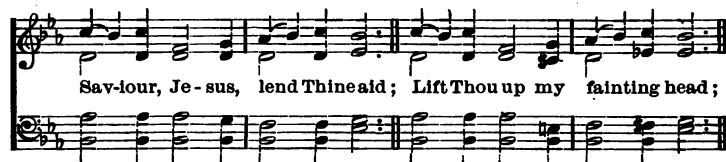
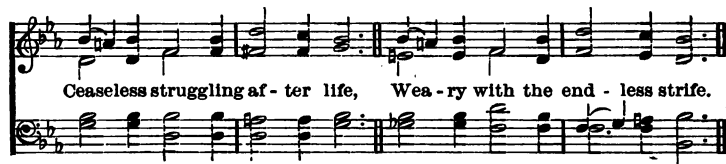
Arr. by LEO KOFLER.

1. Just as I am, with - out one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me,

And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God, I come, I come. AMEN.

F. BOTTOME.

J. B. TIPTON.



2 Thou alone my trust shalt be,  
 Thou alone canst comfort me;  
 Only, Jesus, let Thy grace  
 Be my shield and hiding-place;  
 Let me know Thy saving power  
 In temptation's fiercest hour:  
 Then, my Saviour, at Thy side  
 Let me evermore abide.

3 Thou hast wrought this fond desire,  
 Kindled here this sacred fire,  
 Weaned my heart from all below,  
 Thee, and Thee alone to know.  
 Thou, Who hast inspired the cry,  
 Thou alone canst satisfy:  
 Love of Jesus, all divine,  
 Fill this longing heart of mine.

A. E. EVANS.

W. PRITS.

1. Lo! the voice of Je - sus Fond - ly speaks to all:

He it is Who frees us From sin's bit - ter thrall;

He it is Whose na - ture, Hu - man as our own,

Pleads for - ev - ery crea - ture By the Fa - ther's throne. A-MEN.

2 Lo! the voice of Jesus,  
 Heard within the breast,  
 Tells us He will ease us,  
 Howsoever distress:  
 Tells us that our sorrow  
 For the night may last,  
 But a glad to-morrow  
 Breaks upon us fast.

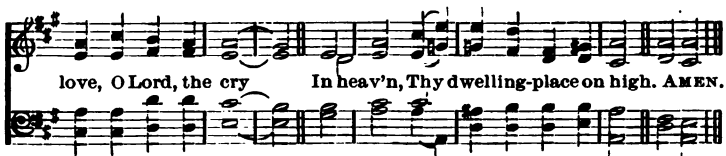
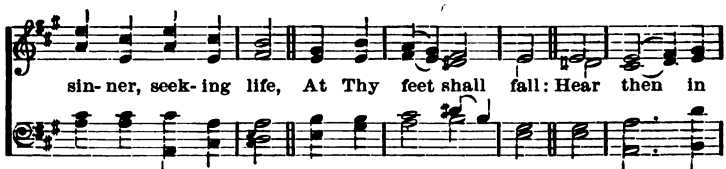
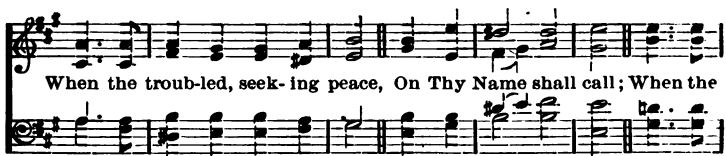
3 Lo! the voice of Jesus  
 Bids us still endure:  
 Seek not what will please us,  
 But things just and pure;  
 Strive through self-denial  
 Upwards to the light,  
 Where faith's years of trial  
 Shall be lost in sight.

609

H. BONAR.

## INTERCESSION. P.M.

Anon.



2 When the worldling, sick at heart,  
 Lifts his soul above ;  
 When the prodigal looks back  
 To his father's love ;  
 When the proud man, from his  
 pride,  
 Stoops to seek Thy face ;  
 When the burdened brings his guilt  
 To Thy throne of grace :  
 Hear then in love, O Lord, the cry  
 In heaven, Thy dwelling-place on  
 high.

3 When the stranger asks a home,  
 All his toils to end ;  
 When the hungry craveth food,  
 And the poor a friend :  
 the sailor on the wave

Bows the fervent knee ;  
 When the soldier on the field  
 Lifts his heart to Thee :  
 Hear then in love, O Lord, the cry  
 In heaven, Thy dwelling-place on  
 high.

4 When the child, with loving heart,  
 Youth, or maiden fair ;  
 When the aged, trusting still,  
 Seek Thy face in prayer ;  
 When the widow weeps to Thee,  
 Sad and lone and low ;  
 When the orphan brings to Thee  
 All his orphan woe :  
 Hear then in love, O Lord, the cry  
 In heaven, Thy dwelling-place on  
 high.

PAROCHIAL MISSIONS.

610

C. ELLIOTT.

TORRANCE. 8s, 6.

G. W. TORRANCE.

1. O ho - ly Sav - iour, Friend un - seen, The faint, the weak, on Thee may lean ;

Help me, throughout life's varying scene, By faith to cling to Thee. A - MEN.

2 Blest with communion so divine,  
Take what Thou wilt, shall I repine,  
When, as the branches to the vine,  
My soul may cling to Thee !

3 What though the world deceitful prove,  
And earthly friends and joys remove,  
With patient, uncomplaining love,  
Still would I cling to Thee.

4 Oft when I seem to tread alone  
Some barren waste with thorns o'ergrown,  
A voice of love in gentle tone  
Whispers, "Still cling to Me."

5 Though faith and hope awhile be tried,  
We ask not, need not aught beside ;  
How safe, how calm, how satisfied,  
The souls that cling to Thee !

6 They fear not life's rough storms to brave,  
Since Thou art near and strong to save,  
Nor shudder e'en at death's dark wave,  
Because they cling to Thee.

610

ELMHURST. 8s, 6.

C. ELLIOTT.

SECOND TUNE.

E. DREWETT.

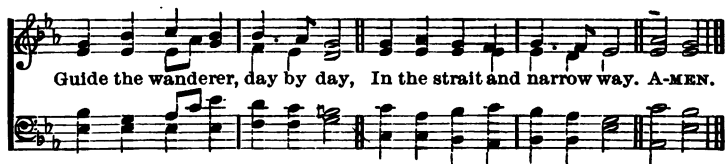
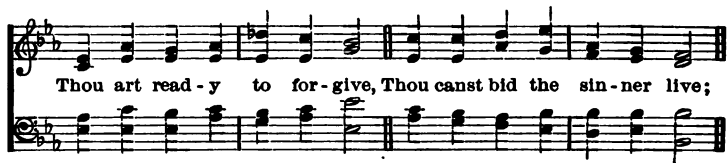
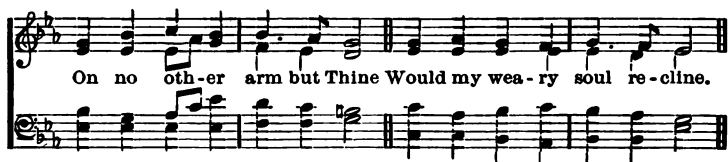
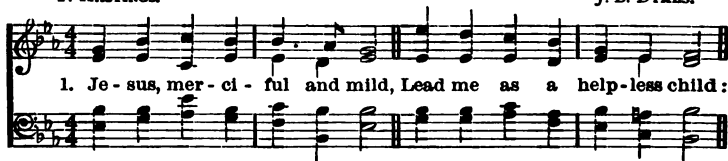
1. O ho - ly Sav - iour, Friend un - seen, The faint, the weak, on Thee may lean ;

Help me, throughout life's varying scene, By faith to cling to Thee. A-MEN.



T. HASTINGS.

J. B. DYKES.



- 2 Thou canst fit me by Thy grace  
 For the heavenly dwelling-place;  
 All Thy promises are sure,  
 Ever shall Thy love endure;  
 Then what more could I desire,  
 How to greater bliss aspire?  
 All I need, in Thee I see;  
 Thou art all in all to me.
- 3 Jesus, Saviour, all divine,  
 Thou hast made me truly Thine;  
 Thou hast bought me by Thy blood;  
 Reconciled my heart to God.  
 Harken to my humble prayer,  
 Let me Thine own image bear,  
 Let me love Thee more and more,  
 Till I reach heaven's blissful shore.

T. MONOD.

J. MOUNTAIN.

1. Oh, the bit-ter shame and sor-row, That a time could  
 ev-er be When I let the Sav-iour's pit-y  
 Plead in vain, and proud-ly answered, "All of self, and  
 none of Thee," "All of self, and none of Thee." A-MEN.

2 Yet He found me: I beheld Him  
 Bleeding on the accursèd tree;  
 Heard Him pray, "Forgive them, Father;"  
 And my wistful heart said faintly,  
 "Some of self, and some of Thee."

3 Day by day His tender mercy,  
 Healing, helping, full and free,  
 Sweet and strong, and ah! so patient,  
 Brought me lower, while I whispered,  
 "Less of self, and more of Thee."

4 Higher than the highest heavens,  
 Deeper than the deepest sea,  
 Lord, Thy love at last has conquered;  
 Grant me now my soul's desire,  
 "None of self, and all of Thee."

PAROCHIAL MISSIONS.

613

M. A. L. BARBER.

AMELIA. 7s.

R. B. DANIEL.

1. Prince of Peace, con-trol my will: Bid this struggling heart be still;

Bid my fears and doubtings cease; Hush my spirit in - to peace. A - MEN.

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>2 Thou hast bought me with Thy<br/>blood,<br/>Opened wide the gate to God:<br/>Peace I ask; but peace must be,<br/>Lord, in being one with Thee.</p> | <p>Chase these doubtings from my<br/>heart;<br/>Now Thy perfect peace impart.</p>  |
| <p>3 May Thy will, not mine, be done;<br/>May Thy will and mine be one;</p>   | <p>4 Saviour, at Thy feet I fall;<br/>Thou my life, my God, my all!<br/>Let Thy happy servant be<br/>One for evermore with Thee!</p> |

614

Tr. A. W. CHATFIELD.

DENNIS. S.M.

J. G. NÄGELI.

1. Lord Je - sus, think on me, And purge a - way my sin;

From earthborn pas-sions set me free, And make me pure with-in. A - MEN.

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>2 Lord Jesus, think on me,<br/>With care and woe oppress,<br/>Let me Thy loving servant be,<br/>And taste Thy promised rest.</p> | <p>Through darkness and perplexity<br/>Point Thou the heavenly way.</p>  |
| <p>3 Lord Jesus, think on me,<br/>Nor let me go astray;</p>   | <p>4 Lord Jesus, think on me,<br/>That, when the flood is past,<br/>I may the eternal brightness see,<br/>And share Thy joy at last.</p> |

PAROCHIAL MISSIONS.

615

J. E. BODR.

HOMELAND. 7s, 6s. D.

A. S. SULLIVAN.

1. O Je - sus, I have prom - ised To serve Thee to the end;

Be Thou for - ev - er near me, My Mas - ter and my Friend!

I shall not fear the bat - tle If Thou art by my side,

Nor wander from the path - way If Thou wilt be my guide. AMEN.

2 Oh, let me feel Thee near me!  
The world is ever near;  
I see the sights that dazzle,  
The tempting sounds I hear;  
My foes are ever near me,  
Around me and within;  
But, Jesus, draw Thou nearer,  
And shield my soul from sin.

3 Oh, let me hear Thee speaking  
In accents clear and still,  
Above the storms of Passions,  
The murmurs of self-will!  
Oh, speak to re-assure me,  
To hasten or control!  
Oh, speak, and make me listen,  
Thou guardian of my soul!

4 O Jesus, Thou hast promised  
To all who follow Thee.  
That where Thou art in glory  
There shall Thy servant be;  
And, Jesus, I have promised  
To serve Thee to the end;  
Oh, give me grace to follow,  
My Master and my Friend!

5 Oh, let me see Thy foot-marks,  
And in them plant my own!  
My hope to follow duly  
Is in Thy strength alone.  
Oh, guide me, call me, draw me,  
Uphold me to the end!  
At last in heaven receive me,  
My Saviour and my Friend!

616

## HE LEADETH ME. L. M. With Refrain.

J. H. GILMORE.

W. B. BRADBURY.

1. He lead - eth me! oh, bless - ed thought! Oh, words with heavenly comfort fraught!

What - e'er I do, where - er I be, Still 'tis God's hand that lead - eth me.

## CHORUS.

He lead - eth me! He lead - eth me! By His own hand He lead - eth me!

His faith - ful fol - lower I would be, For by His hand He lead - eth me. A - MEN.

Used by per. The Biglow &amp; Main Co., owners of Copyright.

2 Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom,  
Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom,  
By waters calm, o'er troubled sea,  
Still 'tis His hand that leadeth me.

3 Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine,  
Nor ever murmur nor repine:  
Content, whatever lot I see,  
Since 'tis my God that leadeth me.

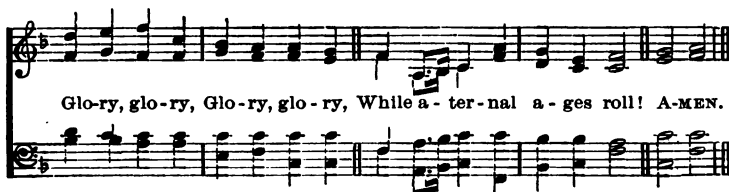
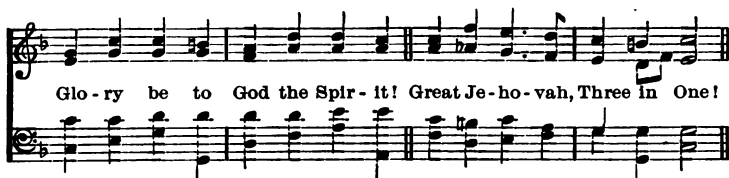
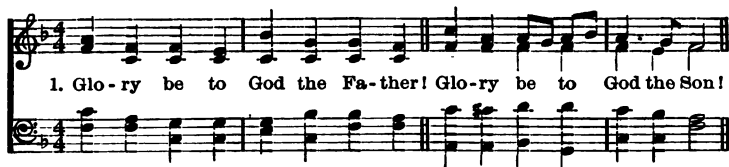
4 And when my task on earth is done,  
When, by Thy grace, the victory's won,  
E'en death's cold wave I will not flee,  
Since God through Jordan leadeth me.

617

NEWTON. 8s, 7s, 4, 7.

H. BONAR.

J. H. WILLCOX.



2 Glory be to Him Who loved us,  
 Washed us from each spot and stain!  
 Glory be to Him Who bought us,  
 Made us kings with Him to reign!  
 Glory, glory,  
 To the Lamb that once was slain!

3 Glory to the King of angels!  
 Glory to the Church's King!  
 Glory to the King of nations!  
 Heaven and earth your praises bring!  
 Glory, glory,  
 To the King of glory bring!

4 Glory, blessing, praise eternal!  
 Thus the choir of angels sings;  
 Honor, riches, power, dominion!  
 Thus its praise creation brings;  
 Glory, glory,  
 Glory to the King of kings!

PAROCHIAL MISSIONS.  
ST. THOMAS. S.M.

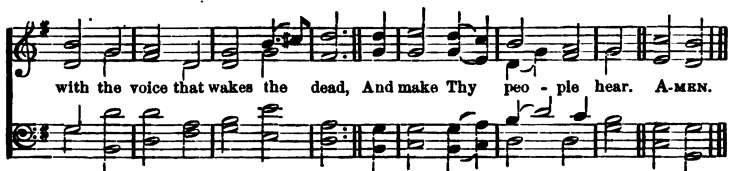
618

A. MIDLANE.

G. F. HANDEL.



1. Re - vive Thy work, O Lord, Thy might-y arm make bare; Speak



with the voice that wakes the dead, And make Thy peo - ple hear. A-MEN.

2 Revive Thy work, O Lord,  
Disturb this sleep of death;  
Quicken the smoldering embers now  
By Thine almighty breath.

4 Revive Thy work, O Lord,  
Exalt Thy precious Name;  
And, by the Holy Ghost, our love  
For Thee and Thine inflame.

3 Revive Thy work, O Lord,  
Create soul-thirst for Thee;  
And hungering for the Bread of life,  
Oh, may our spirits be!

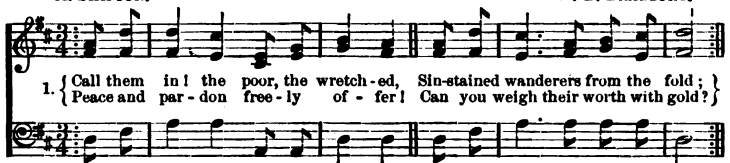
5 Revive Thy work, O Lord,  
And give refreshing showers;  
The glory shall be all Thine own,  
The blessing, Lord, be ours.

619

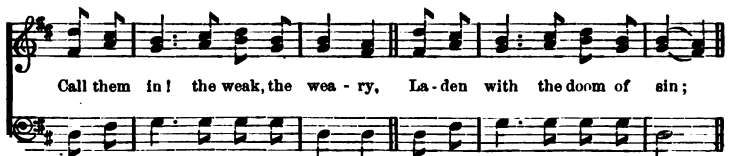
KERR. 8, 7s. D.

A. SHIPTON.

W. B. BRADBURY.



1. { Call them in! the poor, the wretch-ed, Sin-stained wanderers from the fold; }  
{ Peace and par-don free-ly of-fer! Can you weigh their worth with gold? }



Call them in! the weak, the wea - ry, La-den with the doom of sin;

PAROCHIAL MISSIONS.



- 2 Call them in! the Jew, the Gentile;  
 Bid the stranger to the feast!  
 Call them in! the rich, the noble,  
 From the highest to the least.  
 Forth the Father runs to meet  
 them,  
 He hath all their sorrows seen;  
 Robe, and ring, and kiss of pardon,  
 Wait the lost ones: call them in!
- 3 Call them in! the broken hearted,  
 Cowering 'neath the brand of  
 shame: [tender!  
 Speak love's message low and  
 'Twas for sinners Jesus came.  
 See the shadows lengthen round us,  
 Soon the day-dawn will begin;  
 Call them in! the lost and lonely:  
 Christ is coming: call them in!

620

S. JOHNSON.

ST. MABYN. 8s, 7s.

A. H. BROWN.

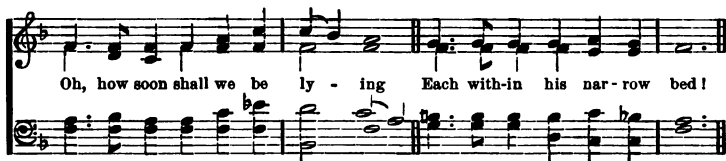
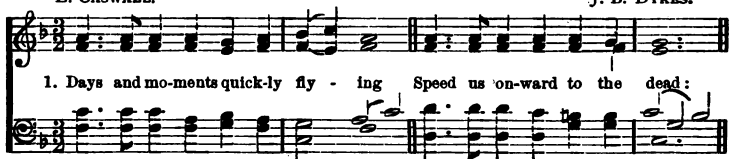
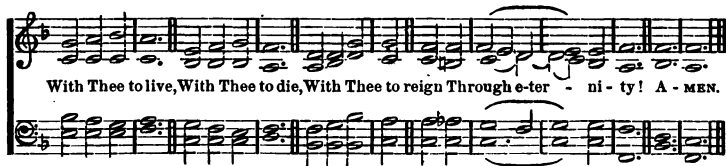
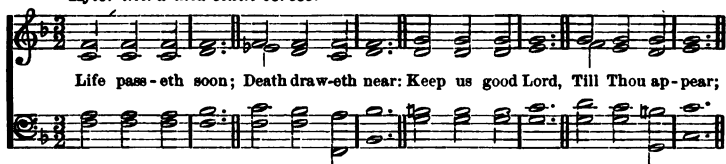


- 2 Listen, Christian! their hosanna  
 Rolleth o'er thee: "God is love:"  
 Write upon thy red-cross banner,  
 "Upward ever; heaven's above."
- 4 Be this world-the wiser, stronger,  
 For thy life of pain and peace,  
 While it needs thee; oh, no longer  
 Pray thou for thy quick release!
- 3 By the thorn-road, and none other,  
 Is the mount of vision won;  
 Tread it without shrinking, brother!  
 Jesus trod it; press thou on!
- 5 Pray thou, Christian, daily rather,  
 That thou be a faithful son;  
 By the prayer of Jesus, "Father,  
 Not my will, but Thine, be done."



E. CASWALL.

J. B. DYKES.

*After third and sixth verses.*

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <p>2 Jesus, merciful Redeemer,<br/>Rouse dead souls to hear Thy voice;<br/>Wake, oh, wake each idle dreamer<br/>Now to make the eternal choice!</p> | <p>4 As a shadow life is fleeting;<br/>As a vapor so it flies:<br/>For the bygone years retreating,<br/>Pardon grant, and make us wise;</p>         |
| <p>3 Mark we whither we are wending;<br/>Ponder how we soon must go<br/>To inherit bliss unending<br/>Or eternity of woe.</p>                       | <p>5 Wise that we our days may number,<br/>Strive and wrestle with our sin;<br/>Stay not in our work nor slumber<br/>Till Thy holy rest we win.</p> |

- 6 Soon before the Judge all glorious  
We with all the dead shall stand;  
Saviour, over death victorious,  
Place us then on Thy right hand.

1. My hope is built on noth - ing less Than Je - sus' blood and  
 right - eous - ness; I dare not trust the sweet - est frame,  
 But whol - ly lean on Je - sus' Name. On Christ, the sol - id  
 rock, I stand; All oth - er ground is shift - ing sand. A - MEN.

2 When clouds and darkness veil His face,  
 I rest on His unchanging grace;  
 In every high and stormy gale  
 My anchor holds within the veil.  
 On Christ, the solid rock, I stand;  
 All other ground is shifting sand.

3 His word, His covenant, His blood,  
 Support me in the 'whelming flood;  
 When all around my soul gives way,  
 He then is all my hope and stay.  
 On Christ, the solid rock, I stand;  
 All other ground is shifting sand.

4 When He shall come, with trumpet sound,  
 Oh, may I then in Him be found!  
 Clothed in His righteousness alone,  
 Faultless to stand before the throne.  
 On Christ, the solid rock, I stand;  
 All other ground is shifting sand.

623

T. R. TAYLOR.

HOMEWARD. 6s, 4s.

A. S. SULLIVAN.

1. I'm but a stranger here, Heaven is my home; Earth is a  
desert drear, Heaven is my home. Danger and sorrow stand Round me on  
eve-ry hand; Heaven is my fa-ther-land, Heaven is my home. A-MEN.

2 What though the tempest rage,  
Heaven is my home;  
Short is my pilgrimage,  
Heaven is my home.  
And time's wild wintry blast  
Soon will be over-past;  
I shall reach home at last,  
Heaven is my home.

3 Therefore I murmur not  
Heaven is my home;  
What'er my earthly lot,  
Heaven is my home.  
And I shall surely stand  
There at my Lord's right hand;  
Heaven is my fatherland,  
Heaven is my home.

*Also the following :*

14.—At even, ere the sun was set.  
84.—O Thou, the contrite sinners' friend.  
85.—O Jesu, Saviour of the lost.  
86.—O Thou that hear'st when sinners cry.  
88.—Lord, in this Thy mercy's day.  
101.—When I survey the wondrous cross.  
203.—A few more years shall roll.  
251.—Look from Thy sphere of endless day.  
335.—Jesu, lover of my soul.  
336.—Rock of ages.  
342.—Art thou weary.  
345.—My faith looks up to Thee.  
347.—Sinful, sighing to be blest.  
349.—Out of the deep I call.  
350.—Jesus, Lord of life and glory.  
356.—Heal me, O my Saviour, heal.  
357.—O Jesu, Thou art standing.  
360.—O Jesu, Lord most merciful.  
362.—Glory be to Jesus.  
363.—O Lamb of God, still keep me.  
364.—O Jesu, we adore Thee.  
365.—Hail! Thou once despised Jesus.  
376.—Come, Holy Spirit, come.  
—God, my Father, hear me pray.  
—My God, accept my heart this day.

431.—O love that casts out fear.  
432.—Love divine, all love excelling.  
437.—Come unto Me, ye weary.  
442.—Saviour, source of every blessing.  
443.—Lord, with glowing heart I'd praise Thee.  
446.—Shepherd of tender youth.  
448.—Come, let us sing the song of songs.  
454.—Lift up your heads, ye mighty gates.  
474.—Oh, bless the Lord, my soul.  
502.—Heirs of unending life.  
504.—My soul, be on thy guard.  
513.—Oh, where shall rest be found.  
521.—Through the night of doubt and sorrow.  
529.—Father, hear Thy children's call.  
579.—O brothers, lift your voices.  
606.—Just as I am.  
625.—Jesus, Thy boundless love to me.  
628.—Though faint, yet pursuing.  
630.—Thou knowest, Lord, the weariness and sorrow.  
635.—Lord Jesus, by Thy Passion.  
651.—Come, my soul, thy suit prepare.  
652.—Approach, my soul, the mercy-seat.  
658.—Thou hidden love of God, whose height,  
673.—I heard the voice of Jesus say,

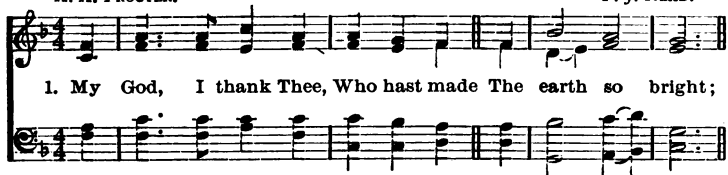
# For the Sick and Afflicted.

624

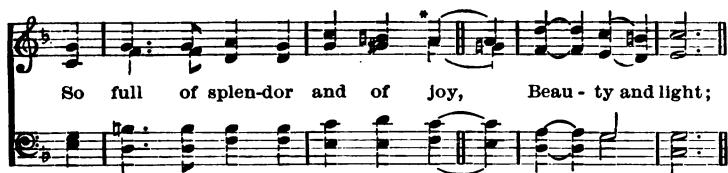
KIRKSTALL. 8s, 4s.

A. A. PROCTER.

F. J. READ.



1. My God, I thank Thee, Who hast made The earth so bright;



So full of splen-dor and of Joy, Beau-ty and light;



So ma-ny glo-rious things are here, No-ble and right. A-MEN.

• Use slurs for verses 1, 2 and 6.

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <p>2 I thank Thee too that Thou hast<br/>Joy to abound; [made<br/>So many gentle thoughts and deeds<br/>Circling us round.<br/>That in the darkest spot of earth<br/>Some love is found.</p>                   | <p>4 For Thou Who knowest, Lord, how<br/>Our weak heart clings, [soon<br/>Hast given us joys, tender and true,<br/>Yet all with wings;<br/>So that we see, gleaming on high,<br/>Diviner things.</p> |
| <p>3 I thank Thee more that all our joy<br/>Is touched with pain; -<br/>That shadows fall on brightest<br/>That thorns remain; [hours;<br/>So that earth's bliss may be our<br/>And not our chain. [guide,</p> | <p>5 I thank Thee, Lord, that Thou hast<br/>The best in store; [kept<br/>We have enough, yet not too much<br/>To long for more:<br/>A yearning for a deeper peace,<br/>Not known before.</p>         |
| <p>6 I thank Thee, Lord, that here our souls,<br/>Though amply blest,<br/>Can never find, although they seek,<br/>A perfect rest;<br/>Nor ever shall, until they lean<br/>On Jesus' breast.</p>                |  |

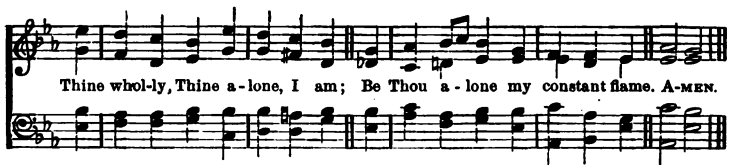
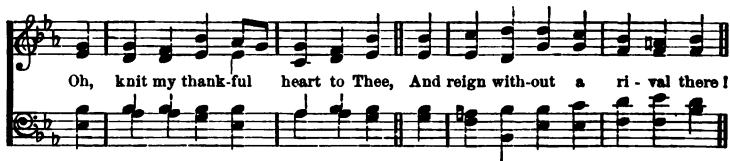
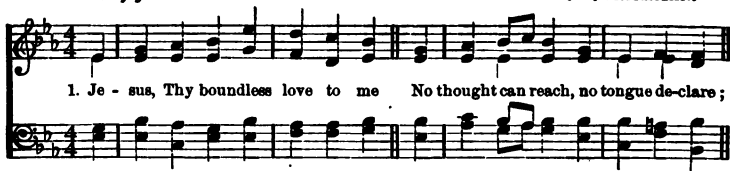
FOR THE SICK AND AFFLICTED.

625

Tr. by J. WESLEY.

TROAS. 6-8s.

W. D. MACLAGAN.



- 2 Oh, grant that nothing in my soul  
May dwell, but Thy pure love alone!  
Oh, may Thy love possess me whole,  
My joy, my treasure, and my crown!  
Strange flames far from my heart remove;  
May every act, word, thought, be love!
- 3 O love, how cheering is thy ray!  
All pain before thy presence flies:  
Care, anguish, sorrow, melt away,  
Where'er thy healing beams arise.  
O Jesus, nothing may I see,  
Nothing desire or seek, but Thee!
- 4 Still let Thy love point out my way!  
What wondrous things Thy love hath wrought!  
Still lead me, lest I go astray;  
Direct my word, inspire my thought;  
And if I fall, soon may I hear  
Thy voice, and know that love is near.
- 5 In suffering, be Thy love my peace;  
In weakness, be Thy love my power;  
And when the storms of life shall cease,  
Jesus, in that dark, final hour  
Of death, be Thou my guide and friend,  
That I may love Thee without end.

FOR THE SICK AND AFFLICTED.

626

W. F. LLOYD.

STATE STREET. S. M.

J. C. WOODMAN.



1. "My times are in Thy hand:" My God, I wish them there; My



life, my friends, my soul, I leave En - tire - ly to Thy care. A-MEN.

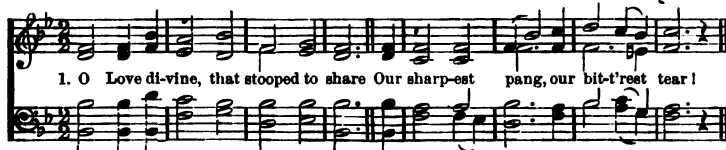
- 2 "My times are in Thy hand," My Father's hand will never cause  
Whatever they may be; His child a needless tear.  
Pleasing or painful, dark or bright,  
As best may seem to Thee. 4 "My times are in Thy hand,"  
Jesus, the crucified!  
3 "My times are in Thy hand:" The hand my cruel sins had pierced  
Why should I doubt or fear? Is now my guard and guide.

627

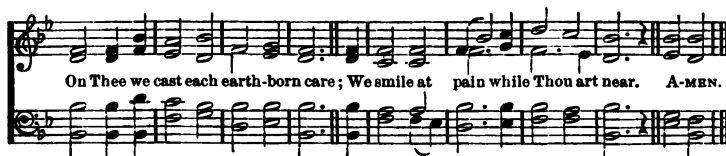
O. W. HOLMES.

WARD. L. M.

Arr. by L. MASON.



1. O Love di-vine, that stooped to share Our sharp-est pang, our bit-t'rest tear!



On Thee we cast each earth-born care; We smile at pain while Thou art near. A-MEN.

- 2 Though long the weary way we tread,  
And sorrow crown each lingering year,  
No path we shun, no darkness dread,  
Our hearts still whispering, Thou art near.  
3 When drooping pleasure turns to grief,  
And trembling faith is changed to fear,  
The murmuring wind, the quivering leaf,  
Shall softly tell us, Thou art near.  
4 On Thee we rest our burdening woe,  
O Love divine, forever dear!  
Content to suffer, while we know,  
Living and dying, Thou art near.

628

FREDERICK. 118.

J. N. DARBY?

G. KINGSLEY.

1. Though faint, yet pur - su - ing, we go on our way ;

The Lord is our lead - er, His Word is our stay ;

Though suf - f'ring, and sor - row, and tri - al be near,

The Lord is our ref - uge, and whom can we fear? A - MEN.

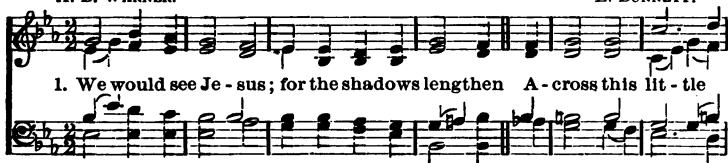
2 He raiseth the fallen, He cheereth the faint ;  
The weak and oppressed, He will bear their complaint ;  
The way may be weary, and thorny the road,  
But how can we falter? Our help is in God !

3 And to His green pastures our footsteps He leads ;  
His flock in the desert, how kindly He feeds !  
The lambs in His bosom He tenderly bears,  
And brings back the wanderers safe from the snares.

4 Though clouds may surround us, our God is our light ;  
Though storms rage around us, our God is our might ;  
So faint, yet pursuing, still onward we come ;  
The Lord is our leader, and heaven is our home !

A. B. WARNER.

E. BUNNETT.



- 2 We would see Jesus, the great rock foundation  
Whereon our feet were set by sovereign grace:  
Nor life nor death, with all their agitation,  
Can thence remove us, if we see His face.
- 3 We would see Jesus: other lights are paling,  
Which for long years we have rejoiced to see;  
The blessings of our pilgrimage are failing:  
We would not mourn them, for we go to Thee.
- 4 We would see Jesus; yet the spirit lingers  
Round the dear objects it has loved so long,  
And earth from earth can scarce unclasp its fingers;  
Our love to Thee makes not this love less strong.
- 5 We would see Jesus: sense is all too binding,  
And heaven appears too dim, too far away;  
We would see Thee, Thyself our hearts reminding  
What Thou hast suffered, our great debt to pay.
- 6 We would see Jesus: this is all we're needing;  
Strength, joy, and willingness come with the sight;  
We would see Jesus, dying, risen, pleading;  
Then welcome day, and farewell mortal night.



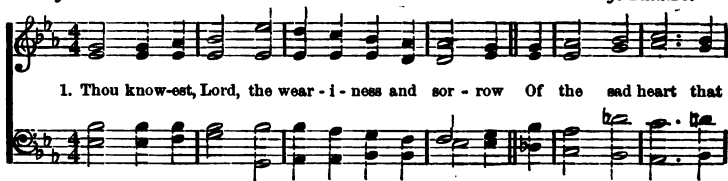
FOR THE SICK AND AFFLICTED.

680

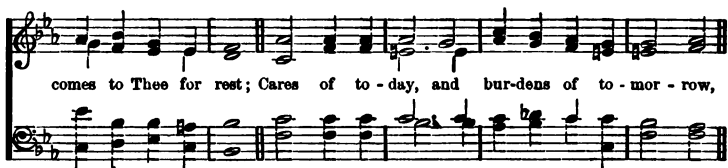
MERCY-SEAT. IIS, IOS, & IOS.

J. BORTHWICK.

J. BARNEY.



1. Thou know-est, Lord, the wear-i-ness and sor-row Of the sad heart that



comes to Thee for rest; Cares of to-day, and bur-dens of to-mor-row,



Bless-ings im-plored, and sins to be con-fest; We come be-fore Thee



at Thy gracious word, And lay them at Thy feet: Thou knowest, Lord. A-MEN.

- 2 Thou knowest all the past; how long and blindly  
On the dark mountains the lost wanderer strayed;  
How the Good Shepherd followed, and how kindly  
He bore it home, upon His shoulders laid;  
And healed the bleeding wounds, and soothed the pain,  
And brought back life, and hope, and strength again.

- 3 Thou knowest all the present; each temptation,  
Each toilsome duty, each foreboding fear;  
All to each one assigned, of tribulation,  
Or to beloved ones, than self more dear;  
All pensive memories, as we journey on,  
Longings for vanished smiles and voices gone.

FOR THE SICK AND AFFLICTED.

- 4 Thou knowest all the future ; gleams of gladness  
By stormy clouds too quickly overcast ;  
Hours of sweet fellowship and parting sadness,  
And the dark river to be crossed at last.  
Oh, what could hope and confidence afford  
To tread that path, but this ? Thou knowest, Lord.
- 5 Thou knowest, not alone as God, all-knowing ;  
As Man, our mortal weakness Thou hast proved ;  
On earth, with purest sympathies o'erflowing,  
O Saviour, Thou hast wept, and Thou hast loved ;  
And love and sorrow still to Thee may come,  
And find a hiding-place, a rest, a home.
- 6 Therefore we come, Thy gentle call obeying,  
And lay our sins and sorrows at Thy feet ;  
On everlasting strength our weakness staying,  
Clothed in Thy robe of righteousness complete :  
Then rising and refreshed we leave Thy throne,  
And follow on to know as we are known.

681

C. ELLIOTT.

HAMBURG. L. M.

Arr. by L. MASON.



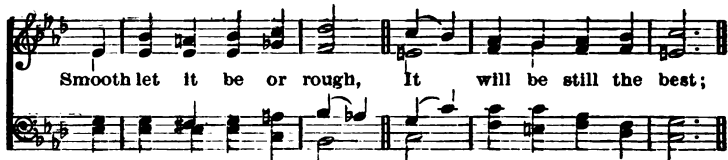
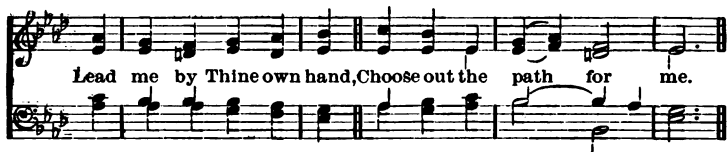
1. With tearful eyes I look a - round ; Life seems a dark and storm-y sea ;

Yet, 'mid the gloom, I hear a sound, A heav'nly whisper, "Come to Me." AMEN.

- 2 It tells me of a place of rest ;  
It tells me where my soul may flee :  
Oh, to the weary, faint, oppress,  
How sweet the bidding, "Come to Me!"
- 3 "Come, for all else must fail and die !  
Earth is no resting-place for thee ;  
To heaven direct thy weeping eye,  
I am thy portion ; "Come to Me."
- 4 O voice of mercy ! voice of love !  
In conflict, grief, and agony,  
Support me, cheer me from above ;  
And gently whisper, "Come to Me!"

H. BONAR.

J. STAINER.



2 I dare not choose my lot;  
 I would not, if I might;  
 Choose Thou for me, my God:  
 So shall I walk aright.  
 Take Thou my cup, and it  
 With joy or sorrow fill,  
 As best to Thee may seem;  
 Choose Thou my good and ill.

3 Choose Thou for me my friends,  
 My sickness or my health;  
 Choose Thou my cares for me,  
 My poverty or wealth.  
 Not mine, not mine the choice,  
 In things or great or small;  
 Be Thou my guide, my strength,  
 My wisdom, and my all.

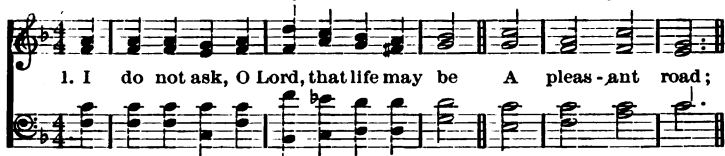
FOR THE SICK AND AFFLICTED.

633

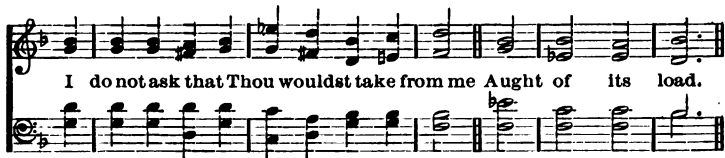
A. A. PROCTER.

AD LUCEM. 108, 48s.

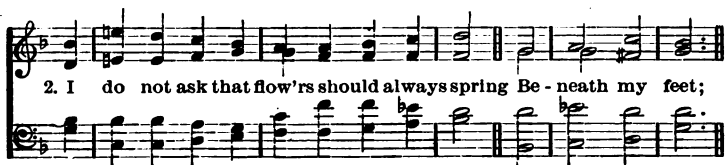
J. BARNEY.



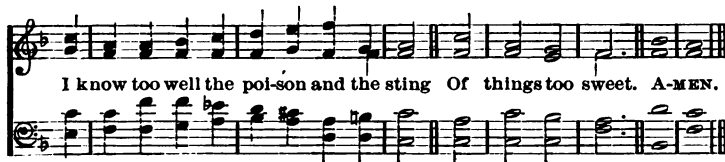
1. I do not ask, O Lord, that life may be A pleas-ant road;



I do not ask that Thou wouldst take from me Aught of its load.



2. I do not ask that flow'rs should always spring Be-neath my feet;



I know too well the poi-son and the sting Of things too sweet. A-MEN.

3 For one thing only, Lord, dear Lord, I plead :

Lead me aright,

Though strength should falter and though heart should bleed,  
Through peace to light.

4 I do not ask, O Lord, that Thou shouldst shed

Full radiance here ;

Give but a ray of peace, that I may tread  
Without a fear.

5 I do not ask my cross to understand,

My way to see ;

Better in darkness just to feel Thy hand,  
And follow Thee.

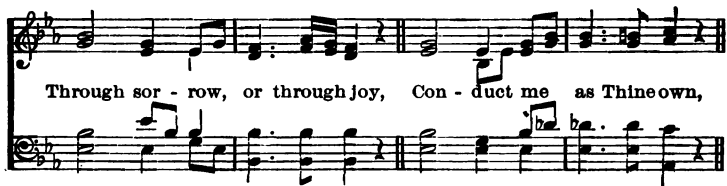
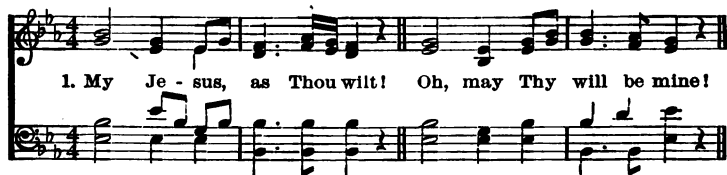
6 Joy is like restless day ; but peace divine

Like quiet night.

Lead me, O Lord, till perfect day shall shine,  
Through peace to light.

Tr. by J. BORTHWICK.

C. M. VON WEBER, arr. H.



## 2 My Jesus, as Thou wilt!

Though seen through many a tear,  
 Let not my star of hope  
 Grow dim or disappear;  
 Since Thou on earth hast wept,  
 And sorrowed oft alone,  
 If I must weep with Thee,  
 My Lord, Thy will be done!

## 3 My Jesus, as Thou wilt!

All shall be well for me;  
 Each changing future scene  
 I gladly trust with Thee:  
 Straight to my home above  
 I travel calmly on,  
 And sing in life or death,  
 My Lord, Thy will be done!

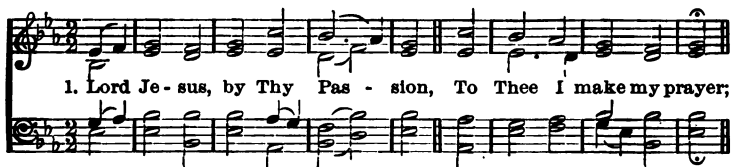
FOR THE SICK AND AFFLICTED.

635

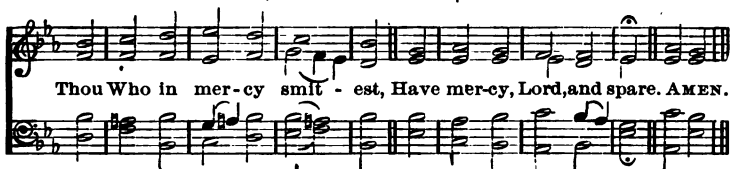
R. F. LITLEDALE.

MOORE. 7s, 6s.

M. VULPIUS.



1. Lord Je - sus, by Thy Pas - sion, To Thee I make my prayer;



Thou Who in mer - cy smit - est, Have mercy, Lord, and spare. AMEN.

2 Oh, wash me in the fountain  
That floweth from Thy side!  
Oh, clothe me in the raiment  
Thy blood hath purified!

6 Where glad some alleluias  
Unceasingly resound;  
Where martyrs, now triumphant,  
Walk robed in white and crowned!

3 Oh, hold Thou up my goings,  
And lead from strength to strength,  
That unto Thee in Sion  
I may appear at length!

7 Oh, make my spirit worthy  
To join that ransomed throng!  
Oh, teach my lips to utter  
That everlasting song!

4 Oh, hearken to my knocking,  
And open wide the door,  
That I may enter freely  
And never leave Thee more!

8 Oh, give that last, best blessing,  
That even saints can know,  
To follow in Thy footsteps  
Wherever Thou dost go!

5 Oh, bring me, loving Jesus,  
To that most blessed place,  
Where angels and archangels  
Look ever on Thy face;

9 Not wisdom, might, or glory,  
I ask to win above;  
I ask for Thee, Thee only,  
O Thou eternal love!

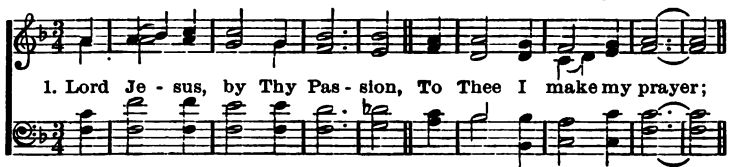
635

PLYMOUTH. 7s, 6s.

R. F. LITLEDALE.

SECOND TUNE.

J. STAINER.



1. Lord Je - sus, by Thy Pas - sion, To Thee I make my prayer;



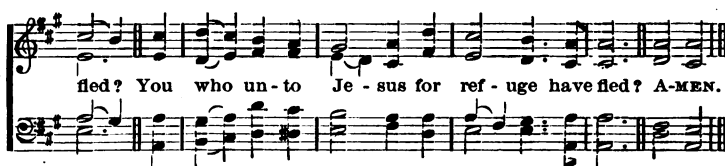
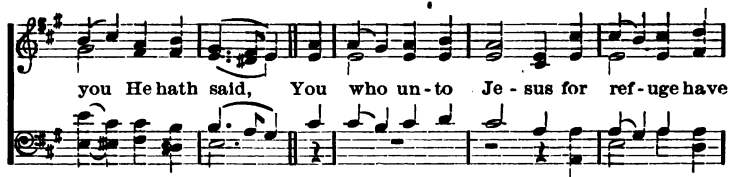
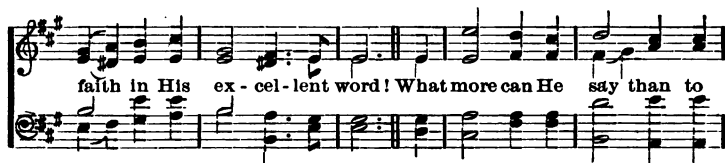
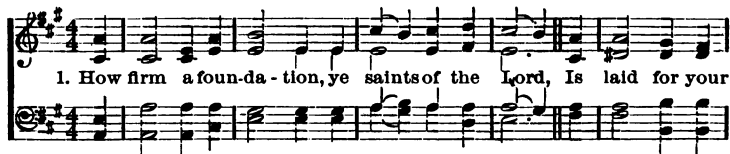
Thou Who in mer - cy smit - est, Have mercy, Lord, and spare. A - MEN.

636

R. KEENE. (?)

ADESTE FIDELES. IIS.

M. PORTOGALLO.



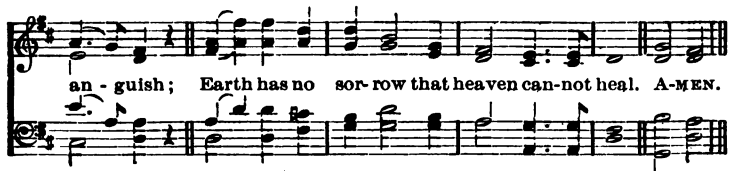
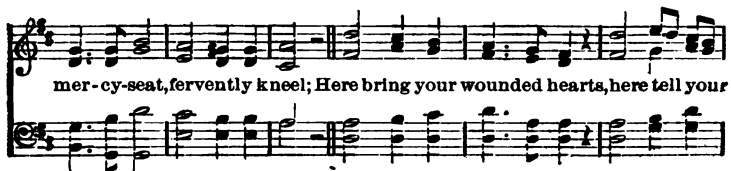
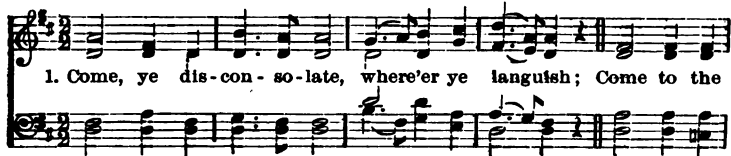
- 2 Fear not, I am with thee; oh, be not dismayed!  
I, I am thy God, and will still give thee aid;  
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,  
Upheld by My righteous, omnipotent hand.
- 3 When through the deep waters I call thee to go,  
The rivers of woe shall not thee overflow;  
For I will be with thee, thy troubles to bless,  
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.
- 4 When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,  
My grace, all-sufficient, shall be thy supply;  
The flame shall not hurt thee; I only design  
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.
- 5 The soul that to Jesus hath fled to repose,  
I will not, I will not desert to His foes;  
That soul, though all hell shall endeavor to shake,  
I'll never, no, never, no, never forsake.

FOR THE SICK AND AFFLICTED.

637

T. MOORE, *et al.* INVITATION. IIS, IO.

S. WEBER.



- 2 Joy of the desolate, light of the straying,  
 Hope of the penitent, fadeless and pure,  
 Here speaks the Comforter, tenderly saying,  
 "Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot cure."
- 3 Here see the Bread of life; see waters flowing  
 Forth from the throne of God, pure from above;  
 Come to the feast of love; come, ever knowing  
 Earth has no sorrow but heaven can remove.

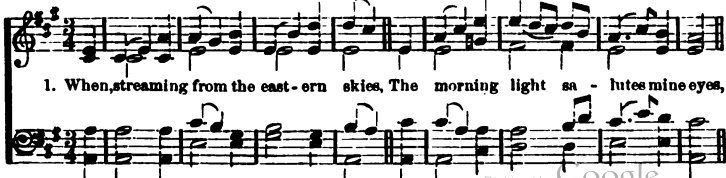
Some and Personal Use.

638

N. SHRUBSOLE.

BROWNELL. 6-8s.

F. J. HAYDN.





O Sun of Right-eous-ness di-vine, On me with beams of mer-cy shine;  
Chase the dark clouds of guilt a-way, And turn my dark-ness in-to day. A-MEN.

- 2 As every day, Thy mercy spares,  
Will bring its trials and its cares,  
O Saviour, till my life shall end,  
Be Thou my counselor and friend!  
Teach me Thy precepts all divine,  
And be Thy great example mine.
- 3 When each day's scenes and labors close,  
And wearied nature seeks repose,  
With pardoning mercy richly blest,
- Guard me, my Saviour, while I rest;  
And as each morning sun shall rise,  
Oh, lead me onward to the skies!
- 4 And at my life's last setting sun,  
My conflicts o'er, my labors done,  
Jesus, Thy heavenly radiance shed,  
To cheer and bless my dying bed;  
Then from death's gloom my spirit raise,  
To see Thy face and sing Thy praise.

639

C. WESLEY.

AMES. L. M.

S. NEUKOMM.

1. Forth in Thy Name, O Lord, I go, My dai-ly la-bor to pur-sue;  
Thee, on-ly Thee, resolved to know, In all I think, or speak, or do. A-MEN.

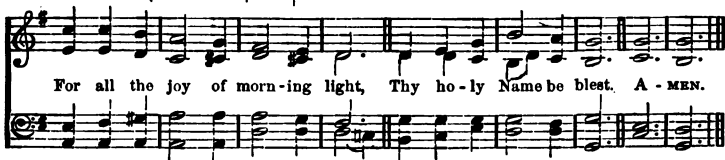
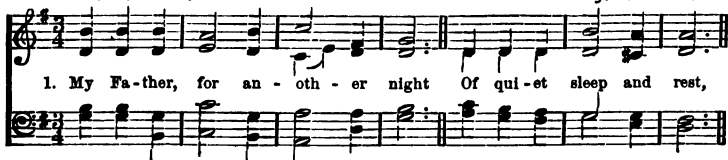
- 2 The task Thy wisdom hath assigned 4 Give me to bear Thy easy yoke,  
Oh, let me cheerfully fulfill; And every moment watch and  
In all my works Thy presence find, And still to things eternal look, [pray;  
And prove Thy good and perfect And hasten to Thy glorious Day.
- will.
- 3 These may I set at my right hand, 5 Fain would I still for Thee employ  
Whose eyes my inmost substance What-e'er Thy bounteous grace  
see; hath given,  
And labor on at Thy command, Would run my course with even joy,  
And offer all my works to Thee. And closely walk with Thee to  
heaven.

640

H. W. BAKER.

ST. AGNES. C. M.

J. B. DYKES.



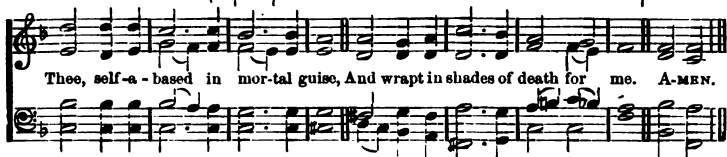
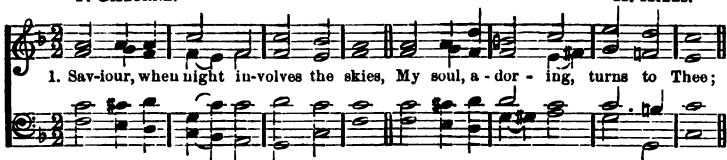
- 2 Now with the new-born day I give Thy glory may I seek in all,  
 Myself anew to Thee, Do all in Jesus' Name.  
 That as Thou wilt I may live,  
 And what Thou wilt be.
- 3 Whate'er I do, things great or small, And lead me by Thy grace to-day  
 Whate'er I speak or frame, In paths of righteousness.
- 4 My Father, for His sake, I pray  
 Thy child accept and bless ;  
 And lead me by Thy grace to-day  
 In paths of righteousness.

641

T. GISBORNE.

SWEDEN. L. M.

H. HILES.



- 2 On Thee my waking raptures dwell,  
 When crimson gleams the east adown,  
 Thee, victor of the grave and hell,  
 Thee, source of life's eternal morn.
- 3 When noon her throne in light arrays,  
 To Thee my soul triumphant springs ;  
 Thee, throned in glory's endless blaze,  
 Thee, Lord of lords and King of kings.
- 4 O'er earth, when shades of evening steal,  
 To death and Thee my thoughts I give ;  
 To death, whose power I soon must feel,  
 To Thee, with Whom I trust to live.

642

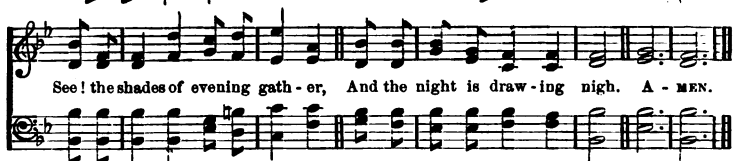
C. L. SMITH.

STOCKWELL. 8s, 7s.

D. E. JONES.



1. Tar - ry with me, O my Sav - iour! For the day is pass - ing by;



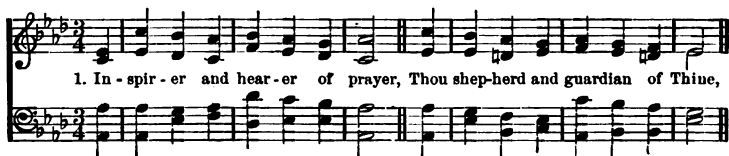
See! the shades of evening gath - er, And the night is draw - ing nigh. A - MEN.

- 2 Deeper, deeper grow the shadows,  
Paler now the glowing west,  
Swift the night of death advances;  
Shall it be the night of rest?
- 3 Lonely seems the vale of shadow;  
Sinks my heart with troubled fear;  
Give me faith for clearer vision,  
Speak Thou, Lord, in words of cheer.
- 4 Let me hear Thy voice behind me,  
Calming all these wild alarms;
- 5 Feeble, trembling, fainting, dying,  
Lord, I cast myself on Thee;  
Tarry with me through the dark -  
ness;  
While I sleep, still watch by me.
- 6 Tarry with me, O my Saviour!  
Lay my head upon Thy breast.  
Till the morning; then awake me!  
Morning of eternal rest.

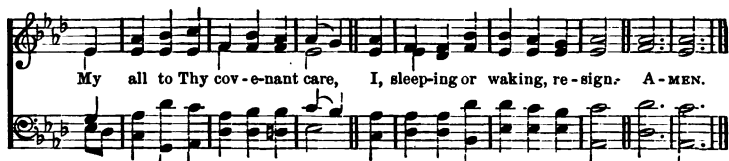
643

A. M. TOPLADY.

DEVOTION. 8s.



1. In - spir - er and hear - er of prayer, Thou shep - herd and guardian of Thine,



My all to Thy cov - e - nant care, I, sleep - ing or waking, re - sign. A - MEN.

- 2 If Thou art my shield and my sun,  
The night is no darkness to me;  
And, fast as my minutes roll on,  
They bring me but nearer to Thee.
- 3 A sovereign protector I have,  
Unseen, yet forever at hand;
- 4 Unchangeably faithful to save,  
Almighty to rule and command.  
His smiles and His comforts abound,  
His grace, as the dew, shall descend;  
And walls of salvation surround  
The soul He delights to defend.

644

A. STEELE.

KIRKE. L. M.

D. BORTNIANSKI.

1. Great God, to Thee my eve-ning song With hum-ble grat-i-tude I raise:

Oh, let Thy mer-cy tune my tongue, And fill my heart with live-ly praise. A - MEN.

- 2 My days unclouded as they pass,  
And every onward rolling hour,  
Are monuments of wondrous grace,  
And witness to Thy love and power.
- 3 And yet this thoughtless, wretched heart,  
Too oft regardless of Thy love,  
Ungrateful, can from Thee depart,  
And from the path of duty rove.
- 4 Seal my forgiveness in the blood  
Of Christ my Lord; His Name alone  
I plead for pardon, gracious God,  
And kind acceptance at Thy throne.
- 5 With hope in Him mine eyelids close;  
With sleep refresh my feeble frame;  
Safe in Thy care may I repose,  
And wake with praises to Thy Name.

644

THANKSGIVING. L. M.

A. STEELE.

SECOND TUNE.

F. R. STATHAM.

1. Great God, to Thee my eve-ning song With hum-ble grat-i-tude I raise:

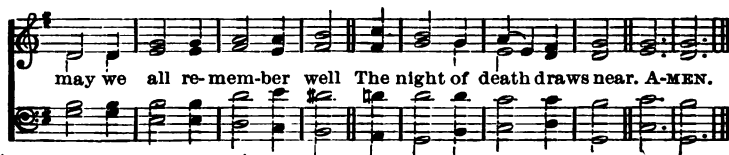
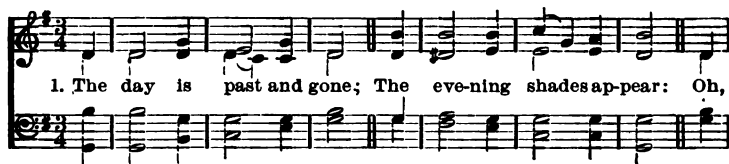
Oh, let Thy mer-cy tune my tongue, And fill my heart with live-ly praise. A - MEN.

645

J. LELAND.

MARSHALL. S. M.

G. J. GREER.



2 We lay our garments by,  
Upon our beds to rest;  
So death shall soon disrobe us all  
Of what is here possest.

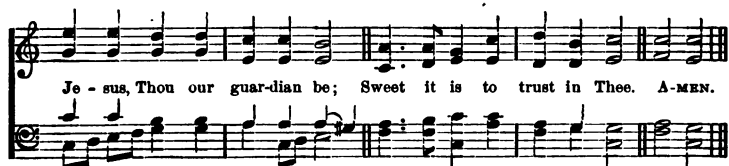
3 Lord, keep us safe this night,  
Secure from all our fears;  
May angels guard us while we sleep,  
Till morning light appears.

646

UNSER HERRSCHER. 8s, 7s, 7, 7.

T. KELLY.

Arr. W. H. MONK.



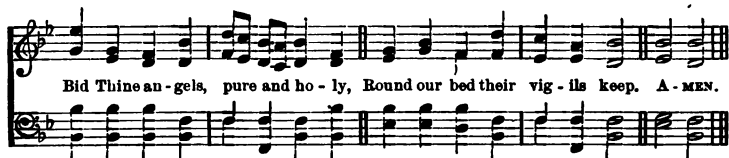
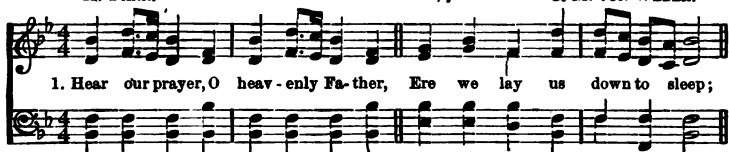
2 Pilgrims here on earth, and strangers,  
Dwelling in the midst of foes;  
Us and ours preserve from dangers;  
In Thine arms may we repose;  
And, when life's short day is past,  
Rest with Thee in heaven at last.

647

H. PARR.

WILMOT. 8s, 7s.

C. M. VON WEBER.



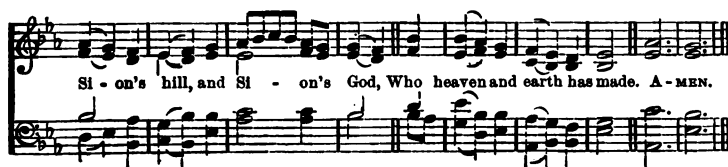
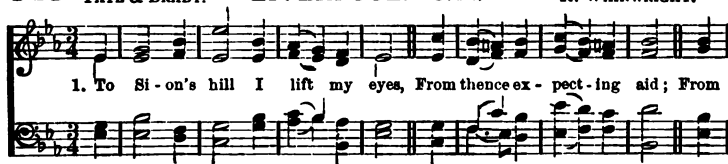
- 2 Heavy though our sins, Thy mercy  
Far outweighs them every one;  
Down before the cross we cast  
them,  
Trusting in Thy help alone.
- 3 Keep us through this night of peril  
Safe beneath its sheltering shade;  
Take us to Thy rest, we pray Thee,  
When our pilgrimage is made.
- 4 None can measure out Thy patience  
By the span of human thought;  
None can bound the tender mercies  
Which Thy holy Son has bought.
- 5 Pardon all our past transgressions,  
Give us strength for days to come;  
Guide and guard us with Thy  
blessing,  
Till Thine angels bear us home.

648

TATE &amp; BRADY.

LIVERPOOL. C.M.

R. WAINWRIGHT.



- 2 He will not let thy foot be moved,  
Thy guardian will not sleep;  
Behold, the God who slumbers not  
Will favored Israel keep.
- 3 Sheltered beneath th' Almighty's  
wings,  
Thou shalt securely rest,
- Where neither sun nor moon shall  
thee  
By day or night molest.
- 4 At home, abroad, in peace, in war.  
Thy God shall thee defend;  
Conduct thee through life's pilgrim-  
Safe to thy journey's end. [acc.]

649

## SOLITUDE. 7s.

J. MONTGOMERY.

L. T. DOWNES.

1. Lord, for - ev - er at Thy side Let my place and por - tion be:

Strip me of the robe of pride, Clothe me with hu - mil - i - ty. AMEN.

- 2 Meekly may my soul receive,  
All Thy Spirit hath revealed;  
Thou hast spoken; I believe,  
Though the oracle be sealed.
- 3 Humble as a little child,  
Weaned from the mother's breast,  
By no subtleties beguiled,  
On Thy faithful word I rest.
- 4 Israel now and evermore,  
In the Lord Jehovah trust;  
Him, in all His ways, adore,  
Wise, and wonderful, and just.

650

## GRANBERRY. S. M. D.

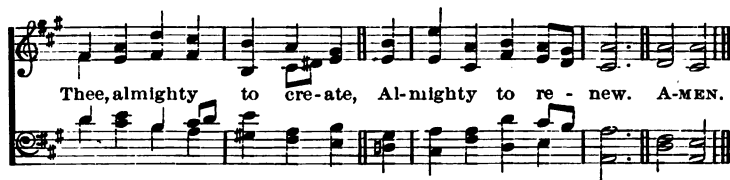
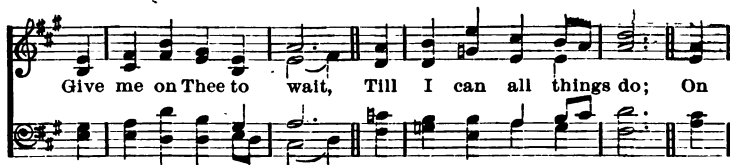
C. WESLEY.

H. SMART.

1. Je - sus, my strength, my hope, On Thee I cast my care; With

hum - ble con - fi - dence look up, And know Thou hear'st my prayer.

# HOME AND PERSONAL USE.



2 Give me a true regard,  
A single, steady aim,  
Unmoved by threatening or reward,  
To Thee and Thy great Name;  
A jealous, just concern  
For Thine immortal praise;  
A pure desire that all may learn  
And glorify Thy grace.

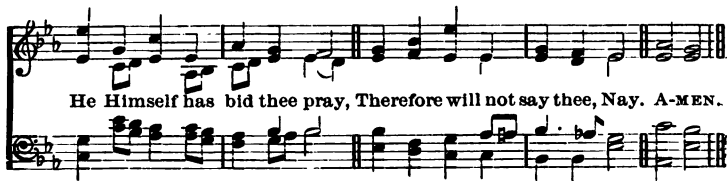
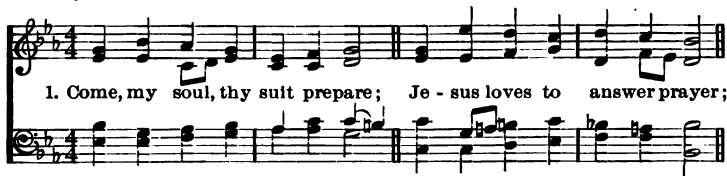
3 I rest upon Thy word;  
The promise is for me;  
My succor and salvation, Lord,  
Shall surely come from Thee:  
But let me still abide,  
Nor from my hope remove,  
Till Thou my patient spirit guide  
Into Thy perfect love.

651

J. NEWTON.

RICHMOND. 7s.

C. E. STEPHENS.



2 Thou art coming to a King;  
Large petitions with thee bring;  
For His grace and power are such,  
None can ever ask too much.

3 With my burden I begin:  
Lord, remove this load of sin;  
Let Thy blood, for sinners split,  
Set my conscience free from guilt.

4 Lord, I come to Thee for rest;  
Take possession of my breast;

There Thy blood-bought right main-  
And without a rival reign. [tain,

5 While I am a pilgrim here,  
Let Thy love my spirit cheer;  
As my guide, my guard, my friend,  
Lead me to my journey's end.

6 Show me what I have to do;  
Every hour my strength renew;  
Let me live a life of faith;  
Let me die Thy people's death.

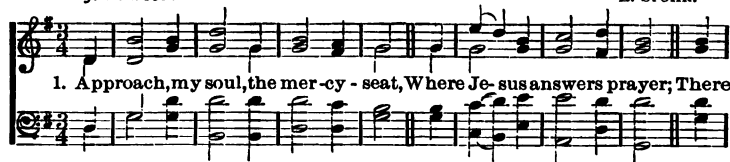


652

J. NEWTON.

CHERITH. C. M.

L. SPOHR.



1. Approach, my soul, the mer-cy - seat, Where Je-sus answers prayer; There



humbly fall be-fore His feet, For none can per-ish there. A-MEN.

2 Thy promise is my only plea,  
With this I venture nigh;  
Thou callest burdened souls to  
Thee,  
And such, O Lord, am I.

4 Be Thou my shield and hiding-  
place;  
That, sheltered near Thy side,  
I may my fierce accuser face,  
And tell him, Thou hast died!

3 Bowed down beneath a load of sin,  
By satan sorely pressed,  
By war without, and fears within,  
I come to Thee for rest.

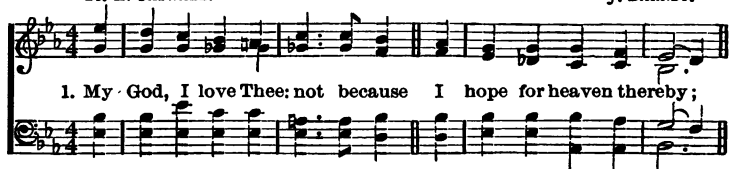
5 O wondrous love! to bleed and die,  
To bear the cross and shame,  
That guilty sinners, such as I,  
Might plead Thy gracious Name.

653

Tr. E. CASWALL.

HOLY TRINITY. C. M.

J. BARNBY.



1. My God, I love Thee: not because I hope for heaven thereby;



Nor yet because if I love not I must for-ev-er die. A-MEN.

2 But, O my Jesus, Thou didst me  
Upon the cross embrace;  
For me didst bear the nails and spear,  
And manifold disgrace,

3 And griefs and torments numberless,  
And sweat of agony,  
E'en death itself; and all for me  
Who was Thine enemy.

# HOME AND PERSONAL USE.

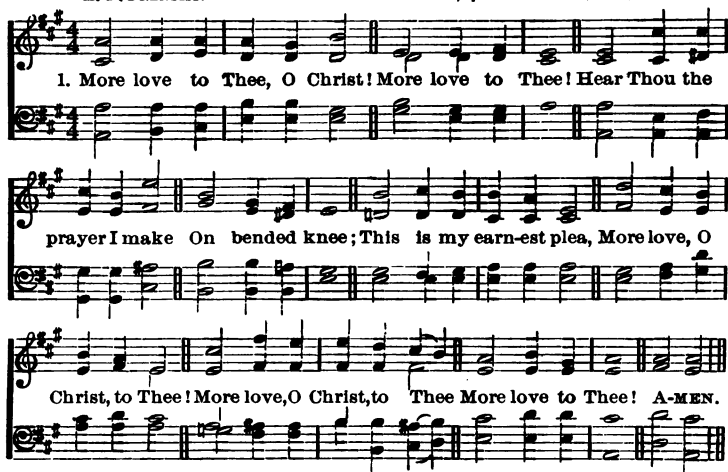
- 4 Then why, O blessed Jesus Christ,  
Should I not love Thee well?  
Not for the hope of winning heaven,  
Nor of escaping hell:
- 5 Not with the hope of gaining aught;  
Nor seeking a reward:  
But as Thyself hast loved me,  
O ever-loving Lord!
- 6 E'en so I love Thee, and will love,  
And in Thy praise will sing;  
Solely because Thou art my God,  
And my eternal King.

654

E. P. PRENTISS.

HOMEWARD. 6s, 4s.

A. S. SULLIVAN.



1. More love to Thee, O Christ! More love to Thee! Hear Thou the  
prayer I make On bended knee; This is my earn-est plea, More love, O  
Christ, to Thee! More love, O Christ, to Thee More love to Thee! A-MEN.

- 2 Once earthly joy I craved,  
Sought peace and rest:  
Now Thee alone I seek;  
Give what is best:  
This all my prayer shall be,  
More love, O Christ, to Thee!  
More love to Thee!

- 3 Let sorrow do its work,  
Send grief and pain;  
Sweet are Thy messengers,  
Sweet their refrain,  
When they can sing with me,  
More love, O Christ, to Thee,  
More love to Thee.

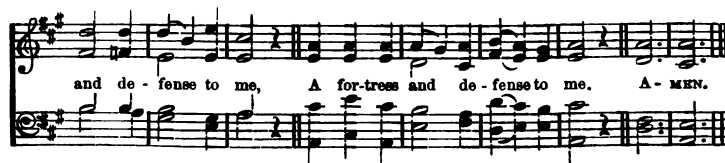
- 4 Then shall my latest breath  
Whisper Thy praise;  
This be the parting cry  
My heart shall raise,  
This still its prayer shall be,  
More love, O Christ, to Thee,  
More love to Thee!

655

TATE &amp; BRADY.

PARK STREET. L.M.

F. M. A VENUA.



2 Thou my deliverer art, my God;  
My trust is in Thy mighty power:  
Thou art my shield from foes abroad,  
At home my safeguard and my tower.

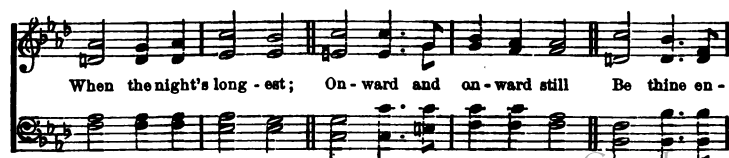
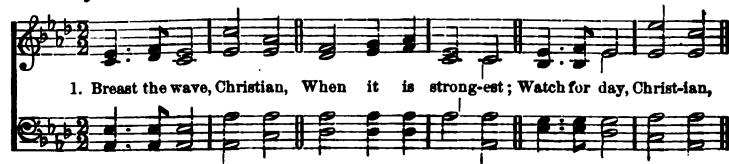
3 To Thee I will address my prayer,  
To Whom all praise we justly owe;  
So shall I, by Thy watchful care,  
Be guarded safe from every foe.

656

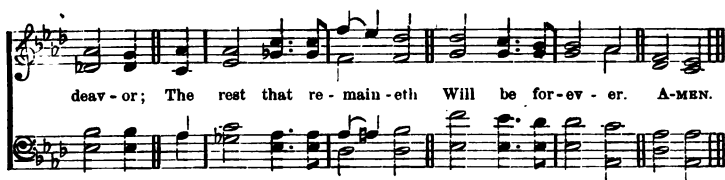
J. STAMMERS.

PURFLEET. 5s, 6s, 5s.

W. C. FIFEY.



# HOME AND PERSONAL USE.



deav - or; The rest that re - main - eth Will be for - ev - er. A-MEN.

2 Fight the fight, Christian,  
Jesus is o'er thee;  
Run the race, Christian,  
Heaven is before thee;  
He Who hath promised  
Faltereth never;  
He Who hath loved so well,  
Loveth forever.

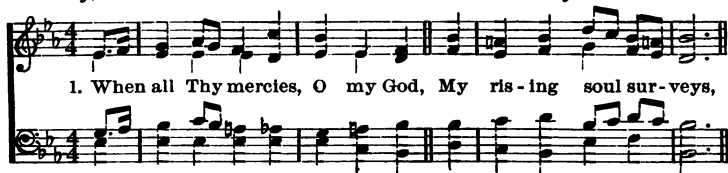
3 Lift thine eye, Christian,  
Just as it closeth;  
Raise thy heart, Christian,  
Ere it repositeth;  
Thee from the love of Christ  
Nothing shall sever;  
And, when thy work is done,  
Praise Him forever.

657

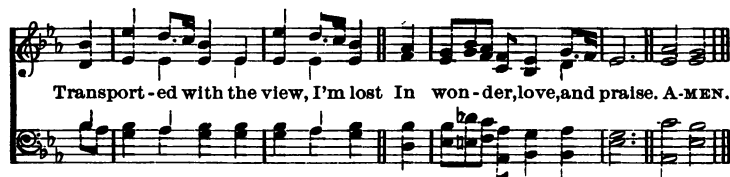
J. ADDISON.

BURLINGTON. C.M.

J. F. BURROWES.



1. When all Thy mercies, O my God, My ris - ing soul sur - veys,



Transport - ed with the view, I'm lost In won - der, love, and praise. A-MEN.

- 2 Oh, how shall words with equal warmth  
The gratitude declare, [heart?  
That glows within my ravished  
But Thou canst read it there.
- 4 Through every period of my life  
Thy goodness I'll pursue;  
And after death, in distant worlds,  
The glorious theme renew.
- 3 Ten thousand thousand precious  
My daily thanks employ; [gifts  
Nor is the least a cheerful heart.  
That tastes those gifts with joy.
- 5 When nature fails, and day and  
night  
Divide Thy works no more,  
My ever grateful heart, O Lord,  
Thy mercy shall adore.

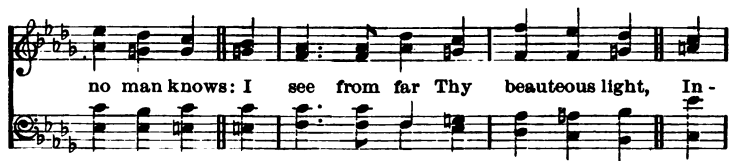
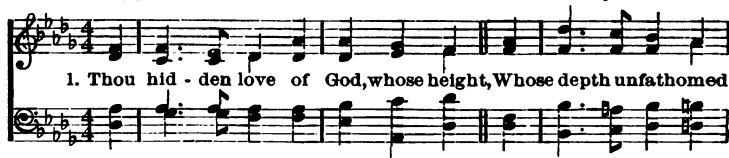
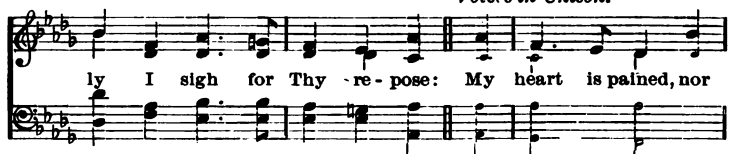
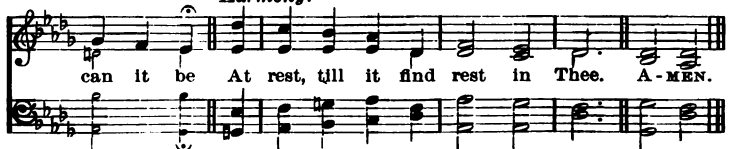
6 Through all eternity, to Thee  
A joyful song I'll raise;  
But oh, eternity's too short  
To utter all Thy praise!

658

Tr. by J. WESLEY.

GRANT. 6-8s.

J. STAINER.

*Voices in Unison.**Harmony.*

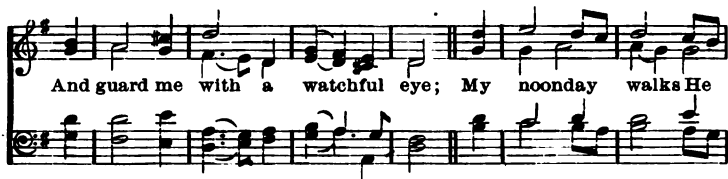
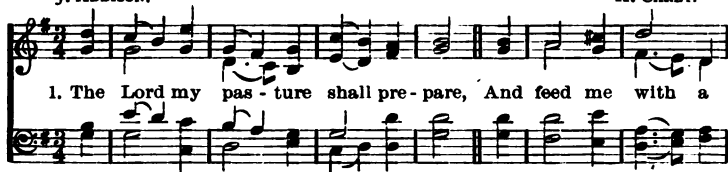
- 2 Is there a thing beneath the sun  
That strives with Thee my heart to share?  
Ah! tear it thence, and reign alone,  
The Lord of every motion there.  
Then shall my heart from earth be free,  
When it hath found repose in Thee.
- 3 Oh, hide this self from me, that I  
No more, but Christ in me, may live!  
My base affections crucify,  
Nor let one favorite sin survive;  
In all things nothing may I see,  
Nothing desire, or seek, but Thee.
- 4 Each moment draw from earth away  
My heart, that lowly waits Thy call!  
Speak to my inmost soul, and say  
I am thy love, thy God, thy all!  
To feel Thy power, to hear Thy voice,  
To taste Thy love, be all my choice!

659

CAREY. 6-8s.

J. ADDISON.

H. CAREY.



2 When in the sultry glebe I faint,  
Or on the thirsty mountain pant,  
To fertile vales and dewy meads  
My weary, wandering steps He leads,  
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,  
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

3 Though in the paths of death I tread,  
With gloomy horrors overspread,  
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,  
For Thou, O Lord, art with me still;  
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,  
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

660

## MARTYRDOM. C. M.

W. COWPER.

H. WILSON.

1. Oh, for a clos-er walk with God, A calm and heavenly frame,  
A light to shine upon the road That leads me to the Lamb! A - MEN.

2 Return, O holy Dove, return,  
Sweet messenger of rest;  
I hate the sins that made Thee mourn,  
And drove Thee from my breast.

3 The dearest idol I have known,  
Whate'er that idol be,  
Help me to tear it from Thy throne,  
And worship only Thee.

4 So shall my walk be close with God,  
Calm and serene my frame;  
So purer light shall mark the road  
That leads me to the Lamb.

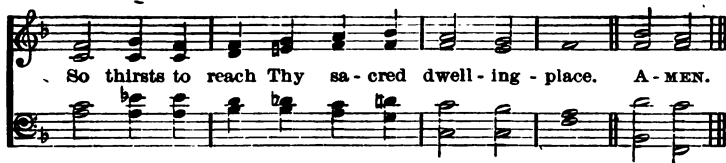
661

## LANGRAN. 108.

Tr. G. GREGORY.

J. LANGRAN.

1. As pants the wea-ried hart for cooling springs, That sink ex-haust-ed  
in the summer's chase, So pants my soul for Thee, great King of kings,



2 Lord, Thy sure mercies, ever in my sight,  
My heart shall gladden through the tedious day;  
And 'midst the dark and gloomy shades of night,  
To Thee, my God, I'll tune the grateful lay.

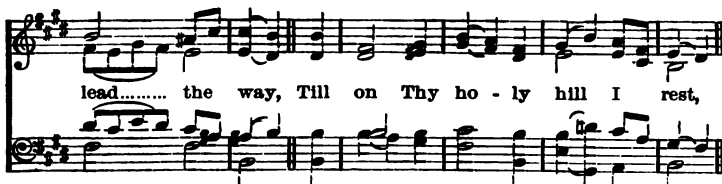
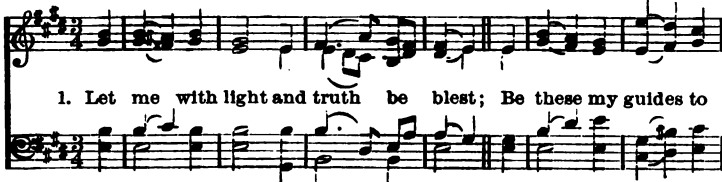
3 Why faint, my soul? why doubt Jehovah's aid?  
Thy God, the God of mercy still shall prove;  
Within His courts thy thanks shall yet be paid:  
Unquestioned be His faithfulness and love.

662

TATE &amp; BRADY.

ST. VINCENT. L. M.

J. UGLOW.



2 Then will I there fresh altars raise  
To God, Who is my only joy;  
And well-tuned harps, with songs of praise,  
Shall all my grateful hours employ.

3 Why then cast down, my soul? and why  
So much oppressed with anxious care?  
On God, thy God, for aid rely,  
Who will thy ruined state repair.

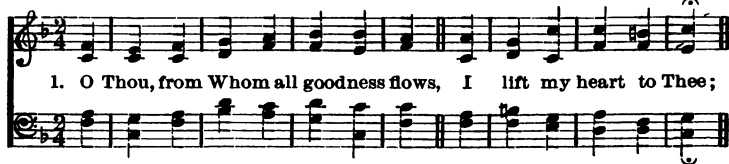


663

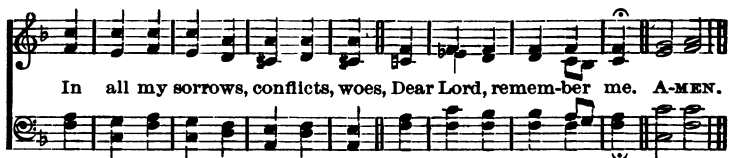
T. HAWES, *alt.*

ST. JOHN. ' C. M.

J. TURLE.



1. O Thou, from Whom all goodness flows, I lift my heart to Thee;



In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes, Dear Lord, remember me. A-MEN.

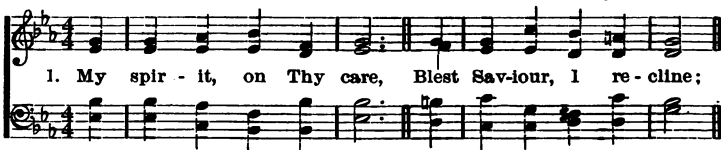
- 2 When on my aching, burdened 4 If worn with pain, disease, and grief,  
My sins lie heavily, [heart This feeble frame should be,  
Thy pardon grant, Thy peace Grant patience, rest, and kind relief:  
In love, remember me. [impart: Hear and remember me.
- 3 When trials sore obstruct my way, 5 And oh, when in the hour of death  
And ills I cannot flee, I own Thy just decree,  
Oh, let my strength be as my day! Be this the prayer of my last breath,  
For good, remember me. Dear Lord, remember me!

664

H. F. LYTE.

CHARITY. S. M.

J. BARNEY.



1. My spir - it, on Thy care, Blest Sav-iour, I re - cline;



Thou wilt not leave me to de-spair, For Thou art love di-vine. A-MEN.

- 2 In Thee I place my trust,  
On Thee I calmly rest;  
I know Thee good, I know Thee just,  
And count Thy choice the best.
- 4 Let good or ill befall,  
It must be good for me;  
Secure of having Thee in all,  
Of having all in Thee.
- 3 Whate'er events betide,  
Thy will they all perform:
- Safe in Thy breast my head I hide,  
Nor fear the coming storm.

665

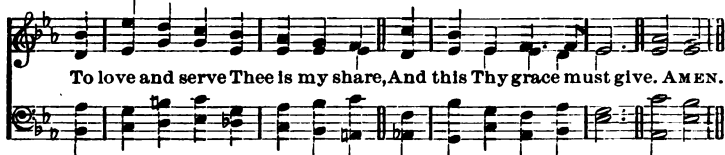
R. BAXTER.

ST. HUGH. C. M.

E. J. HOPKINS.



1. Lord, it be-longs not to my care Whether I die or live;



To love and serve Thee is my share, And this Thy grace must give. AMEN.

2 If life be long, oh, make me glad  
The longer to obey;

If short, no laborer is sad  
To end his toilsome day.

3 Christ leads me through no darker  
rooms

Than He went through before;  
And he that to God's kingdom comes  
Must enter by this door.

4 Come, Lord, when grace hath made  
me meet

Thy blessed face to see:

For if Thy work on earth be sweet,  
What will Thy glory be?

5 Then I shall end my sad com-  
plaints

And weary, sinful days,  
And join with the triumphant  
saints

That sing my Saviour's praise.

6 My knowledge of that life is small,  
The eye of faith is dim;

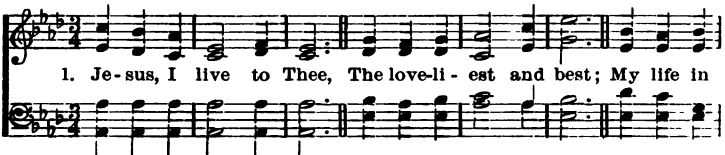
But 'tis enough that Christ knows all,  
And I shall be with Him.

666

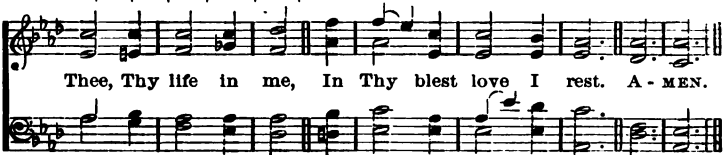
H. HARBAUGH.

GREENWOOD. S. M.

J. E. SWEETSER.



1. Je-sus, I live to Thee, The love-li- est and best; My life in



Thee, Thy life in me, In Thy blest love I rest. A - MEN.

2 Jesus, I die to Thee,  
Whenever death shall come;  
To die in Thee is life to me,  
In my eternal home.

3 Whether to live or die,  
I know not which is best;

To live in Thee is bliss to me,  
To die is endless rest.

4 Living or dying, Lord,  
I ask but to be Thine;  
My life in Thee, Thy life in me,  
Makes heaven forever mine.

667

MANN. 8s, 4.

C. ELLIOTT.

A. H. MANN.

1. My God, my Fa-ther, while I stray Far from my home in life's rough way,

Oh, teach me from my heart to say, "Thy will be done!" A-MEN.

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>2 Though dark my path, and sad my lot,<br/>Let me be still and murmur not,<br/>Or breathe the prayer divinely taught,<br/>"Thy will be done!"</p> <p>3 What though in lonely grief I sigh<br/>For friends beloved, no longer nigh,<br/>Submissive still would I reply,<br/>"Thy will be done!"</p> <p>4 If Thou should'st call me to resign<br/>What most I prize, it ne'er was mine;<br/>I only yield Thee what is Thine;<br/>"Thy will be done!"</p> | <p>5 Let but my fainting heart be blest<br/>With Thy good Spirit for its guest,<br/>My God, to Thee I leave the rest;<br/>"Thy will be done!"</p> <p>6 Renew my will from day to day,<br/>Blend it with Thine, and take away<br/>All that now makes it hard to say,<br/>"Thy will be done!"</p> <p>7 Then, when on earth I breathe no more<br/>The prayer oft mixed with tears before,<br/>I'll sing upon a happier shore,<br/>"Thy will be done."</p> |
|---|--|

667

TROYTE'S, No. 1.

C. ELLIOTT.

CHANT.

A. H. D. TROYTE.

1. My God, my Father, while I stray, Far from my home, in life's rough way,

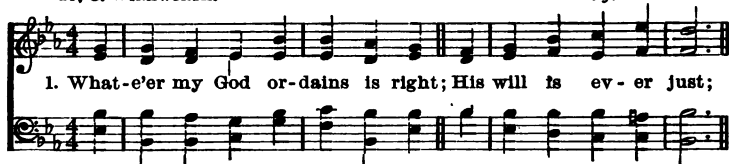
Oh, teach me from my heart to say, "Thy will be done!" A-MEN.

668

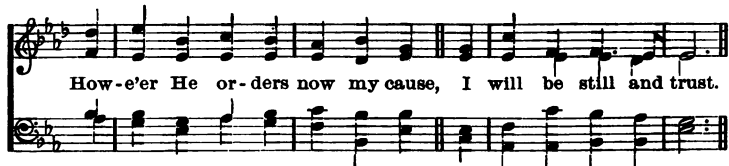
ARMSTRONG. 8s, 6s, 4s, 8s.

Tr. C. WINKWORTH.

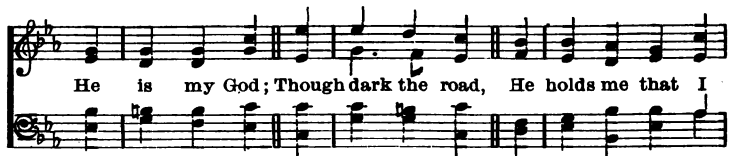
E. J. HOPKINS.



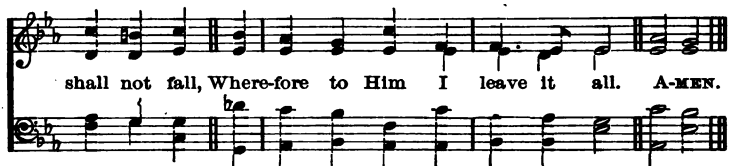
1. What-e'er my God or-dains is right; His will is ev-er just;



How-e'er He or-ders now my cause, I will be still and trust.



He is my God; Though dark the road, He holds me that I



shall not fall, Where-fore to Him I leave it all. A-MEN.

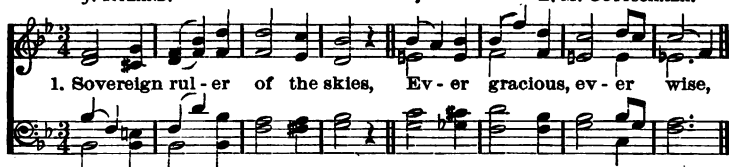
- 2 What-e'er my God ordains is right; 4 What-e'er my God ordains is right;  
 He never will deceive; My light, my life is He,  
 He leads me by the proper path, Who cannot will me aught but good;  
 And so to Him I cleave, I trust Him utterly;  
 And take content For well I know,  
 What He hath sent; In joy or woe,  
 His hand can turn my griefs away, We soon shall see, as sunlight clear,  
 And patiently I wait His day. How faithful was our guardian here.
- 3 What-e'er my God ordains is right; 5 What-e'er my God ordains is right;  
 Though I the cup must drink Here will I take my stand,  
 That bitter seems to my faint heart, Though sorrow, need, or death make  
 I will not fear nor shrink; For me a desert land. [earth  
 Tears pass away My Father's care  
 With dawn of day; [heart, Is round me there,  
 Sweet comfort yet shall fill my He holds me that I shall not fall;  
 And pain and sorrow all depart. And so to Him I leave it all.

669

J. RYLAND.

MERCY. 7s.

L. M. GOTTSCHALK.



Used by per. O. Ditson Co., owner of copyright.

2 He that formed us in the womb,  
He shall guide us to the tomb;  
All our ways shall ever be  
Ordered by His wise decree.

All our pleasures, all our pains,  
Come, and end, as God ordains.

3 Times of sickness, times of health,  
Blighting want and cheerful wealth,

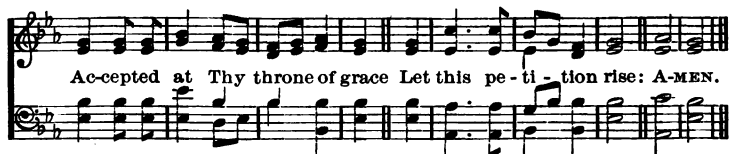
4 May we always own Thy hand,  
Still to Thee surrendered stand,  
Know that Thou art God alone,  
We and ours are all Thy own!

670

A. STEELE.

NAOMI. C. M.

L. MASON.



2 Give me a calm and thankful heart,  
From every murmur free;  
The blessings of Thy grace impart,  
And make me live to Thee.

3 Let the sweet hope that Thou art mine  
My path of life attend:  
Thy presence through my journey shine,  
And crown my journey's end.

671

## BRATTLE STREET. C. M.

H. M. WILLIAMS.

I. PLEVEL.

1. While Thee I seek, pro- tect- ing Power, Be my vain wishes stilled ;

And may this con - se - crat - ed hour With bet - ter hopes be filled.

2. Thy love the power of tho't bestowed, To Thee my tho'ts would soar:

Thy mer- cy o'er my life has flowed, That mer- cy I a- dore. A-MEN.

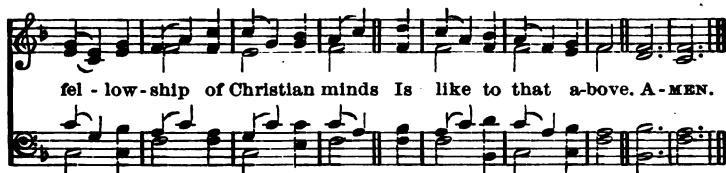
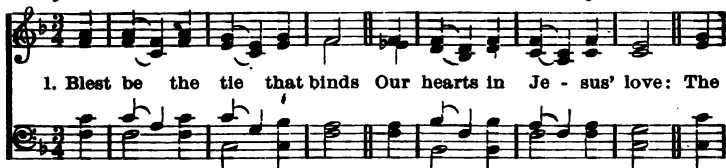
- 3 In each event of life, how clear  
Thy ruling hand I see ;  
Each blessing to my soul more dear,  
Because conferred by Thee.
- 4 In every joy that crowns my days,  
In every pain I bear,  
My heart shall find delight in praise,  
Or seek relief in prayer.
- 5 When gladness wings my favored hour,  
Thy love my thoughts shall fill ;  
Resigned when storms of sorrow lower,  
My soul shall meet Thy will.
- 6 My lifted eye, without a tear,  
The gathering storms shall see ;  
My steadfast heart shall know no fear ;  
That heart will rest on Thee.

672

DENNIS. S. M.

J. FAWCETT.

J. G. NÄGELL.



2 Before our Father's throne  
We pour united prayers;  
Our fears, our hopes, our aims  
are one;  
Our comforts and our cares.

4 When we at death must part,  
Not like the world's, our pain;  
But one in Christ, and one in heart,  
We part to meet again.

3 We share our mutual woes,  
Our mutual burdens bear;  
And often for each other flows  
The sympathizing tear.

5 From sorrow, toil, and pain,  
And sin, we shall be free;  
And perfect love and friendship  
reign  
Throughout eternity.

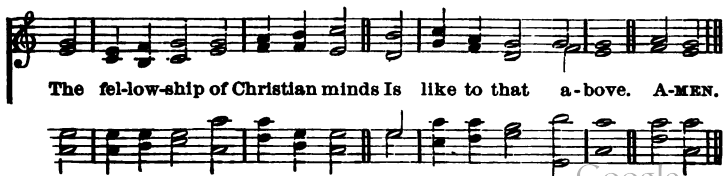
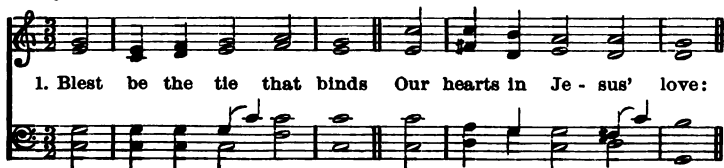
672

BOYLSTON. S. M.

J. FAWCETT.

SECOND TUNE.

L. MASON.



1. I heard the voice of Je - sus say Come un - to Me and rest;

Lay down, thou wea-ry one, lay down Thy head up-on My breast.

I came to Je - sus as I was, Wea-ry and worn and sad;

I found in Him a rest-ing-place, And He has made me glad. A-MEN.

2 I heard the voice of Jesus say  
Behold I freely give  
The living water ; thirsty one,  
Stoop down and drink, and live.  
I came to Jesus, and I drank  
Of that life-giving stream ;  
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,  
And now I live in Him.

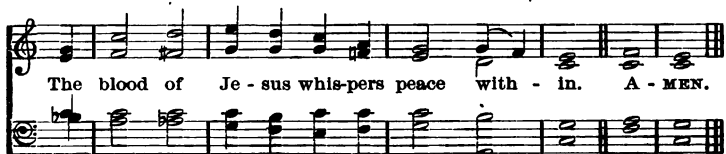
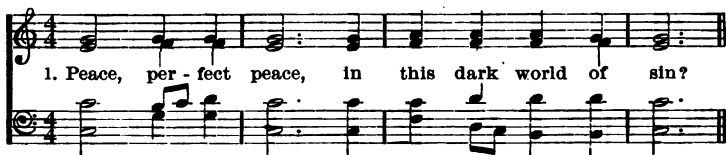
3 I heard the voice of Jesus say  
I am this dark world's light ;  
Look unto Me, thy morn shall rise,  
And all thy day be bright.  
I looked to Jesus, and I found  
In Him my star, my sun ;  
And in that light of life I'll walk,  
Till traveling days are done.



674

E. H. BICKERSTETH. PAX TECUM. 2-108.

G. T. CALDBECK.



2 Peace, perfect peace, by thronging duties pressed?  
To do the will of Jesus, this is rest.

3 Peace, perfect peace, with sorrows surging round?  
On Jesus' bosom naught but calm is found.

4 Peace, perfect peace, with loved ones far away?  
In Jesus' keeping we are safe, and they.

5 Peace, perfect peace, our future all unknown?  
Jesus we know, and He is on the throne.

6 Peace, perfect peace, death shadowing us and ours?  
Jesus has vanquished death and all its powers.

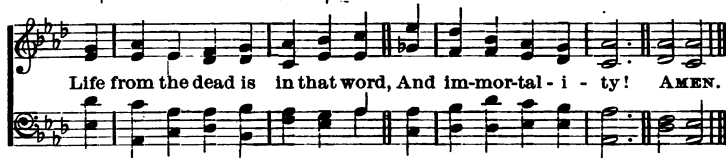
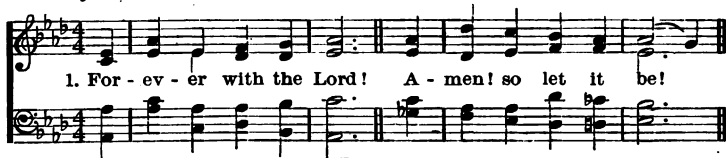
7 It is enough: earth's struggles soon shall cease,  
And Jesus call us to heaven's perfect peace.

675

J. MONTGOMERY.

HEATH. S. M.

R. SCHUMANN.



2 Here in the body pent,  
Absent from Him I roam,  
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent  
A day's march nearer home.

3 My Father's house on high,  
Home of my soul, how near,  
At times, to faith's foreseeing eye,  
Thy golden gates appear!

4 Ah! then my spirit faints  
To reach the land I love,

The bright inheritance of saints,  
Jerusalem above!

5 Then, then I feel, that He,  
Remembered or forgot,  
The Lord, is never far from me,  
Though I perceive Him not.

6 So when my latest breath  
Shall rend the veil in twain,  
By death I shall escape from death,  
And life eternal gain.

## HOME AND PERSONAL USE.

676

## ROSEVILLE. P. M.

P. CAREY.

R. S. AMBROSE, arr. H.

1. One sweet-ly sol - emn thought Comes to me o'er and o'er;

I am nearer my home to - day Than I ev - er have been be - fore. A - MEN.

The slurs to be used in each verse as needed.

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>2 Nearer the great white throne,<br/>Nearer the crystal sea,<br/>Nearer my Father's house,<br/>Where the "many mansions" be;</p> <p>3 Nearer the bound of life,<br/>Where we lay our burdens down;<br/>Nearer leaving the cross,<br/>Nearer gaining the crown;</p> | <p>4 But lying darkly between,<br/>Winding down through the night,<br/>Is the deep and unknown stream<br/>To be crossed ere we reach the light.</p> <p>5 Jesus, perfect my trust,<br/>Strengthen the hand of my faith:<br/>Let me feel Thee near when I stand<br/>On the edge of the shore of death;</p> <p>6 Feel Thee near when my feet<br/>Are slipping over the brink;<br/>For it may be I'm nearer home,<br/>Nearer now than I think.</p> |
|---|--|

676

## JORDAN. P. M.

P. CAREY.

SECOND TUNE.

H.

1. One sweet-ly sol - emn thought Comes to me o'er and o'er;

I am near - er my home to - day Than I ev - er have been be - fore. A - MEN.

677

## STAINCLIFFE. L. M.

J. NEWTON.

R. W. DIXON.

1. As, when the wea - ry traveller gains The height of some com-mand-ing hill,

His heart re-vives, if o'er the plains He sees his home, though distant still. A - MEN.

2 Thus, when the Christian pilgrim views  
By faith his mansion in the skies,  
The sight his fainting heart renews,  
And wings his speed to reach the prize.

3 The thought of heaven his spirit cheers;  
No more he grieves for troubles past;  
Nor any future trial fears,  
So he may safe arrive at last.

4 Jesus, on Thee our hopes we stay,  
To lead us on to Thine abode;  
Assured Thy love will far o'erpay  
The hardest labors of the road.

677

## NIAGARA. L. M.

J. NEWTON.

SECOND TUNE.

R. JACKSON.

1. As, when the wea - ry traveller gains The height of some com-mand-ing hill,

His heart re-vives, if o'er the plains He sees his home, though distant still; A - MEN.

678

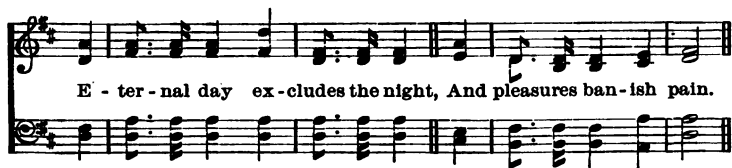
I. WATTS.

VARINA. C. M.

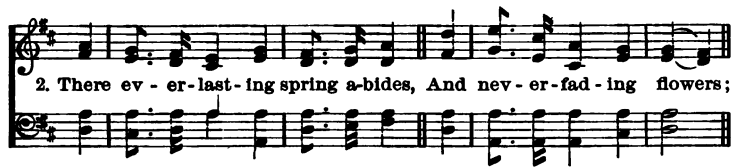
G. F. Root.



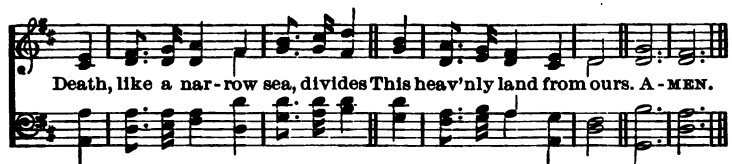
1. There is a land of pure delight, Where saints immortal reign ;



E - ter - nal day ex - cludes the night, And pleasures ban - ish pain.



2. There ev - er - last - ing spring a - bides, And nev - er - fad - ing flowers ;



Death, like a nar - row sea, divides This heav'ny land from ours. A - MEN.

3 Bright fields beyond the swelling flood

Stand dressed in living green ;

So to the Jews fair Canaan stood,

While Jordan rolled between.

4 But timorous mortals start and shrink

To cross the narrow sea ;

And linger, trembling on the brink,

And fear to launch away.

5 Oh, could we make our doubts remove,

Those gloomy doubts that rise,

And see the Canaan that we love,

With faith's illumined eyes :

6 Could we but climb where Moses stood,

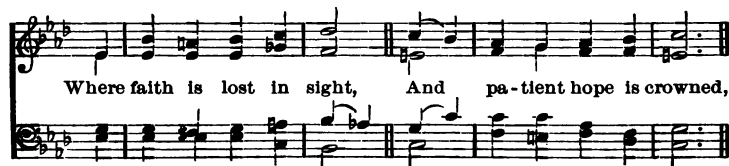
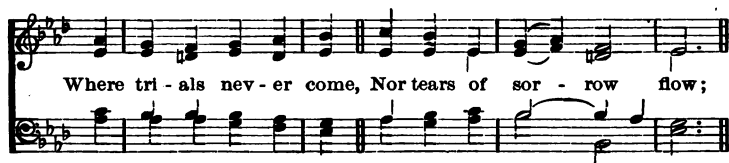
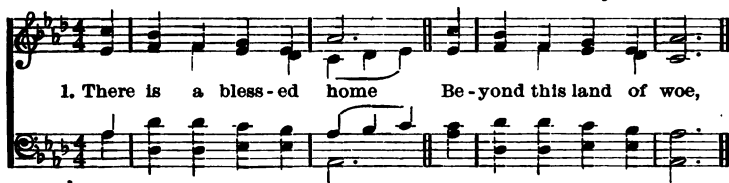
And view the landscape o'er,

Nor Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,

Should fright us from the shore.

H. W. BAKER.

J. STAINER.



2 There is a land of peace:  
 Good angels know it well;  
 Glad songs that never cease  
 Within its portals swell;  
 Around its glorious throne  
 Ten thousand saints adore  
 Christ, with the Father One,  
 And Spirit, evermore.

3 Oh, joy all joys beyond,  
 To see the Lamb Who died,  
 And count each sacred wound  
 In hands, and feet, and side!

To give to Him the praise  
 Of every triumph won,  
 And sing through endless days  
 The great things He hath done!

4 Look up, ye saints of God!  
 Nor fear to tread below  
 The path your Saviour trod  
 Of daily toil and woe!  
 Wait but a little while  
 In uncomplaining love!  
 His own most gracious smile  
 Shall welcome you above.

# DOXOLOGIES.

**NOTE.**—After the Long, Common and Short Metres, the Doxologies follow in numerical order; first the simple numbers, then the double, and then the mixed. And the sequence is always from the higher to the lower, as 10s, 8s, 7s; 8.7, 7.6, 6.5, etc.

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <p><b>L. M.</b><br/> Praise God, from Whom all blessings flow!<br/> Praise Him, all creatures here below!<br/> Praise Him above, ye heavenly host!<br/> Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!<br/> Amen.</p> <p><b>L. M.</b><br/> To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,<br/> The God Whom earth and heaven<br/> Be glory, as it was of old, [adore,<br/> Is now, and shall be evermore.<br/> Amen.</p> <p><b>L. M. D.</b><br/> To God the Father, God the Son,<br/> And God the Spirit, praise be given,<br/> The everlasting Three in One,<br/> Adored by all in earth and heaven;<br/> As was in circling ages past,<br/> Is now, and shall forever be,<br/> While saints their crowns of glory cast<br/> Before Thy throne, blest Trinity.<br/> Amen.</p> <p><b>C. M.</b><br/> To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,<br/> The God Whom we adore,<br/> Be glory, as it was, is now,<br/> And shall be evermore. Amen.</p> <p><b>C. M. D.</b><br/> To praise the Father, and the Son,<br/> And Spirit all-divine,<br/> The One in Three, and Three in One<br/> Let saints and angels join:<br/> Glory to Thee, blest Three in One,<br/> The God Whom we adore,<br/> As was, and is, and shall be done,<br/> When time shall be no more.<br/> Amen.</p> <p><b>S. M.</b><br/> To God, the Father, Son,<br/> And Spirit, ever blest,<br/> The One in Three, the Three in One,<br/> Be endless praise addressed.<br/> Amen.</p> <p><b>S. M. D.</b><br/> Praise, as in ages past,<br/> Praise, as in glory now,<br/> Praise, while eternity shall last,<br/> To Thee, O God, we vow;<br/> Whom all the heavenly host<br/> And saints on earth adore;<br/> To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,<br/> Be glory evermore. Amen.</p> | <p><b>1</b> <b>10s.</b><br/> To God the Father, and to God the Son,<br/> To God the Holy Spirit, Three in One,<br/> Be praise from all on earth and all in heaven,<br/> As was, and is, and ever shall be given.<br/> Amen.</p> <p><b>2</b> <b>8s.</b><br/> All praise to the Father, the Son,<br/> And Spirit, thrice holy and blest,<br/> Th' eternal, supreme Three in One,<br/> Was, is, and shall still be addressed.<br/> Amen.</p> <p><b>3</b> <b>6-8s.</b><br/> To God the Father, God the Son,<br/> And God the Spirit, Three in One,<br/> Be glory in the highest given,<br/> By all in earth, and all in heaven,<br/> As was through ages heretofore,<br/> Is now, and shall be evermore.<br/> Amen.</p> <p><b>4</b> <b>6-8s.</b><br/> To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,<br/> The God Whom heaven's triumphant host<br/> And suffering saints on earth adore,<br/> Be glory as in ages past,<br/> As now it is, and so shall last,<br/> When time itself shall be no more.<br/> Amen.</p> <p><b>5</b> <b>8s. D.</b><br/> Eternal Father! throned above,<br/> Thou Fountain of redeeming love!<br/> Eternal Word! Who left Thy throne<br/> For man's rebellion to atone;<br/> Eternal Spirit, Who dost give<br/> That grace whereby our spirits live:<br/> Thou God of our salvation, be<br/> Eternal praises paid to Thee. Amen.</p> <p><b>6</b> <b>7s.</b><br/> Holy Father, Holy Son,<br/> Holy Spirit, Three in One!<br/> Glory, as of old, to Thee,<br/> Now, and evermore shall be.</p> |
|---|---|

- 7** 6-7s.  
 Praise the Name of God most high,  
 Praise Him, all below the sky,  
 Praise Him, all ye heavenly host,  
 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost;  
 As through countless ages past,  
 Evermore His praise shall last. Amen.
- 8** 7s. D.  
 Holy Father, Fount of light,  
 God of wisdom, goodness, might;  
 Holy Son, Who cam'st to dwell,  
 God with us, Emmanuel;  
 Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,  
 God of comfort, peace, and love;  
 Evermore be Thou adored,  
 Holy, Holy, Holy Lord. Amen.
- 9** 6s.  
 To Father, and to Son,  
 And Holy Ghost, to Thee,  
 Eternal Three in One,  
 Eternal glory be. Amen.
- 10** 6-6s.  
 To God, the Father, Son,  
 And Spirit, Three in One,  
 All praise and glory be;  
 As was in ages past,  
 And shall forever last,  
 Most Holy Trinity.
- 11** 6s. D.  
 To Father, and to Son,  
 And Holy Ghost, to Thee,  
 Eternal Three in One,  
 Eternal glory be;  
 As hath been, and is now,  
 And shall be evermore:  
 Before Thy throne we bow,  
 And Thee our God adore. Amen.
- 12** 8s, 7s.  
 Praise the Father, earth and heaven,  
 Praise the Son, the Spirit praise,  
 As it was, and is, be given  
 Glory through eternal days. Amen.
- 13** 8s, 7s. 6 lines.  
 Praise and honor to the Father,  
 Praise and honor to the Son,  
 Praise and honor to the Spirit,  
 Ever Three and ever One;  
 One in might and one in glory  
 While eternal ages run. Amen.
- 14** 8s, 7s. D.  
 Let the voice of all creation,  
 Earth and heaven's triumphant host,  
 Praise the God of our salvation,  
 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.  
 See the heavenly elders casting  
 Golden crowns before His throne:  
 Alleluia everlasting  
 Be to Him, and Him alone. Amen.
- 15** 7s, 6s.  
 To Father, Son, and Spirit,  
 The God Whom we adore,  
 Be loftiest praises given,  
 Now and for evermore. Amen.
- 16** 7s, 6s. D.  
 O Father ever glorious,  
 O everlasting Son,  
 O Spirit all victorious,  
 Thrice Holy Three in One,  
 Great God of our salvation,  
 Whom earth and heaven adore,  
 Praise, glory, adoration,  
 Be Thine for evermore. Amen.
- 17** 6s, 5s.  
 Glory to the Father,  
 Glory to the Son,  
 And to Thee, blest Spirit,  
 Whilst all ages run. Amen.
- 18** 9s, 8s.  
 To God the Father, Son, and Spirit,  
 The everlasting Three in One,  
 Be glory due Thy boundless merit,  
 While never ending ages run. Amen.
- 19** 8s, 7s, 4, 7.  
 Great Jehovah! we adore Thee,  
 God the Father, God the Son,  
 God the Spirit, joined in glory  
 On the same eternal throne:  
 Endless praises  
 To Jehovah, Three in One. Amen.
- 20** 8s, 7s, 7, 7.  
 Praise the Father throned in heaven;  
 Praise the everlasting Son;  
 Praise the Spirit freely given;  
 Praise the blessed Three in One.  
 As of old, the Trinity  
 Still is worshipped, still shall be. Amen.

21

8s, 7s, 8, 8, 7.

To Father, Son, and Spirit blest,  
 Supreme o'er earth and heaven,  
 Eternal Three in One confest,  
 Be highest glory given,  
 As hath been from the ages past,  
 And shall be while the ages last,  
 By all in earth and heaven. Amen.

22

7s, 6s, 8, 8.

To Father, Son, and Spirit,  
 God ever Three in One,  
 Let glory due Thy merit,  
 By angel choirs begun,  
 As in the countless ages past,  
 Be sung while endless ages last.  
 Amen.

23

8s, 5s.

Father, Son, and Holy Spirit,  
 God forever One,  
 Praise to Thine eternal merit,  
 While the ages run. Amen.

24

8s, 4.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
 Our God forever Three in One,  
 Be praise from men and angel host,  
 While ages run. Amen.

25

8s, 6.

O Holy Father, Holy Son,  
 And Holy Ghost, God Three in One,  
 While everlasting ages run,  
 All glory be to Thee. Amen.

26

7s, 5.

Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
 Three in One; from every coast,  
 Earth, and Heaven's adoring host,  
 Thy true Godhead praise. Amen.

27

6s, 8s.

To God the Father's throne.  
 Your highest honors raise;  
 Glory to God the Son;  
 To God the Spirit, praise:  
 With all our powers, eternal King,  
 Thy Name we sing, while faith adores.  
 Amen.

28

6s, 4s.

To Father and to Son,  
 And Spirit, Three in One,  
 All praise be given,  
 As hath been heretofore,  
 And shall be evermore:  
 Let all His Name adore  
 In earth and heaven. Amen.

29

4s, 7s, 6.

To Father, Son,  
 And Spirit, One  
 True God, be glory given;  
 Now, and while the ages run,  
 Lord of earth and heaven. Amen.

30

HYMN 466.

P. M.

To God, the Father, Son,  
 And ever blessed Spirit,  
 Eternal Three in One,  
 Be glory due Thy merit;  
 As was in ages past,  
 Is now, and still shall be,  
 While endless ages last,  
 Most Holy Trinity. Amen.

31

Come, let us adore Him! come, bow at  
 His feet!  
 Oh, give Him the glory, the praise that  
 is meet!  
 Let joyful hosannas unceasing arise,  
 And join the full chorus that gladdens  
 the skies! Amen.



# THE MORNING AND EVENING

## Canticles

AND

## OCCASIONAL ANTHEMS

POINTED FOR CHANTING BY THE COMMISSION ACTING UNDER THE  
AUTHORITY OF THE GENERAL CONVENTION.

ATTEST. } H. A. NEELY, *Chairman*.  
          { CHAS. L. HUTCHINS, *Secretary*.

---

IN putting forth this pointing of the Canticles, etc., in accordance with the direction of the General Convention, the Commission would call attention to the great importance and practical usefulness of the following suggestions taken from the preface to the "Cathedral Psalter:"

1. The words, from the commencement of each verse and half-verse, up to the accented syllable, are called the Recitation.

2. On reaching the accented syllable, and beginning with it, the *music* of the chant commences, in strict time (*a tempa*), the upright strokes corresponding to the bars. The Recitation must therefore be considered as *outside* the chant, and may be of any length. The note on which the Recitation is made is called the Reciting-note.

3. If there is no syllable after that which is accented, the accented syllable must be held for one whole bar or measure.

4. An asterisk (\*) is a direction to take breath. Other stops (, ;) must be attended to as in good *reading*.

5. As the accent holds the position of the first beat of the first bar, it is unnecessary to sing it louder than any of the words recited: its position, musically, will give it quite enough emphasis.

MORNING CANTICLES.

VENITE, EXULTEMUS DOMINO.

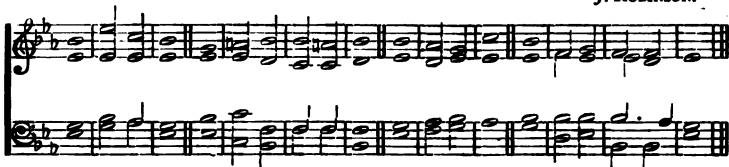
16

W. BOYCE.



17

J. ROBINSON.



18

J. RANDALL.



1 O come, let us sing | unto · the | LORD: let us heartily rejoice in the | strength of | our sal · vation.

2 Let us come before his présence with | thanks · = | giving: and shôw ourselves | glad in | him with | psalms.

3 For the LÓRD is a | great · = | God: and a gréat | King a | bove all | gods.

4 In his hand are all the córners | of the | earth: and the stréngth of the | hills is | his · = | also.

5 The sea is his | and he | made it: and his hánds pre | pared · the | dry · = | land.

6 O come let us wórship and | fall · = | down: and knéel be | fore the | LORD our | Maker.

7 For hé is the | Lord our | God: and we are the people of his pasture \* and the | sheep of | his · = | hand.

8 O worship the LÓRD in the | beauty · of | holiness: let the whole éarth | stand in | awe of | him.

9 For he cometh, for he cómeth to | judge the | earth: and with righteousness to judge the wórlđ and the | people | with his | truth.

Glory be to the Fátter | and · to the | Son: ánd | to the | Holy | Ghost; As it was in the beginning \* is nów, and | ever | shall be: wórlđ without | end · = | A · = | men.

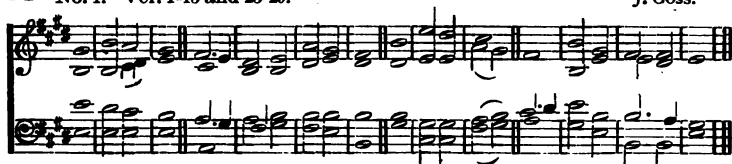
MORNING CANTICLES.

TE DEUM LAUDAMUS.

19

No. 1. Ver. 1-15 and 25-29.

J. Goss.



20

No. 1. Ver. 16-24.

J. JONES



21

No. 2. Ver. 1-13.

J. BATTISHILL.



22

No. 2. Ver. 14-23.

J. JONES.



No. 2. Ver. 24-29.

J. BATTISHILL.

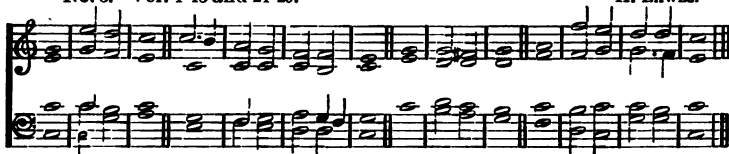


MORNING CANTICLES.  
TE DEUM LAUDAMUS.

23

No. 3. Ver. 1-15 and 24-29.

H. LAWES.



24

No. 3. Ver. 16-23.

R. COOKE.



- 1 We praise | thee O | God : we acknowledge | thee to | be the | Lord.  
2 All the earth doth | worship | thee : thé | Father | ever | lasting.  
3 To thee all A'ngels | cry a | loud : the Héavens, and | all the | Powers  
there | in ;  
4 To thee Chérubim and | Sera | phim : cón | tinual | ly do | cry,  
5 Hóly | Holy | Holy : Lórd | God of | Saba | oth ;  
6 Heaven and earth are full of the | Majes | ty : óf | thy ' = | glo ' = | ry.  
7 The glorious cónpany | of ' the A | postles : práise | = | = | = | thee.  
8 The goodly féllowship | of the | Prophets : práise | = | = | = | thee.  
9 The nóble | army ' of | Martyrs : práise | = ' = | = ' = | thee.  
10 The holy Chùrch throughout | all the | world : dóth ac | know ' = |  
ledge ' = | thee ;  
11 Thé | Fa ' = | ther : óf an | in ' finite | Majes | ty ;  
12 Thíne ad | ora ' ble | true : ánd | on ' = | = ' ly | Son ;  
13 A'iso the | Holy | Ghost : thé | Com ' = | fort ' = | er.  
14 Thón art the | King of | Glory : O' | = ' = | = ' = | Christ.  
15 Thon art the éver | lasting | Son : óf | = ' the | Fa ' = | ther.  
16 When thou tookest upon thee to de | liver | man : thou didst humble  
thyself to be | born ' = | of a | Virgin.  
17 When thou hadst overcome the | sharpness ' of | death : thou didst  
open the Kíngdom of | Heaven to | all be | lievers.  
18 Thou sittest at the right | hand of | God : in the | glory | of the | Father.  
19 We believe that | thou shalt | come : tó | be = | our ' = | Judge.  
20 We therefore pray thee | help thy | servants : whom thou hast re-  
deémed | with thy | precious | blood.  
21 Make them to be númeroed | with thy | Saints : in | glory | ever | lasting.  
22 O Lórd | save thy | people : ánd | bless thine | herit | age.  
23 Góv | = ' ern | them : ánd | lift them | up for | ever.  
24 Dáy | by ' = | day : wé | magni | fy ' = | thee ;  
25 A'nd we | worship ' thy | Name : éver | world with | out ' = | end.  
26 Vóuch | safe O | Lord : to kéep us this | day with | out ' = | sin.  
27 O Lórd have | mercy ' up | on us : háve | mercy ' up | on ' = | us.  
28 O Lord let thy mércy | be up | on us : ás our | trust ' = | is in | thee.  
29 O Lord in thee | have I | trusted : lét me | never | be con | founded.

## TE DEUM LAUDAMUS.

25 No. 4

W. CROTCH.



- 1 We praise | thee O | God : we acknowledge | thee to | be the | Lord.  
 2 All the earth doth | worship | thee : thé | Father | ever | lasting.  
 3 To thee all A'ngels | cry a | loud : the Héavens, and | all the | Powers  
 there | in ;  
 4 To thee Chérubim and | Sera | phim : cón | tinual | ly do | cry,  
 5 Hóly | Holy | Holy : Lórd | God of | Saba | oth ;  
 6 Heaven and earth are full of the | Majes | ty : óf | thy · = | glo · = | ry.  
 7 The glorious company | of · the A | postles : praise | = · = | = · = | thee.  
 8 The goodly féllowship | of the | Prophets : praise | = · = | = · = | thee.  
 9 The nóble | army · of | Martyrs : praise | = · = | = · = | thee.  
 10 The holy Chùrch throughout | all the | world : dóth ac | know · = |  
 ledge · = | thee ;  
 11 Thé | Fa · = | ther : óf an | in · finite | Majes | ty ;  
 12 Thíne ad | ora · ble | true : ánd | on · = | = · ly | Son ;  
 13 A'lsó the | Holy | Ghost : thé | Com · = | fort = | er.  
 14 Thón art the | King of | Glory : O' | = · = | = · = | Christ.  
 15 Thou art the éver | lasting | Son : óf | = · the | Fa · = | ther.

26 No. 4.

FROM BEETHOVEN, by J. Goss.



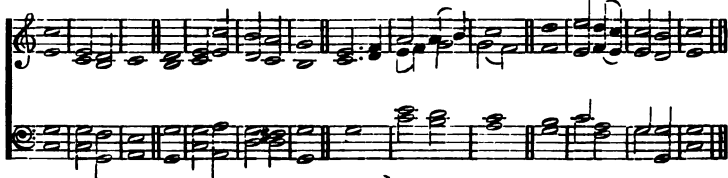
- 16 When thou tookest upon thée to de | liver | man : thou didst humble  
 thyself to be | born · = | of a | Virgin.  
 17 When thou hadst overcome the | sharpness · of | death : thou didst  
 open the Kíngdom of | Heaven to | all be | lievers.  
 18 Thou sittest at the right | hand of | God : in the | glory | of the | Father.  
 19 We believe that | thou shalt | come : tó | be = | our · = | Judge.  
 20 We therefore pray thee | help thy | servants : whom thou hast re-  
 deemed | with thy | precious | blood.  
 21 Make them to be nùmbered | with thy | Saints : in | glory | ever | lasting.  
 22 O Lórd | save thy | people : ánd | bless thine | herit | age.  
 23 Góv | = · ern | them : ánd | lift them | up for | ever.  
 24 Dáy | by · = | day : wé | magni | fy · = | thee ;

MORNING CANTICLES.

TE DEUM LAUDAMUS.

No. 4,

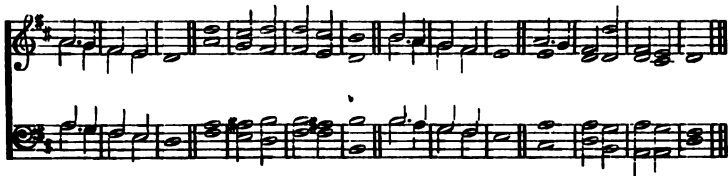
W. CROTCH.



25 A'nd we | worship · thy | Name: éver | world with | out · = | end.  
 26 Vóuch | safe O | Lord: to kéept us this | day with | out · = | sin.  
 27 O Lórd have | mercy · up | on us: háve | mercy · up | on · = | us.  
 28 O Lord let thy mércy | be up | on us: ás our | trust · = | is in | thee.  
 29 O Lord in thée | have I | trusted: lét me | never | be con | founded.

27 No. 5. Ver. 1-13.

H. SMYTH.



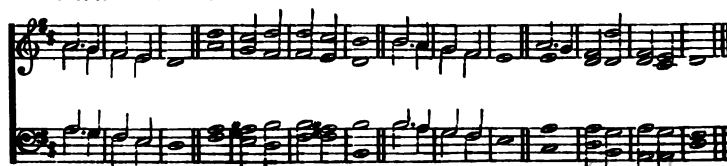
28 No. 5. Ver. 14-23.

T. MORLEY.



No. 5. Ver. 24-29.

H. SMYTH.



MORNING CANTICLES.

TE DEUM LAUDAMUS.

29

Ver. 1-18 and 24-29.

L. COLBORNE.



30

Ver. 14-23.

Parisian Chant.



- 1 We praise | thee O | God : we acknowledge | thee to | be the | Lord.  
 2 All the earth doth | worship | thee : thé | Father | ever | lasting.  
 3 To thee all A'ngels | cry a | loud : the Héavens, and | all the | Powers  
 there | in ;  
 4 To thee Chérubim and | Sera | phim : cón | tinual | ly do | cry,  
 5 Hóly | Holy | Holy : Lórd | God of | Saba | oth ;  
 6 Heaven and earth are full of the | Majes | ty : óf | thy · = | glo · = | ry.  
 7 The glorious cónpany | of · the A | postles : praise | = · = | = · thee.  
 8 The goodly féllowship | of the | Prophets : praise | = · = | = · thee.  
 9 The nóble | army · of | Martyrs : praise | = · = | = · thee.  
 10 The holy Chùrch throughout | all the | world : dóth ac | know · = |  
 ledge · = | thee ;  
 11 Thé | Fa · = | ther : óf an | in · finite | Majes | ty ;  
 12 Thíne ad | ora · ble | true : and | on · = | = · ly | Son ;  
 13 A'lsó the | Holy | Ghost : thé | Com · = | fort · = | er.  
 14 Thón art the | King of | Glory : O' | = · = | = · Christ.  
 15 Thou art the éver | lasting | Son : óf | = · the | Fa · = | ther.  
 16 When thou tookest upon thée to de | liver | man : thou didst humble  
 thyself to be | born · = | of a | Virgin.  
 17 When thou hadst overcóme the | sharpness · of | death : thou didst  
 open the Kíngdom of | Heaven to | all be | lievers.  
 18 Thou sittest at the right | hand of | God : in the | glory | of the | Father.  
 19 We believe that | thou shalt | come : tó | be · = | our · = | Judge.  
 20 We therefore pray thee | help thy | servants : whom thou hast re-  
 deemed | with thy | precious | blood.  
 21 Make them to be númered | with thy | Saints : in | glory | ever | lasting.  
 22 O Lórd | save thy | people : and | bless thine | herit | age.  
 23 Góv | = · ern | them : and | lift them | up for | ever.  
 24 Dáy | by · = | day : wé | magni | fy · = | thee ;  
 25 A'nd we | worship · thy | Name : éver | world with | out · = | end.  
 26 Vóuch | safe O | Lord : to kéept us this | day with | out · = | sin.  
 27 O Lórd have | mercy · up | on us : háve | mercy · up | on · = | us.  
 28 O Lord let thy mércy | be up | on us : ás our | trust · = | is in | thee.  
 29 O Lord in thée | have I | trusted : lét me | never | be con | founded.

MORNING CANTICLES.

TE DEUM LAUDAMUS.

H. H. WOODWARD.

We acknowledge Thee to be the Lord.

We praise Thee, O God,

*f*

*J = 78. f*

*Ped.* *8ves.*

All the earth doth worship Thee, the Fa-ther ev-er - last-ing. To Thee all An-gels

cry a-loud, the Heav'ns and all the Pow'rs there-in. To Thee Cher-u-bim and



# MORNING CANTICLES.

*dim.*

Se - ra-phim con-tin-u-al-ly do cry, Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Lord

*dim. p cres.*

*Faster. ff*

God of Sa - ba - oth; Heaven and earth are full of the Ma-jesty

*Faster. J = 112.*

of Thy glo - ry. The glo - ri - ous com - pa - ny of the A -

# MORNING CANTICLES.

pos-tles praise Thee. The good - ly fellowship of the Prophets praise Thee. The

no-ble ar - my of Martyrs praise Thee. The Ho-ly Church throughout all the

world doth ac-knowledge Thee; The Fa-ther of an in-fi-nite Ma-jesty; Thine

Chotr. *p*

*mf* *f* *mf* *mf* *f* *f* *dim.* *p* *dim.* *Chotr. p*

*senza Ped.* *Ped.*

# MORNING CANTICLES.

hon - or - a - ble, true, and on - ly Son; Al - so the Ho - ly Ghost, the

Com - fort - er. Thou art the King of Glo - ry, O Christ.

*f* Great.

*rall.* *a tempo.*  
Thou art the ev - er - last - ing Son of the Fa - ther. When Thou took - est up -

*rall.* Choir. *p*  
*senza Ped.*

# MORNING CANTICLES.

on..... Thee to de - liv - er man, Thou didst not ab - hor the

Vir - gin's womb. *p* *cres.*

When Thou hadst o-ver-come the sharp - ness of death, Thou didst

*Swell.*  
*Ped.*

*a tempo.*  
*f* *dim.* *rall.* Thou sit - test at the

o - pen the Kingdom of Heav'n to all be - liev - ers.

# MORNING CANTICLES.

right-hand of God, in the Glo - ry of..... the Fa - ther. *mf*

*p*

*rall.* *slow and soft.* *p* **SOLO OR FULL.** We be - lieve that Thou shalt come to be our Judge.....

*senza Ped.*

help Thy ser - vants, whom Thou hast re-deem-ed with Thy pre - cious blood.

*dim.*

# MORNING CANTICLES.

*Faster.* *cres.* *ff*

Make them to be number'd with Thy Saints, in glo - ry ev - er - last -

*Faster.* *cres.* *ff*

*Ped.*

*slower.*

ing. O Lord, save Thy peo - ple, and bless Thine her - it - age.

*Chotr. p slower.* *rall.*

*mf* *cres.* *very slow.*

Gov - ern them, and lift them up for ev - - er.

*Great. mf* *Swell.*

*♩ = 60.*

# MORNING CANTICLES.

*Fast. f*

Day by day we mag-ni-fy Thee; And we worship Thy Name ev-er

*Fast. f*  $\text{♩} = 112.$

*slower. cres. dim.*

world with-out end, Vouch-safe, O Lord, to keep us this day with-out

*slower. cres. dim.*

SOLO OR SEMI-CHORUS.

sin. *mf* O Lord, have mer-cy up-on us, have mer-cy up-

*p dim.*

# MORNING CANTICLES.

on..... us. **BASS SOLO OR CHORUS.**

*mf* O Lord, let Thy mer - cy light - en up - on us,

*slow. cres.*  
O Lord, in Thee have I trust - ed, in

*rall.*  
as our trust is in..... Thee.

*slow. ♩ = 60.*  
*rall.*

*pp*  
Thee have I trust - ed: let me nev - er be con - found - ed.

*mf* *p* *pp*



MORNING CANTICLES.

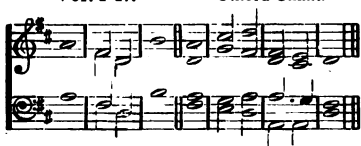
BENEDICITE, OMNIA OPERA DOMINI.

31 Ver. 1-17.

Oxford Chant.

32 Ver. 18-25.

Ancient Chant.



Ver. 26 to end.

Oxford Chant.



33 No. 2.

L. VAN BEETHOVEN.



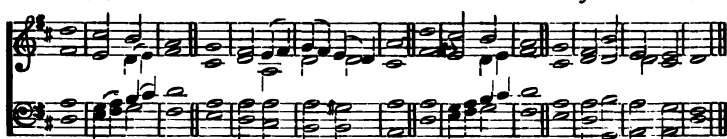
34 No. 3.

W. H. HAVERGAL.



35 No. 4.

J. BATTISHILL.



1 O all ye Works of the Lórd | bless · ye the | Lord : práise him, and | magnify | him for | ever.

2 O ye Angels of the Lórd | bless · ye the | Lord : práise him, and | magnify | him for | ever.

3 O ye Héavens | bless · ye the | Lord : práise him, and | magnify | him for | ever.

4 O ye Waters that be above the firmament | bless · ye the | Lord : práise him, and | magnify | him for | ever.

5 O all ye Powers of the Lórd | bless · ye the | Lord : práise him, and | magnify | him for | ever.

6 O ye Sun and Móon | bless · ye the | Lord : práise him, and | magnify | him for | ever.

# MORNING CANTICLES.

7 O ye Stars of héaven | bless · ye the | Lord : práise him, and | magnify | him for | ever.

8 O ye Showers and Déw | bless · ye the | Lord : práise him, and | magnify | him for | ever.

9 O ye Winds of Gód | bless · ye the | Lord : práise him, and | magnify | him for | ever.

10 O ye Fire and Héat | bless · ye the | Lord : práise him, and | magnify | him for | ever.

11 O ye Winter and Súmmer | bless · ye the | Lord : práise him, and | magnify | him for | ever.

12 O ye Dewes and Frósts | bless · ye the | Lord : práise him, and | magnify | him for | ever.

13 O ye Frost and Cólđ | bless · ye the | Lord : práise him, and | magnify | him for | ever.

14 O ye Ice and Snów | bless · ye the | Lord : práise him, and | magnify | him for | ever.

15 O ye Nights and Dáys | bless · ye the | Lord : práise him, and | magnify | him for | ever.

16 O ye Light and Dárkness | bless · ye the | Lord : práise, and | magnify | him for | ever.

17 O ye Lightnings and Clóuds | bless · ye the | Lord : práise him, and | magnify | him for | ever.

18 O let the Eárh | bless the | Lord : yea let it práise him, and | magnify | him for | ever.

19 O ye Mountains and Hílls | bless · ye the | Lord : práise him, and | magnify | him for | ever.

20 O all ye Green Things upon the eárh | bless · ye the | Lord : práise him, and | magnify | him for | ever.

21 O ye Wélls | bless · ye the | Lord : práise him, and | magnify | him for | ever.

22 O ye Seas and Flóods | bless · ye the | Lord : práise him, and | magnify | him for | ever.

23 O ye Whales, and all that move in the wáters | bless · ye the | Lord : práise him, and | magnify | him for | ever.

24 O all ye Fowls of the afr | bless · ye the | Lord : práise him, and | magnify | him for | ever.

25 O all ye Beasts and Cátte | bless · ye the | Lord : práise him, and | magnify | him for | ever.

26 O ye Children of Mén | bless · ye the | Lord : práise him, and | magnify | him for | ever.

27 O let I'sraél bless | the | Lord : práise him, and | magnify | him for | ever.

28 O ye Priests of the Lórd | bless · ye the | Lord : práise him, and | magnify | him for | ever.

29 O ye Servants of the Lórd | bless · ye the | Lord : práise him, and | magnify | him for | ever.

30 O ye Spirits and Souls of the Ríghteous | bless · ye the | Lord : práise him, and | magnify | him for | ever.

31 O ye holy and humble Men of héart | bless · ye the | Lord : práise him, and | magnify | him for | ever.

Glory be to the Fáther | and · to the | Son : ánd | to the | Holy | Ghost ;  
As it was in the beginning \* is nów, and | ever | shall be : wórlđ with-

out | end · = | A · = | men.

MORNING CANTICLES.

BENEDICTUS.

36

PARKE.



37

W. CROFT.



38

W. H. MONK.



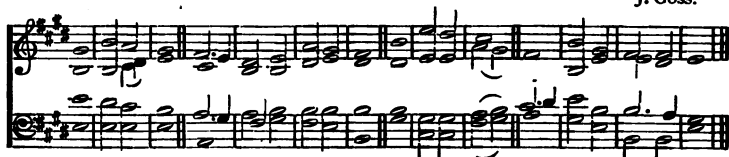
39

W. H. MONK.



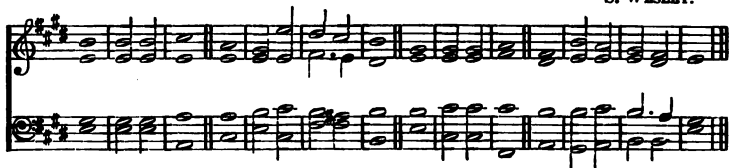
40

J. GOSS.



41

S. WESLEY.



42

W. CROUCH.

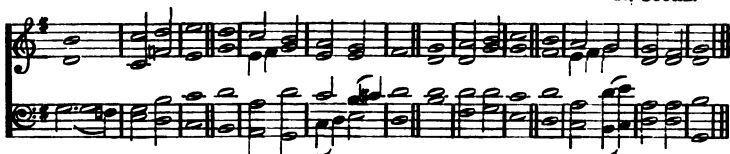


MORNING CANTICLES.

43

BENEDICTUS.

R. COOKE.



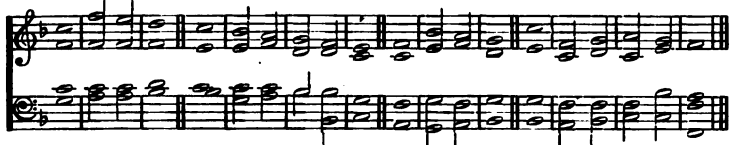
44

Ver. 1, 2, 5, 6, 9, 10.

D. E. HERVEY.



Ver. 3, 4, 7, 8, 11, 12.



St. Luke 1. 68.

1 Blessed be the Lórd | God of | Israel: for he hath vísited | and re | deemed · his | people;

2 And hath raised up a míghty sal | vation | for us; in the hóuse | of his | servant | David;

3 As he spake by the móuth of his | holy | Prophets: which have béen | since the | world be | gan;

4 That we should be sáved | from our | enemies: and fróm the | hand of | all that | hate us.

5 To perform the mercy prómised to | our fore | fathers: ánd to re | member · his | holy | covenant;

6 To perform the oath which he sware to our fórefather | Abra | ham: thát | he would | give · = | us;

7 That we being delivered out of the hánd | of our | enemies: might sérvé | him with | out · = | fear;

8 In holiness and ríghteous | ness be | fore him: áll the | days · = | of our | life.

9 And thou child, shalt be called the próphet | of the | Highest: for thou shalt go before the face of the Lórd | to pre | pare his | ways;

10 To give knowledge of salvátió | unto · his | people: fór the re | mis- sion | of their | sins,

11 Through the tender mércy | of our | God: whereby the day-spring fróm on | high hath | vísited | us;

12 To give light to them that sit in darkness \* and ín the | shadow · of | death: and to guide our féet | into · the | way of | peace.

Glory be to the Fátther | and · to the | Son: ánd | to the | Holy | Ghost ; As it was in the beginníng \* is nów, and | ever | shall be: wórd with- out | end · = | A · = | men.

MORNING CANTICLES.

JUBILATE DEO.

45

B. COOKE.



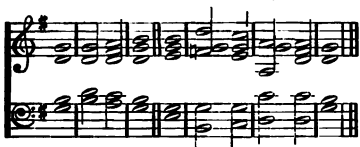
46

E. G. MONK.



47

I. TURL.



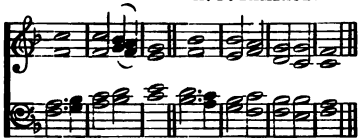
48

F. A. G. OUSELEY.



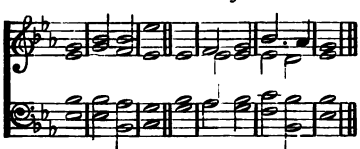
49

E. F. RIMBAULT.



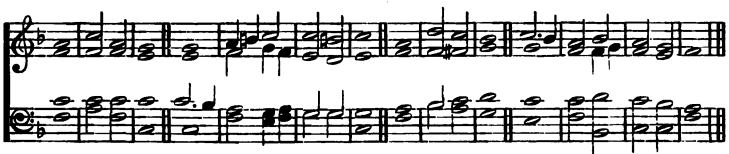
50

E. J. HOPKINS.



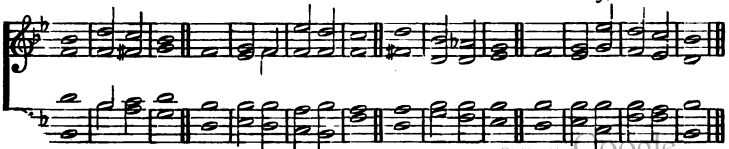
51

H. ALDRICH.



52

J. S. SMITH.



MORNING CANTICLES.

JUBILATE DEO.

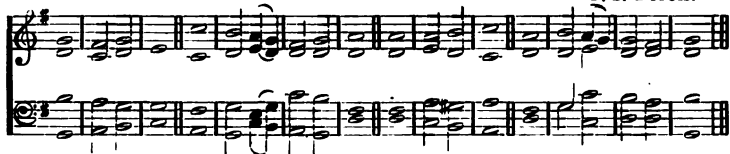
53

R. WOODWARD.



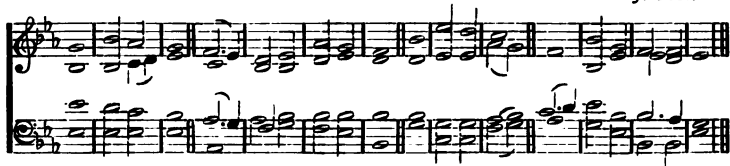
54

T. S. DUPUIS.



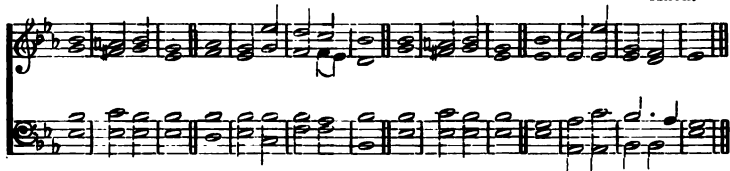
55

J. GOSS.



56

ANON.



Psalm c.

1 O be joyful in the LORD | all ye | lands: serve the LORD with glad-  
ness \* and come before his | presence | with a | song.

2 Be ye sure that the LORD he is God \* it is he that hath made us and  
not | we our | selves: we are his people, and the | sheep of | his = |  
pasture.

3 O go your way into his gates with thanksgiving \* and into his | courts  
with | praise: be thankful unto him, and | speak good | of his | Name.

4 For the LORD is gracious \* his mercy is | ever | lasting: and his truth  
endureth from gen- | er- | ation to | gen- | er- | ation.

Glory be to the Father | and to the | Son: and | to the | Holy | Ghost;  
As it was in the beginning \* is now, and | ever | shall be: world with-  
out | end = | A = | men.

MORNING CANTICLES.

JUBILATE DEO.

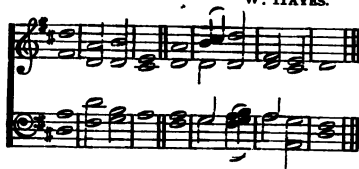
57

R. GOODSON.



58

W. HAYES.



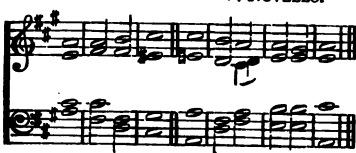
59

J. GOSS.



60

V. NOVELLO.



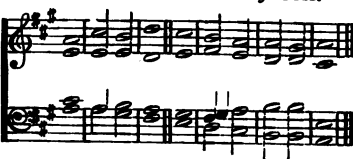
61

R. FARRANT.



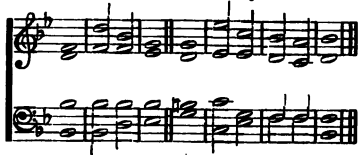
62

J. GOSS.



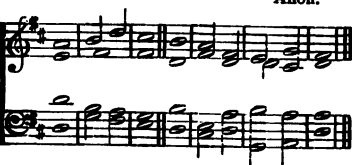
63

G. J. ELVEY.



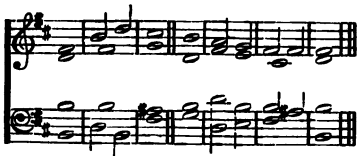
64

Anon.



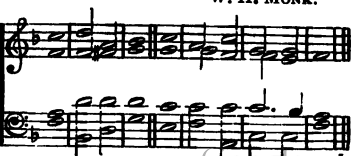
65

Anon.



66

W. H. MONK.

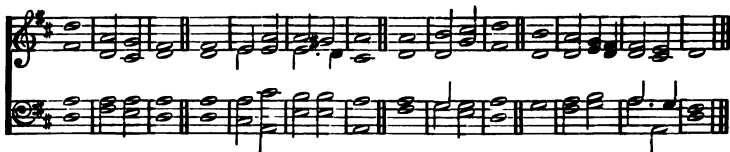


MORNING CANTICLES.

JUBILATE DEO.

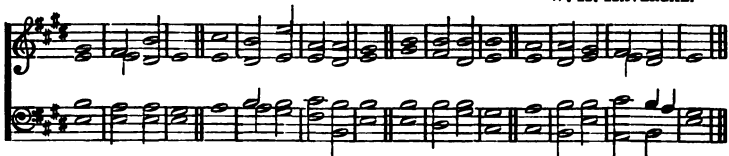
67

W. BOYCE.



68

W. H. HAVERGAL.



69

J. TURL.



70

Fr. G. F. HANDEL.



Psalm c.

1 O be joyful in the LORD | all ye | lands: serve the LORD with glad-  
ness \* and come before his | presence | with a | song.

2 Be ye sure that the LORD he is God \* it is he that hath made us and  
not | we our | selves: we are his people, and the | sheep of | his ' = | pasture.

3 O go your way into his gates with thanksgiving \* and into his | courts  
with | praise: be thankful unto him, and | speak good | of his | Name.

4 For the LORD is gracious \*.his mércy is | ever | lasting: and his truth  
endureth from géner | ation \* to | gener | ation.

Glory be to the Fátther | and \* to the | Son: and | to the | Holy | Ghost;

As it was in the beginning \* is nów, and | ever | shall be: wórl'd with-  
out | end \* = | A \* = | men.



# Evening Canticles.

## MAGNIFICAT.

71

J. BARNBY.



72

E. J. HOPKINS.



73

J. MEDLEY.



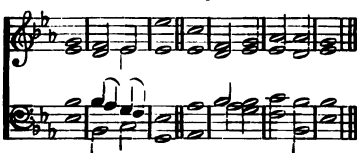
74

W. RUSSELL.



75

J. BATTISHILL.



76

W. DYCE.



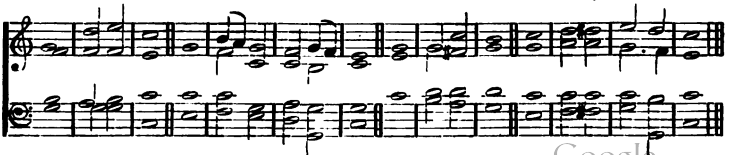
77

F. H. ROWSE.



78

C. E. KETTLE.



EVENING CANTICLES.

79

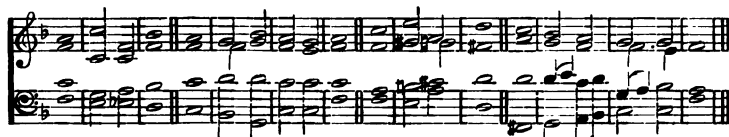
MAGNIFICAT.

S. WESLEY



80

H. P. MAIN.



81

R. LANGDON.



82

H. SMART.



St. Luke i. 46.

1 My soul doth mágni | fy the | Lord : and my spirit hàth re | joiced ·  
in | God my | Saviour.

2 Fòr he | hath re | garded : the lówli | ness of | his hand | maiden.

3 Fòr be | hold from | henceforth : áll gener | ations · shall | call me |  
blessed.

4 For he that is míghty hath | magni · fied | me : ánd | holy | is his | Name.

5 And his mércy is on | them that | fear him : thróugh | out all | gener |  
ations.

6 He hath showed stréngth | with his | arm : he hath scattered the proud  
in the imágin | ation | of their | hearts.

7 He hath put down the míghty | from their | seat : and háth ex | alted  
· the | humble · and | meek.

8 He hath filled the húngry with | good · = | things : and the rích he  
hath | sent · = | empty · a | way.

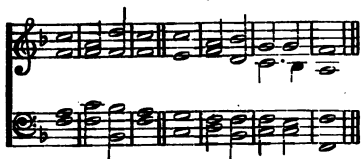
9 He remembering his mercy hath hólpen his | servant | Israel : as he  
promised to our forefathers \* A'braham | and his | seed for | ever.

Glory be to the Fátther | and · to the | Son : ánd | to the | Holy | Ghost ;  
As it was in the beginning \* is nów, and | ever | shall be : wórd with-  
out | end · = | A · = | men.

EVENING CANTICLES.  
CANTATE DOMINO.

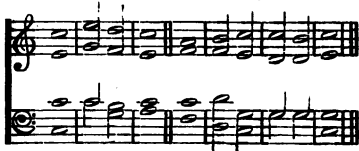
83

E. F. RIMBAULT.



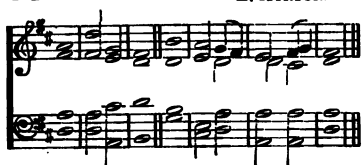
84

S. ELVEY.



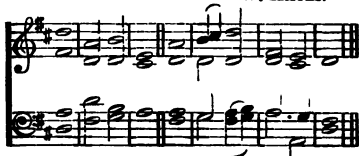
85

E. AYRTON.



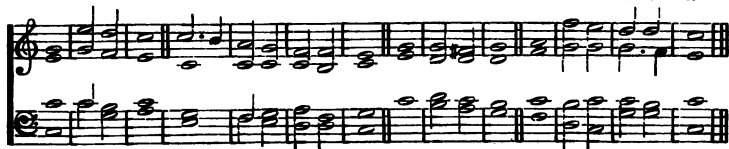
86

W. HAYES.



87

H. LAWES.



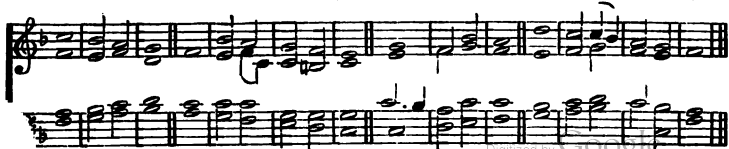
88

York Chant.



89

E. HIGGINS.



EVENING CANTICLES.  
 CANTATE DOMINO.

90

A. BENNETT.



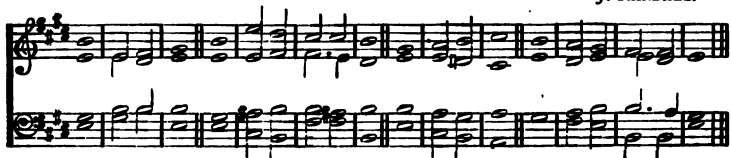
91

G. C. WELLESLEY.



92

J. RANDALL.



Psalm xcvi.

1 O sing unto the LORD a | new = | song: for hé hath | done = | mar-  
vellous | things.

2 With his own right hand \* and with his | holy | arm: háth he | got-  
ten | him | self the | victory.

3 The LORD decláred | his sal | vation: his righteousness hath he openly  
shówed in the | sight = | of the | heathen.

4 He hath remembered his mercy and truth tóward the | house of |  
Israel: and all the ends of the world have séen the sal|vation|of our|God.

5 Show yourselves joyful unto the LÔRD | all ye | lands: sing, re | joice  
and | give = | thanks.

6 Praise the LÔRD up | on the | harp: sing to the hárp with a | psalm  
of | thanks = | giving.

7 With trúmpets | also = and | shawms: O show yourselves jóyful be |  
fore the | LORD the | King.

8 Let the sea make a noise \* and ál that | therein | is: the round wórlđ,  
and | they that | dwell there | in.

9 Let the floods clap their hands \* and let the hills be joyful togethér  
be | fore the | LORD: fór he | cometh = to | judge the | earth.

10 With righteousness shall he | judge the | world: ánd the | people |  
with = | equity.

Glory be to the Fátther | and = to the | Son: ánd | to the | Holy |  
Ghost;

As it was in the beginning \* is nów, and | ever | shall be: wórlđ with-  
out | end = | A = | men.

EVENING CANTICLES.

BONUM EST CONFITERI.

93

R. FARRANT.



94

J. NARES.



95

Scotch Chant.



96

A. H. BROWN.



97

C. W. CORFE.



98

W. LEE.



99

J. TURLE.



100

Anon.



## BONUM EST CONFITERI.

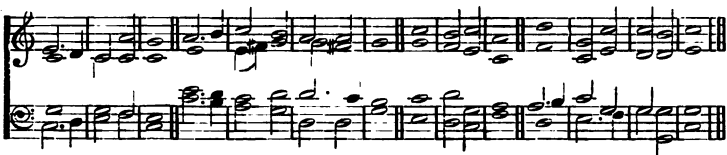
101

T. S. DUPUIS.



102

T. S. DUPUIS.



103

A. BENNETT.



104



## Psalm xcii.

1 It is a good thing to give thanks | unto the | LORD: and to sing  
praises unto thy | Name = | O Most | Highest;

2 To tell of thy loving-kindness éarly | in the | morning: and of thy  
truth | in the | night = | season;

3 Upon an instrument of ten strings \* and up | on the | lute: upon a  
loud instrument | and up | on the | harp.

4 For thou, LORD, hast made me glád | through thy | works: and I will  
rejoice in giving praise for the óper | ations | of thy | hands.

Glory be to the Fátter | and to the | Son: and | to the | Holy | Ghost ;  
As it was in the beginning \* is nów, and | ever | shall be: wórlð with-  
out | end = | A = | men.

EVENING CANTICLES.

NUNC DIMITTIS.

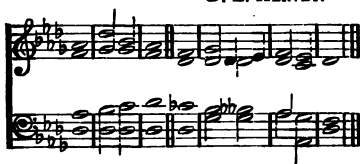
105

V. NOVELLO.



106

D. E. HERVEY.



107

E. W. BULLINGER.



108

J. MEDLEY.



109

H. ALDRICH.



110

J. GOSS.



111

J. BARNBY.



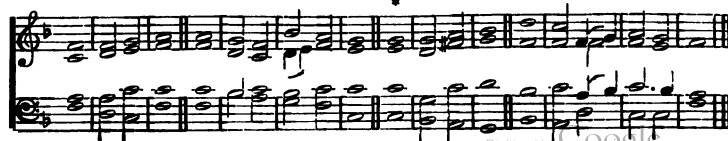
112

ANON.



113

R. LANGDON.

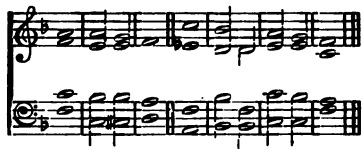


EVENING CANTICLES.

NUNC DIMITTIS.

114

F. H. ROWSE.



115

F. A. G. OUSELEY.



116

J. TURLE.



117

A. BENNETT.



118

J. STAINER from L. SPOHR.



St. Luke ii. 29.

1 Lord, now lettest thou thy sérvant de | part in | peace: ác | cording |  
to thy | word.

2 Fór mine | eyes have | seen: thý | = ' sal | va ' = | tion,

3 Which thou | hast pre | pared: befbre the | face of | all ' = | people;

4 To be a líght to | lighten ' the | Gentiles: and to be the glóry | of  
thy | people | Israel.

Glory be to the Fátther | and ' to the | Son: ánd | to the | Holy | Ghost.

As it was in the beginning \* is nów, and | ever | shall be: wórl'd with-  
out | end ' = | A ' = | men.



EVENING CANTICLES.  
DEUS MISEREATUR.

119

T. AYLWARD.



120

H. ALDRICH.



121

A. DEAN.



122

C. GIBBONS.



123

J. BARNBY.



124

Gregorian.



125

W. P. PROPERT.



126

J. ROBINSON.



EVENING CANTICLES.

DEUS MISEREATUR.

127

L. VAN BEETHOVEN.



128

J. DAVY.



129

W. HAWES.



180

J. SOAPER.



Psalm lxxvii.

1 God be merciful unto | us and | bless us : and show us the light of his countenance \* and be | merci ful | unto | us ;

2 That thy way may be | known up on | earth : thy saving | health a | mong all | nations.

3 Let the people praise | thee O | God : yea let | all the | people | praise thee.

4 O let the nations rejoice | and be | glad : for thou shalt judge the folk righteously \* and govern the | nations up | on = | earth.

5 Let the people praise | thee O | God : yea let | all the | people | praise thee.

6 Then shall the earth bring | forth her | increase : and God, even our own God, shall | give = | us his | blessing.

7 God shall | bless = | us : and all the ends of the | world shall | fear = | him.

Glory be to the Father | and to the | Son : and | to the | Holy Ghost ; As it was in the beginning \* is now, and | ever | shall be : world without | end = | A = | men.

EVENING CANTICLES.

BENEDIC ANIMA MEA.

181

E. G. MONK.



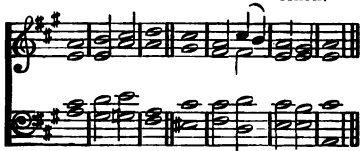
182

H. P. MAIN.



183

ANON.



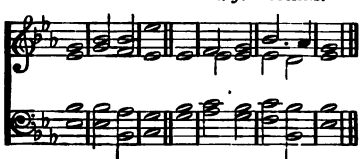
184

E. G. MONK.



185

E. J. HOPKINS.



186

W. DYCE.



187

W. CROTCH.



188

ANON.

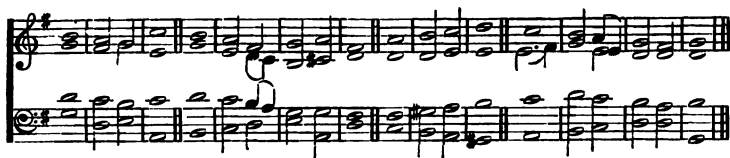


EVENING CANTICLES.

BENEDIC ANIMA MEA.

139

S. WESLEY.



140

T. NORRIS.



141

B. COOKE.



142

I. BARROW.



Psalm ciii.

- 1 Praise the LÓRD | O my | soul : and all that is withín me | praise his | holy | Name.
  - 2 Praise the LÓRD | O my | soul : and for | get not | all his | benefits :
  - 3 Who forgívet | all thy | sin : and héaleth | all = | thine in | firmities ;
  - 4 Who saveth thy life | from de | struction : and crowneth thee with | mercy · and | loving | kindness.
  - 5 O praise the LÓRD ye angels of his \* yé that ex | cel in | strength : ye that fulfill his commandment \* and hearken únto the | voice · = | of his | word.
  - 6 O praise the LÓRD, all | ye his | hosts : ye sérvants of | his that | do his | pleasure.
  - 7 O speak good of the LORD, all ye works of his \* in all places of | his do | minion : praise thóu the | LORD · = | O my | soul.
- Glory be to the FÁther | and · to the | Son : and | to the | Holy | Ghost ;  
As it was in the beginning \* is nów, and | ever | shall be : wórlð with-  
out | end · = | A · = | men.

# Occasional Anthems.

## Easter Day.

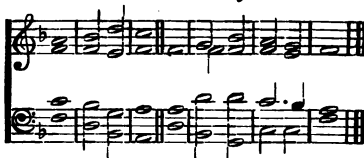
143

W. SAVAGE.



144

F. A. J. HERVEY.



145

W. CROTCH.



146

E. HIGGINS.



(Instead of the Psalm. O come, let us sing, etc.)

1 Christ our Passover is sacrified for us: therefore let us keep the feast.

2 Not with old leaven \* neither with the leaven of malice and wickedness; but with the unleavened bread of sincerity and truth. 1 Cor. v. 7.

3 Christ being raised from the dead dieth no more: death hath no more dominion over him.

4 For in that he died \* he died unto sin = once: but in that he liveth he liveth unto God.

5 Likewise reckon ye also yourselves to be dead indeed unto sin: but alive unto God through Jesus Christ our Lord. Rom. vi. 9.

6 Christ is risen from the dead: and become the first fruits of them that slept.

7 For since by man came death: by man came also the resurrection of the dead.

8 For as in Adam all = die: even so in Christ shall all be made alive. 1 Cor. xv. 20.

Glory be to the Father and to the Son: and to the Holy Ghost;  
As it was in the beginning \* is now, and ever shall be: world without end = Amen.

OCCASIONAL ANTHEMS.

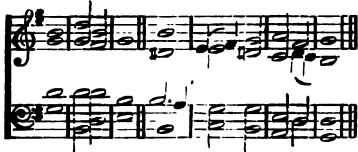
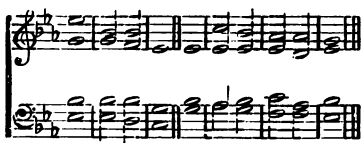
Thanksgiving Day.

147

J. BATTISHILL.

148

F. A. G. OUSELEY.



149

G. C. WELLESLEY.



150

W. CROTCH.



(Instead of the Venite Exultemus Domino.)

1 O praise the LORD \* for it is a good thing to sing praises | unto · our | God: yea, a joyful and pleasant thing it | is to | be · = | thankful.

2 The LORD doth build up Je | rusa | lem: and gather together | the out | casts of | Israel.

3 He healeth those that are | broken in | heart: and giveth | medicine · to | heal their | sickness.

4 O sing unto the LORD with | thanks · = | giving: sing praises upon the | harp · = | unto · our | God.

5 Who covereth the heaven with clouds \* and prepareth rain | for the | earth: and maketh the grass to grow upon the mountains \* and herb | for the | use of | men;

6 Who giveth fodder | unto · the | cattle: and feedeth the youth | ravens · that | call up | on him.

7 Praise the LORD, O' Je | rusa | lem: praise | = · thy | God O | Sion.

8 For he hath made fast the bars | of thy | gates: and hath | blessed · thy | children · with | in thee.

9 He maketh peace | in thy borders: and filleth thee | with the | flour of | wheat.

Glory be to the Father | and · to the | Son: and | to the | Holy | Ghost;  
As it was in the beginning \* is now, and | ever | shall be: world with-  
out | end · = | A · = | men.

## Consecration of a Church.

151

G. J. ELVEY.



152

R. FARRANT.



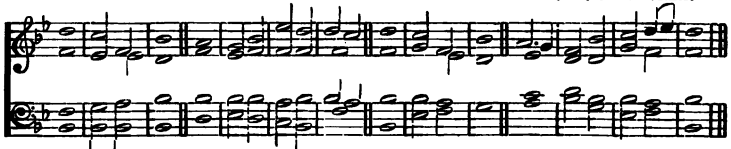
153

T. NORRIS.



154

H. W. GREATORREX.



## Psalm xxiv.

1 The earth is 'the LORD's \* and áll that | therein | is: the compass of  
the wórl'd, and | they that | dwell there | in.

2 For he hath fóunded it up | on the | seas: and prépared | it up | on  
the | floods.

3 Who shall ascend into the h'ill | of the | LORD: or who shall rise úp |  
in his | holy | place?

4 Even he that hath clean hánds and a | pure = | heart: and that hath  
not lift up his mind unto vanity \* nor swórn | to de | ceive his | neighbor.

5 He shall receive the bléssing | from the | LORD: and righteousness  
fróm the | God of | his sal | vation.

6 This is the generátion of | them that | seek him: even of thém that |  
seek thy | face O | Jacob.

7 Lift up your heads O ye gates \* and be ye lift up ye éver | lasting |  
doors: and the Kíng of | glory | shall come | in.

8 Whó is this | Kíng of | glory: it is the LORD strong and mighty \* éven  
the | LORD = | mighty = | in | battle.

9 Lift up your heads O ye gates \* and be ye lift up ye éver | lasting |  
doors: and the Kíng of | glory | shall come | in.

10 Whó is this | Kíng of | glory: Even the LORD of hósts | he = | is the |  
Kíng of | glory.

Glory be to the Fát'her | and = | to the | Son: and | to the | Holy | Ghost;

As it was in the beginníng \* is nów, and | ever | shall be: wórl'd with-  
out | end = | A = | men.

OCCASIONAL ANTHEMS.

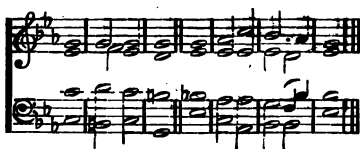
Burial of the Dead.

155

W. FELTON.

156

L. T. DOWNES.



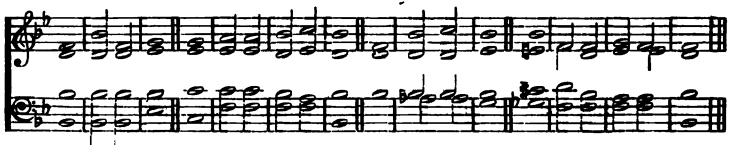
157

FROM BEETHOVEN. by J. GOSS.



158

FROM BEETHOVEN.



(One or both of the following Selections taken from the 39th and 90th Psalms.)

1 Lord, let me know mine end \* and the number | of my | days: that I may be certified how | long I | have to | live.

2 Behold, thou hast made my days as it were a | span = | long: and mine age is even as nothing in respect of thee \* and verily every man living is | alto | gether | vanity.

3 For man walketh in a vain shadow \* and disquieteth him | self in | vain: he heapeth up riches, and cannot tell | who shall | gather | them.

4 And now, Lord, what | is my | hope: truly my | hope is | even in | thee.

5 Deliver me from all | mine of | fences: and make me not a re | buke = | unto | the | foolish.

6 When thou with rebukes dost chasten man for sin \* thou makest his beauty to consume away \* like as it were a moth | fretting \* a | garment: every man | therefore | is but | vanity.

7 Hear my prayer O Lord \* and with thine ears con | sider \* my | calling: hold not thy | peace = | at my | tears;

8 For I am a stranger with thee | and a | sojourner: as | all my | fathers | were.

9 O spare me a little \* that I may re | cover \* my | strength: before I go hence | and be | no more | seen.

Glory be to the Father | and \* to the | Son: and | to the | Holy | Ghost;

As it was in the beginning \* is now, and | ever | shall be: world with- out | end = | A = | men.



OCCASIONAL ANTHEMS.

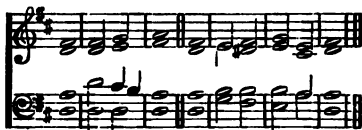
Burial of the Dead.

155

W. FELTON.

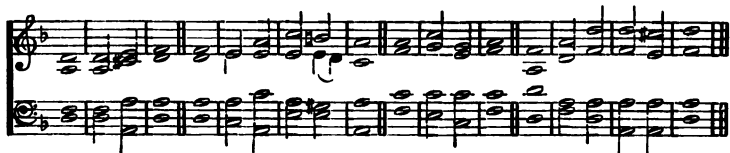
156

L. T. DOWNES.



159

T. MORLEY.



160

J. FLINTOFT.



1 Lord, thóu hast | been our | refuge: from óne gener|ation| to an|other.

2 Before the mountains were brought forth \* or ever the eárrh and the | world were | made: thou art God from everlásting and | world with | out  
= | end.

3 Thou turnest mán | to de | struction: again thou sayest, Cóme a | gain  
ye | children · of men.

4 For a thousand years in thy sight are | but as | yesterday: seeing  
that is pást as a | watch · = | in the | night.

5 As soon as thou scatterest them \* they are éven | as a | sleep: and fáde  
away | sudden · ly | like the | grass.

6 In the morning it is green and | groweth | up: but in the evening it  
is cut dówn | dried | up and | withered.

7 For we consume áway in | thy dis | pleasure: and are afráid at thy |  
wrathful | indig | nation.

8 Thou hast sét our mis | deeds be | fore thee: and our secret sins in  
the | light of | thy · = | countenance.

9 For when thou art angry, áll our | days are | gone: we bring our years  
to an end \* as it wére a | tale · = | that is | told.

10 The days of our age are threescore years and ten \* and though men be  
so strong that they cóme to | fourscore | years: yet is their strength then  
but labour and sorrow \* so soon pásseth it a | way and | we are | gone.

11 O téach us to | number · our | days: that we may apply our | hearts  
· = | unto | wisdom.

Glory be to the Fáther | and · to the | Son: ánd | to the | Holy | Ghost;  
As it was in the beginning\* is nów, and | ever | shall be: world with-  
ut | end · = | A · = | men.

## Index of First Lines.

Giving also, in parenthesis, the numbers of such Hymns as were in the old Hymnal.

HYMN		HYMN	
A charge to keep I have . . . . .	(474) 501	Blest be the tie that binds. . . . .	(315) 672
A few more years shall roll. . . . .	(38) 203	Blest day of God ! most calm . . . . .	(149) 31
A tower of strength. . . . .	416	Blow ye the trumpet, blow ! . . . . .	330
Abide with me. . . . .	(335) 12	Bow down Thine ear, almighty Lord. . . . .	284
Above the clear blue sky. . . . .	570	Bread of heaven, on Thee we feed. . . . .	(209) 224
According to Thy gracious word . . . . .	(211) 233	Bread of the world, in mercy broken. . . . .	(207) 225
Across the sky the shades of night. . . . .	202	Breast the wave, Christian . . . . .	(472) 656
All glory, laud, and honor . . . . .	(72) 190	Brief life is here our portion . . . . .	(491) 406
All hail the power of Jesus' Name. . . . .	(424) 450	Brightest and best of the sons. . . . .	(37) 66
All my heart this night rejoices . . . . .	538	Brightly gleams our banner. . . . .	515
All people that on earth do dwell . . . . .	(405) 470	By Christ redeemed . . . . .	236
All praise to Him Who built the hills. . . . .	463	By cool Siloam's shady rill. . . . .	(224) 555
All praise to Thee, eternal Lord . . . . .	320		
All praise to Thee, my God. . . . .	(333) 18	Call Jehovah thy salvation . . . . .	415
Alleluia ! Alleluia ! . . . . .	123	Call them in ! the poor . . . . .	619
Alleluia ! sing to Jesus ! . . . . .	368	Calm on the listening ear of night . . . . .	(26) 55
Alleluia, song of gladness . . . . .	(430) 73	Children of the heavenly King . . . . .	(449) 452
Almighty Father, bless the word . . . . .	(166) 33	Christ, above all glory seated ! . . . . .	371
Almighty Father, hear our cry . . . . .	307	Christ, by heavenly hosts adored . . . . .	188
Almighty God, Whose only Son. . . . .	499	Christ for the world we sing . . . . .	580
Am I a soldier of the cross ? . . . . .	(471) 508	Christ is made the sure foundation. . . . .	(22) 483
Ancient of days, Who sitteth. . . . .	311	Christ is our corner-stone . . . . .	(279) 294
And now, O Father . . . . .	228	Christ is risen ! Christ is risen ! . . . . .	113
Angels from the realms of glory . . . . .	(24) 60	Christ our King to heaven ascendeth . . . . .	127
Angels, roll the rock away . . . . .	(101) 116	Christ, the Life of all the living . . . . .	361
Angel-voices, ever singing . . . . .	304	Christ the Lord is risen again . . . . .	(106) 114
Approach, my soul, the mercy seat . . . . .	(399) 652	Christ the Lord is risen to-day . . . . .	(98) 111
Arise, O Lord, and shine . . . . .	259	Christ, Whose glory fills the skies . . . . .	(331) 312
Arm of the Lord, awake, awake . . . . .	(287) 265	Christian ! dost thou see them . . . . .	(68) 81
Art thou weary, art thou languid . . . . .	(514) 342	Christians, awake . . . . .	(21) 56
As pants the wearied hart . . . . .	(155) 661	Come, Christian children . . . . .	554
As when the weary traveller gains. . . . .	(450) 677	Come, gracious Spirit . . . . .	(131) 379
As with gladness men of old . . . . .	(45) 65	Come hither, ye faithful . . . . .	(25) 50
Assembled of Thee, O dearest Lord. . . . .	598	Come, Holy Ghost, Creator blest . . . . .	380
Asleep in Jesus ! blessed ! sleep ! . . . . .	(260) 244	Come, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire. (137) 289	
At even, ere the sun was set. . . . .	14	Come, Holy Spirit, come ! . . . . .	(135) 376
At the cross her station keeping. . . . .	103	Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove. (128) 377	
At the Lamb's high feast we sing . . . . .	(100) 118	Come, Jesus, from the sapphire . . . . .	297
At the Name of Jesus . . . . .	518	Come, let us all with one accord . . . . .	26
Awake, and sing the song . . . . .	(463) 369	Come, let us join our cheerful songs. (208) 447	
Awake, my soul, and with the sun. . . . .	(332) 2	Come, let us sing the song of songs ! . . . . .	448
Awake, my soul, stretch every nerve. . . . .	(476) 503	Come, my soul, thou must . . . . .	(330) 3
Awhile in spirit, Lord, to Thee. . . . .	56	Come, my soul, thy suit prepare. . . . .	(401) 651
		Come, praise your Lord and Saviour. . . . .	523
Before Jehovah's awful throne . . . . .	(409) 473	Come, pure hearts . . . . .	(272) 497
Before the ending of the day . . . . .	(359) 21	Come, Thou almighty King . . . . .	(428) 388
Behold a humble train . . . . .	(180) 153	Come, Thou Holy Spirit, come . . . . .	378
Behold the Lamb of God ! . . . . .	(80) 96	Come, Thou long-expected Jesus. . . . .	48
Behold, the Master passeth by ! . . . . .	169	Come to our poor nature's night . . . . .	135
Blessed city, heavenly Salem. . . . .	400	Come unto Me, ye weary . . . . .	437
Blessing, honor, thanks, and praise . . . . .	241	Come, ye disconsolate . . . . .	637
Blest are the pure in heart . . . . .	410	Come, ye faithful, raise the strain . . . . .	110

# INDEX OF FIRST LINES.

## HYMN

Come, ye thankful people, come.....	(306)	193
Conquering kings their titles take.....		322
Creator Spirit, by Whose aid.....	(129)	381
Crown Him with many crowns.....	(116)	374

Day of wrath! oh day of mourning.....	(483)	36
Days and moments quickly flying.....		621
Dear Jesus, ever at my side.....		564
Draw, Holy Ghost.....	(240)	214
Draw nigh and take the Body.....		220
Dread Jehovah, God of Nations.....	(310)	201

Earth has many a noble city.....		63
Eternal Father! strong to save.....	(207)	306
Eternal God! we look to Thee.....		435
Every morning mercies new.....		4

Fair waved the golden corn.....		569
Far from my heavenly home.....	(520)	333
Father, hear Thy children's call.....		529
Father of all, from land and sea.....		495
Father of all, Whose love profound.....	(142)	189
Father of heaven, Who has created all.....		206
Father of mercies, bow Thine ear.....	(371)	257
Father of mercies! in Thy Word.....	(360)	283
Father, whate'er of earthly bliss.....	(440)	670
Fierce was the storm of wind.....		71
Fight the good fight.....		505
Fling out the banner! let it float.....		253
For all the saints.....	(187)	176
For all Thy saints, a noble throng.....		165
For all Thy saints, O Lord.....		181
For Thee, O dear, dear country.....	(492)	407
For Thee, O God.....	(407)	480
For Thy mercy and Thy grace.....		204
Forever with the Lord!.....	(489)	675
Forth in Thy Name, O Lord, I go.....	(318)	639
Forty days and forty nights.....	(89)	79
Forward! be our watchword.....		523
Fountain of good, to own Thy love.....	(296)	269
From all that dwell below the skies.....	(289)	468
From all Thy saints in warfare.....	(175)	174
From every stormy wind that blows.....	(468)	481
From glory unto glory!.....		205
From Greenland's icy mountains.....	(288)	254
From the eastern mountains.....		62

Glorious things of Thee are spoken.....	(190)	490
Glory be to God the Father!.....		617
Glory be to Jesus.....	(74)	363
Glory to the blessed Jesus.....		587
Glory to the Father give.....	(220)	547
Glory to Thee, O Lord, Who by Thy.....		70
Glory to Thee, O Lord.....	(179)	147
Go forward, Christian soldier.....		510
Go, labor on! spend and be spent!.....		584
Go to dark Gethsemane.....	(66)	93
God Almighty, in Thy temple.....		548
God in heaven, hear our singing!.....		578
God moves in a mysterious way.....	(502)	427
God, my Father, hear me pray.....		384
God, my King, Thy might confessing.....	(423)	465
God of love, our Father, Saviour.....		298
O God of grace.....		592
O God, thy throne on high.....		551

## HYMN

God of our fathers, bless this our land.....		195
God of our fathers.....		194
God of the prophets!.....		280
God that madest earth and heaven.....	(344)	19
God the all-merciful!.....		198
God the Father, God the Son.....		528
Golden harps are sounding.....		545
Gracious Saviour, gentle Shepherd.....		555
Gracious Spirit, Holy Ghost.....	(527)	76
Grant us, O our heavenly Father.....		574
Great Creator, Lord of all.....		546
Great God, to Thee my evening song.....	(343)	644
Great God, what do I see and hear!.....	(454)	37
Great Shepherd of the sheep.....		571
Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah.....	(505)	414

Hail! sacred day of earthly rest.....		25
Hail the day that sees Him rise.....		123
Hail, Thou once despised Jesus!.....	(76)	365
Hail to the Lord's Anointed.....	(34)	323
Hail to the Lord Who comes.....		154
Hark! a thrilling voice is sounding.....		41
Hark! hark, my soul!.....	(435)	398
Hark, my soul! it is the Lord.....	(521)	599
Hark! ten thousand voices sounding.....		125
Hark! the glad sound!.....	(15)	47
Hark! the herald angels sing.....	(17)	51
Hark! the loud celestial hymn.....		140
Hark! the sound of holy voices.....	(189)	179
Hark! the voice eternal.....		35
Hark! what mean those holy voices.....	(20)	61
Hasten the time appointed.....	(201)	255
Have mercy, Lord, on me.....	(60)	351
He is risen, He is risen.....	(107)	117
He leadeth me! O blessed thought!.....		616
Heal me, O my Saviour, heal.....		356
Hear our prayer, O heavenly Father.....		647
Hear us, Thou that broodedst.....		133
Heavenly Father, send Thy blessing.....		556
Heavenly Shepherd, Thee we pray.....		290
Heirs of unending life.....	(479)	503
Here, O my Lord, I see Thee.....		219
Holy Father, cheer our way.....		9
Holy Father, great Creator.....	(145)	356
Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord.....	(140)	355
Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God.....	(138)	383
Holy offerings, rich and rare.....		478
Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove.....		524
Holy Spirit, Lord of glory.....		215
Holy Spirit, Lord of Love.....		218
Hosanna! raise the pealing hymn.....		559
Hosanna to the living Lord!.....	(4)	316
Hosanna we sing, like the children.....		560
How beauteous are their feet.....	(44)	498
How firm a foundation.....	(398)	636
How sweet the Name of Jesus.....	(395)	438
How wondrous and great.....	(35)	467
Hushed was the evening hymn.....		568

I am not worthy, holy Lord.....		234
I could not do without Thee.....		603
I do not ask, O Lord.....		633
I heard a sound of voices.....		404
I heard the voice of Jesus say.....	(523)	673
I hunger and I thirst.....		343
I lay my sins on Jesus.....		605

# INDEX OF FIRST LINES.

HYMN	HYMN
I love Thy kingdom, Lord.....(191) 485	Lead us, O Father..... 429
I'm but a stranger here..... 638	Let me with light and truth be blest.....(163) 663
I need Thee every hour..... 602	Let no hopeless tears be shed..... 245
I need Thee, precious Jesus..... 661	Let saints on earth in concert sing..... 391
I think when I read that sweet.....(236) 562	Lift the strain of high thanksgiving..... 299
In exile here we wander..... 74	Lift up, lift up your voices now!..... 119
In His own raiment clad..... 106	Lift up your heads, ye mighty gates..... 464
In His temple new behold Him..... 151	Light of those whose dreary dwelling.....(89) 335
In loud exalted strains.....(159) 482	Light's abode, celestial Salem..... 399
In mercy, not in wrath.....(50) 352	Like Noah's weary dove.....(195) 486
In the cross of Christ I glory..... 359	Lo! He comes with clouds descending.....(1) 39
In the hour of trial.....(443) 340	Lo! the voice of Jesus..... 608
In the Name which earth and heaven..... 292	Lo! what a cloud of witnesses.....(183) 593
In the vineyard of our Father.....(237) 577	Look from Thy sphere of endless day..... 251
In token that thou shalt not fear.....(214) 209	Look, ye saints; the sight is glorious.....(115) 130
Inspirer and hearer of prayer.....(319) 643	Lord, a Saviour's love displaying..... 255
It came upon the midnight clear.....(22) 59	Lord, as to Thy dear cross we flee.....(251) 346
It is not death to die.....(97) 419	Lord, dismiss us with Thy blessing.....(165) 34
	Lord, forever at Thy side.....(46) 649
	Lord God, we worship Thee.....(308) 300
	Lord, her watch Thy Church..... 260
Jerusalem, my happy home.....(496) 402	Lord, I hear of showers of blessing..... 599
Jerusalem, the golden!.....(493) 406	Lord, in this Thy mercy's day.....(63) 58
Jesus, and shall it ever be.....(218) 597	Lord, in Thy Name.....(172) 189
Jesus calls us; o'er the tumult..... 143	Lord, it belongs not to my care..... 665
Jesus came, the heavens adoring..... 318	Lord, it is good for us to be..... 166
Jesus Christ is passing by..... 592	Lord Jesus, by Thy passion..... 635
Jesus Christ is risen to-day.....(99) 112	Lord Jesus, think on me..... 614
Jesus, from Thy throne on high..... 526	Lord Jesus! when we stand afar..... 95
Jesus, gentlest Saviour..... 576	Lord, lead the way the Saviour went.....(300) 279
Jesus, high in glory..... 550	Lord of all being; throned afar..... 313
Jesus, I live to Thee..... 666	Lord of all power and might..... 336
Jesus, I my cross have taken.....(236) 358	Lord of life, of love, of light..... 301
Jesus, in Thy dying woes..... 530	Lord of mercy and of might..... 537
Jesus, King of glory..... 531	Lord of our life..... 496
Jesus lives! thy terrors now.....(104) 122	Lord of the Church, we humbly pray..... 183
Jesus, Lord of life and glory..... 350	Lord of the harvest, hear.....(170) 185
Jesus' lover of my soul.....(399) 335	Lord of the harvest, it is right..... 292
Jesus, meek and gentle.....(236) 567	Lord of the harvest, Thee we hail!..... 190
Jesus, merciful and mild..... 611	Lord of the hearts of men..... 75
Jesus, my Lord, my God, my all..... 600	Lord of the living harvest..... 285
Jesus, my Saviour, look on me.....(394) 341	Lord, pour Thy Spirit from on high.....(270) 183
Jesus, my strength, my hope.....(434) 650	Lord, speak to me, that I may speak..... 586
Jesus! Name of wondrous love!.....(33) 149	Lord, Thy children guide and keep..... 572
Jesus, our risen King..... 367	Lord, Thy Word abideth..... 282
Jesus shall reign where'er the sun.....(234) 261	Lord, when we bend.....(69) 354
Jesus, still lead on..... 420	Lord, Who at Cana's wedding feast..... 237
Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear me.....(352) 534	Lord, Who throughout these forty days..... 78
Jesus, the very thought of Thee.....(455) 434	Lord, with glowing heart.....(454) 443
Jesus, Thou joy of loving hearts!..... 430	Love divine, all love excelling.....(456) 432
Jesus, Thy boundless love to me..... 625	Love of Jesus, all divine..... 667
Jesus, to Thy table led..... 223	Loving Shepherd of Thy sheep..... 502
Jesus! where'er Thy people meet..... 296	
Jesus, with Thy church abide..... 535	
Joy fills our inmost heart to-day..... 539	
Joy to the world! the Lord is come.....(49) 324	
Just as I am, without one plea.....(693) 606	
	Magnify Jehovah's Name.....(498) 475
King of glory! Saviour dear..... 549	More Love to Thee, O Christ..... 654
King of saints, to whom the number..... 163	Morn's roseate hues..... 130
	My faith looks up to Thee.....(387) 345
Laboring and heavy laden..... 436	My Father, for another night..... 640
Lamb of God, for sinners slain..... 543	My God, accept my heart this day.....(234) 420
Lamb of God, I look to Thee..... 566	My God, and is Thy table spread.....(305) 281
Lamp of our feet, whereby we trace..... 391	My God, how wonderful Thou art.....(460) 441
Lead, kindly Light.....(512) 423	My God, I love Thee: not because.....(453) 653
Lead us, heavenly Father.....(506) 491	My God, I thank Thee..... 634
	My God, my Father, while I stray.....(360) 637
	My God, permit me not to be.....(57) 308
	My hope is built on nothing less..... 632
	My Jesus, as Thou wilt!..... 634

# INDEX OF FIRST LINES.

	HYMN
My soul, be on thy guard !.....	(470) 504
My soul with patience waits.....	(55) 334
My spirit, on Thy care.....	664
My times are in Thy hand.....	626

Nearer, my God, to Thee.....	(507) 344
New every morning, is the love.....	(329) 1
No change of time shall ever shock.....	(437) 655
Not by Thy mighty hand.....	72
Not to the terrors of the Lord.....	(184) 392
Now a new year opens.....	541
Now from the altar of our hearts.....	(347) 20
Now, my soul, thy voice upraising.....	99
Now thank we all our God.....	(308) 466
Now, the blessed Dayspring.....	157
Now the day is over.....	535
Now the laborer's task is o'er.....	242

Oh, bless the Lord, my soul !.....	(413) 474
O Bread of Life from heaven.....	223
O Brightness of the immortal.....	6
O brothers, lift your voices.....	579
O come, all ye faithful.....	(19) 49
Oh come, and mourn with me awhile.....	(89) 105
O come, loud anthems let us sing.....	(301) 472
O come, O come, Emmanuel.....	(13) 45
O day of rest and gladness.....	(180) 24
O Father, bless the children.....	208
O for a closer walk with God.....	(435) 660
O for a heart to praise my God.....	(467) 439
Oh, for a thousand tongues to sing.....	440
O God, in Whose all-searching eye.....	211
O God of Bethel, by whose hand.....	417
O God of God ! O Light of Light !.....	455
O God of life, Whose power benign.....	138
O God of love, O King of peace.....	(312) 199
O God of mercy, God of might.....	271
O God of mercy ! hearken now.....	275
O God, our help in ages past.....	(29) 418
O God, unseen yet ever near.....	221
O gracious God, in whom I live.....	(66) 338
O happy band of pilgrims.....	511
O happy day, that stays my choice.....	(235) 218
O heavenly Jerusalem.....	401
Oh, help us, Lord : each hour of need.....	337
O Holy Ghost, Thou God of peace.....	494
O Holy, Holy, Holy Lord.....	(139) 137
O Holy Jesu, Prince of Peace.....	232
O Holy Saviour, friend unseen.....	610
O Jesu, crucified for man.....	5
O Jesus, I have promised.....	615
O Jesu ! Lord most merciful.....	360
O Jesu, Saviour of the lost.....	(388) 85
O Jesu, Thou art standing.....	(10) 357
O Jesu, we adore Thee.....	364
O King of saints, we give Thee praise.....	177
O Lamb of God, still keep me.....	363
O Light, Whose beams illumine all.....	424
O little town of Bethlehem.....	58
O Lord, be with us when we sail.....	305
O Lord, of heaven, and earth, and sea.....	477
O Lord of Hosts ! Almighty King.....	197
O Lord of hosts, Whose glory fills.....	(276) 291
O Lord, our strength in weakness.....	278
O Lord, the Holy Innocents.....	(178) 576
O Love divine, that stooped to share.....	627

	HYMN
O love that casts out fear.....	431
O mighty God, Creator, King.....	310
O mother dear, Jerusalem !.....	(496) 403
O One with God the Father.....	68
O Paradise, O Paradise.....	(509) 394
O perfect Love, all human thought.....	233
O praise ye the Lord.....	(406) 471
O quickly come, dread Judge of all.....	42
O sacred Head surrounded.....	(87) 102
O saving Victim, opening wide.....	227
O Saviour, precious Saviour.....	444
O Saviour, Who for man hast trod.....	131
O Sion, haste, thy mission.....	249
O Son of God, our Captain of salvation.....	161
O Son of Man, Thyself once crossed.....	145
O Spirit of the living God.....	(126) 228
Oh, that the Lord's salvation.....	266
O, the bitter shame and sorrow.....	612
O Thou, before the world began.....	229
O Thou, before Whose presence.....	535
O Thou, from Whom all goodness.....	(63) 663
O Thou, in Whom alone is found.....	293
O Thou, in Whom Thy saints repose.....	302
O Thou that hear'st when.....	(386) 86
O Thou, the contrite sinner's friend.....	84
O Thou through suffering.....	273
O Thou to Whose all searching sight.....	(62) 339
O Thou Who didst, with love untold.....	144
O Thou, Who hast at Thy command.....	428
O Thou, Who gav'st Thy servant.....	146
O Thou, Who madest land and sea.....	276
O Thou, Who through this holy week.....	92
Oh 'twas a joyful sound to hear.....	(261) 493
O very God of very God.....	226
Oh, what, if we are Christ's.....	390
Oh, what the joy and the glory must be.....	397
Oh, where shall rest be found.....	(513) 513
Oh, who like Thee, so calm, so bright.....	314
Oh, with due reverence let us all.....	(280) 479
O wondrous type ! O vision fair.....	167
O Word of God incarnate.....	(362) 264
Oh, worship the King.....	(519) 459
O'er the distant mountains breaking.....	46
Of the Father's love begotten.....	52
Off in danger, off in woe.....	(477) 506
On Jordan's bank, the Baptist's cry.....	(12) 44
On the resurrection morning.....	243
On our way rejoicing.....	522
Once in royal David's city.....	(233) 540
Once more, O Lord, thy sign shall be.....	(8) 98
One sole baptismal sign.....	(197) 492
One sweetly solemn thought.....	676
Only one prayer to-day.....	594
Onward, Christian soldiers.....	(232) 516
Onward, Christian ! though the.....	620
Our blest Redeemer, ere He breathed.....	(132) 375
Our day of praise is done.....	23
Our fathers' God ! to Thee.....	196
Our Lord is risen from the dead.....	(117) 132
Out of the deep I call.....	349
For facility of reference, hymns beginning with the word Oh, are printed in this index as if they began with O.	

Peace, perfect peace.....	674
Pleasant are Thy courts above.....	(200) 439
Praise, my soul, the King of heaven.....	(529) 458

# INDEX OF FIRST LINES.

HYMN	HYMN
Praise to God, immortal praise.....(302) 192	Sweet Saviour, bless us ere we go....(388) 22
Praise to the heavenly Wisdom..... 155	Sweet the moments, rich in blessing..(84) 104
Praise to the Holiest in the height..... 453	
Praise we the Lord this day.....(181) 158	Tarry with me, O my Saviour!..... 642
Prince of Peace, control my will..... 618	Ten thousand times ten thousand..... 396
	Tender Shepherd, Thou hast stilled.....(263) 248
Raised between the earth and heaven..... 303	The ancient law departs.....(32) 148
Rejoice, rejoice, believers!.....(5) 43	The angel sped on wings of light..... 156
Rejoice, the Lord is King!..... 457	The Church's one foundation.....(202) 491
Rejoice, ye poor in heart!..... 520	The cross is on our brow..... 212
Rejoice ye sons of men!..... 152	The day is gently sinking to a close.....(349) 7
Resting from His work to-day.....(90) 107	The day is past and gone.....(384) 645
Revive Thy work, O Lord..... 618	The day is past and over.....(341) 16
Ride on! ride on in majesty!.....(73) 91	The day of resurrection!.....(105) 115
Rise, crowned with light.....(36) 487	The eternal gates lift up their heads..... 129
Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings (447) 612	The God of Abraham praise.....(141) 460
Rock of ages, cleft for me.....(391) 386	The God of love my Shepherd is..... 413
Round the Lord in glory seated.....(431) 897	The grave itself a garden is..... 108
	The Head, that once was crowned... (114) 372
Safe upon the billowy deep..... 309	The Heavenly King must come..... 163
Safely, safely gathered in..... 246	The King of love my Shepherd is... (464) 412
Saints of God! the dawn is brightening... 250	The Lord my pasture shall prepare... (504) 659
Saviour, again to thy dear Name....(169) 32	The morning light is breaking..... 252
Saviour, blessed Saviour..... 519	The radiant morn hath passed away..... 8
Saviour, breathe an evening blessing..... 17	The roseate hues of early dawn..... 409
Saviour, for the little one..... 247	The royal banners forward go.....(79) 94
Saviour, like a shepherd lead us... (229) 573	The saints of God! Their conflict past... 175
Saviour, source of every blessing... (370) 442	The shadows of the evening hours... (337) 15
Saviour, sprinkle many nations..... 257	The son of Consolation!..... 162
Saviour! teach me day by day..... 568	The Son of God goes forth to war... (176) 507
Saviour, when in dust to Thee.....(53) 89	The spacious firmament on high... (508) 464
Saviour, when night involves the skies..... 641	The spirit, in our hearts.....(134) 596
Saviour, Who didst come to give..... 226	The strain upraise of joy and praise... (425) 461
Saviour, Who Thy flock art feeding..(213) 207	The strife is o'er, the battle done... (108) 121
Saviour, Whom I fain would love..... 355	The sun is sinking fast.....(345) 10
Saw you never, in the twilight..... 542	The voice that breathed o'er Eden... (248) 240
See the Conqueror mounts..... 126	The world is very evil.....(490) 405
See the destined day arise!.....(81) 97	There is a blessed home.....(317) 679
Shepherd of souls, refresh and bless..(210) 235	There is a fountain filled with blood (338) 593
Shepherd of tender youth..... 446	There is a green hill far away.....(231) 544
Shepherd, with Thy tenderest love..... 411	There is a land of pure delight... (488) 678
Shine Thou upon us, Lord..... 587	There is one way, and only one..... 160
Shout the glad tidings.....(23) 53	There's a friend for little children... 553
Sinful, sighing to be blest..... 347	Thine arm, O Lord, in days of old... 273
Sing Alleluia forth in duteous praise..(432) 462	Thine forever! God of love.....(238) 216
Sing, my soul, His wondrous love... (373) 438	This is the day of light.....(159) 28
Sing my tongue, the Saviour's battle..... 98	Thou art coming, O my Saviour!..... 317
Sing, oh sing, this blessed morn..... 57	Thou art gone up on high.....(113) 873
Sing, with all the sons of glory..... 124	Thou art the Christ, O Lord..... 164
Sing, ye faithful! sing with gladness!..... 517	Thou art the Way, to Thee alone... (501) 425
Softly now the light of day.....(310) 13	Thou didst leave Thy throne..... 319
Soldiers of Christ, arise.....(216) 509	Thou, God, all glory, honor, power... (208) 456
Soldiers of the cross, arise!..... 581	Thou hidden love of God.....(515) 658
Songs of praise the angels sang.....(422) 476	Thou knowest, Lord, the weariness... 630
Songs of thankfulness and praise..... 67	Thou to Whom the sick and dying... 274
Souls in heathen darkness lying... (392) 256	Thou, Who at Thy first Eucharist... 230
Sound aloud Jehovah's praises..... 142	Thou, Who on that wondrous journey... 77
Sovereign ruler of the skies.....(523) 669	Thou Who sentest Thine apostles... 173
Speed Thy servants, Saviour..... 264	Thou Who the night in prayer..... 184
Spirit divine, attend our prayers..... 382	Thou Who with dying lips..... 277
Spirit of mercy, truth, and love... (133) 136	Thou, Whose almighty word.....(146) 327
Spirit of truth, we call..... 300	Though faint, yet pursuing..... 628
Stand, soldier of the cross..... 210	Three in One, and One in Three... 389
Stand up, stand up, for Jesus..... 582	Through Him, Who all our sickness... 538
Stars of the morning..... 170	Through the day Thy love.....(342) 646
Sun of my soul, Thou Saviour dear..(336) 11	Through the night of doubt..... 521

# INDEX OF FIRST LINES.

HYMN	HYMN
Thy kingdom come, O God ! ..... (7) 329	Welcome, sweet day of rest..... (147) 27
Thy life was given for me ! ..... 604	Whate'er my God ordains is right ... (257) 668
Thy Temple is not made with hands..... 295	What thanks and praise to Thee..... 178
Thy way, not mine, O Lord..... (254) 632	When all Thy mercies, O my God..... (426) 657
To bless Thy chosen race..... (255) 500	When at Thy footstool, Lord, I bend..... 591
To Him Who for our sins was slain..... (109) 366	When, doomed to death..... 279
To our Redeemer's glorious Name..... (372) 451	When from the East the wise men..... 64
To Zion's hill I lift my eyes..... (316) 648	When, His salvation bringing..... (219) 558
To the Name of our salvation..... 321	When in the Lord Jehovah's Name..... 557
To Thee, O Comforter divine..... 184	When I survey the wondrous cross ... (83) 101
To Thee, O Father, throned on high..... 239	When Jesus left His Father's throne. (230) 501
To Thee, O Lord, our hearts we raise..... 191	When morning gilds the skies..... 445
To Thee our God we fly ..... 187	When our heads are bowed with woe. (252) 348
To Thy temple I repair..... (163) 30	When, streaming from the eastern... (314) 636
To day Thy mercy calls us..... 590	When the weary, seeking rest..... 609
Triumphant Lord, Thy work is done..... 370	Where the angel-hosts adore Thee..... 171
Triumphant Zion, lift thy head..... (192) 488	Where'er have trod Thy sacred feet..... 315
Turned by Thy grace, I look within..... 593	While o'er the deep Thy servants sail..... 306
	While shepherds watched their flocks. (18) 54
Wake, awake, for night is flying..... 40	While Thee I seek, protecting..... (441) 671
Wake, harp of Zion, wake again..... 267	Who are these in bright array..... (494) 180
Watchman, tell us the night..... (43) 331	Who are these like stars appearing..... 178
We come, Lord, to Thy feet..... 536	Who is this that comes from Ekron ... (77) 449
We give immortal praise..... (143) 141	With broken heart and contrite sigh. (71) 87
We give Thee but Thine own ..... (299) 268	With gladsome hearts we come..... 582
We love the place, O God... 484	With joy we hail the sacred day..... 29
We march, we march to victory !..... 514	With one consent let all the earth... (277) 469
We praise Thy grace, O Saviour..... 159	With tearful eyes I look around..... 651
We sing the glorious conquest..... 150	Within the Father's house..... 69
We sing the praise of Him Who died.. (78) 100	Witness, ye men and angels..... (230) 217
We walk by faith and not by sight..... 426	Work, for the night is coming..... 583
We would see Jesus, for the shadows..... 629	
Weary of earth, and laden with..... (67) 83	Ye Christian heralds, go, proclaim... (290) 263
Weary of wandering from my God... (70) 83	Ye servants of the Lord..... (171) 186
Welcome, happy morning..... 109	

# Alphabetical Index.)

HYMN		HYMN		HYMN	
Adeste Fideles.....	49, 636	Bethany.....	344	Cena Domini.....	220
Ad Lucem.....	633	Bevan.....	467	Corde Natus.....	52
Adoration.....	164	Beverley.....	187, 294	Coronae.....	130
Aitken.....	596	Blessed Home.....	632, 679	Coronation.....	450
Albany.....	311	Blessed Saviour.....	519	Covenant.....	600, 622
Alford.....	396	Blumenthal.....	118	Cowper.....	429
Almegiving.....	477	Bottome.....	538	Crassellius.....	91
Alleluia.....	73	Bowen.....	295, 454	Creation.....	464
Alleluia Perenne.....	202, 402	Boylston 75, 486, 500, 594, 672		Cutler's.....	507
Allhallows.....	373	Braden.....	334, 349		
All Saints.....	178	Bradley.....	420		
Amelia.....	613	Brattle Street.....	409, 671	Darwall.....	482
America.....	196	Brewster.....	559	Dennis.....	419, 486, 614, 672
Ames.....	689	Bridges.....	96	Deva.....	35
Amsterdam.....	512	Brightly Gleams (W. Ref.).....	515	Devotion.....	643
Ancient Litany.....	309	Bristol.....	391	Diademata.....	374
Angelic Songs.....	349	Brockelsbury.....	405, 534	Dies Irae.....	36
Angel's Story.....	444	Brooks.....	509	Dismissal.....	99
Angels.....	169	Brownell.....	685	Dix.....	65, 192, 392
Angel Voices.....	304	Burlington.....	667	Dominus Regit Me.....	156, 412
Arimathea.....	116			Dort.....	580
Arlington.....	508, 588	Cambridge.....	147, 163, 268, 410	Dover.....	69, 408
Armstrong.....	603	Canonbury.....	591	Downs.....	235
Ascension.....	128	Capetown.....	76, 135, 389	Dublin.....	391
Aurelia.....	63, 378, 491, 606	Carey.....	659	Duke Street.....	119, 468
Austin.....	156	Cassidy.....	422	Dundee.....	108, 217, 261
Austria.....	127, 292, 490	Caswall.....	541		
Autumn.....	358, 365	Chalvey.....	306, 378	Eaton.....	42
Avison.....	53	Charity.....	181, 664	Eden.....	159, 240
		Chenies.....	255	Edena.....	231
Baden.....	667	Cherith.....	652	Eden Grove.....	285, 553
Baker.....	536	Chester.....	26	Edina.....	519
Bamberg.....	215	Chesterfield.....	47, 283, 324	Edson.....	560
Barnby.....	514	Childhood.....	565	Elliott.....	8, 120
Batty.....	104	Children's Voices.....	570	Elmhurst.....	610
Beatitude.....	20	Chope.....	240	Ely.....	172
Bedford.....	338	Chorale.....	232	Ellerton.....	32
Beecher.....	432	Christchurch.....	330, 492	Emmans.....	23
Belmont.....	234	Christmas.....	503	Essex.....	111
Bemerton.....	393	Clare.....	364	Eton.....	477
Benevento.....	67, 246	Clark.....	453	Eucharistica.....	368
Bentley.....	487	Claxia.....	576	Eucharistic Hymn.....	225
Berlin.....	177	Cloisters.....	496	Ernan.....	361



# ALPHABETICAL INDEX.

HYMN	HYMN	HYMN
Erakine ..... 271	Heber ..... 417	Lausanne ..... 43, 115
Evan ..... 169, 305, 439, 559	Hebron ..... 146	Le Jeune ..... 408
Evangelists ..... 497	Hegeman ..... 442	Lent ..... 188
Evelyn's ..... 518	Heinlein ..... 79	Leoni ..... 460
Evening ..... 230	He Leadeth Me ..... 616	Lindfield ..... 253
Evening Hymn ..... 7, 558	Hermas ..... 522	Lisbon ..... 158, 186
Even Me ..... 559	Hesperus ..... 80, 478	Litanies ..... 524 to 530
Eventide ..... 12	Hirst ..... 46	Liverpool ..... 648
Evermore ..... 216	Hodges ..... 24	Love ..... 9
Everton ..... 168, 260	Hoffman ..... 629	Love Divine ..... 443
Ewing ..... 208, 406	Holborn ..... 530	Low ..... 545
Exaltation ..... 451	Holden ..... 245	Lucius ..... 564
	Holley ..... 18, 204, 543	Luke ..... 562
Fance ..... 362	Hollingside ..... 241, 611	Lux Benigna ..... 423
Fayfax ..... 587	Holy Offerings ..... 478	Lux Eoi ..... 123, 521
Federal Street	Holy Trinity ..... 382, 653	Lyons ..... 467
279, 339, 575, 584, 597	Holy Voices ..... 61	Lyte ..... 333
Firmament ..... 211	Horsley ..... 544	
Flensburg ..... 88	Horton ..... 551	Magdalena ..... 533, 603
Frankfort ..... 355	Homeland ..... 162, 590, 615	Magdalen College ..... 182
Frederick ..... 623	Homeward ..... 623, 654	Maidstone ..... 385
	Hosanna ..... 316	Maitland ..... 447
	Huntington ..... 513	Mann ..... 667
Garden City ..... 612	Hursley ..... 11, 430	Manoah ..... 85, 393, 554
Gaudete ..... 539	Humility ..... 100	Mansfield ..... 243
Geer ..... 209		Mant ..... 97, 348
Geneva ..... 129	Immortal Praise ..... 141	Marion (W. Ref.) ..... 520
Gerhardt ..... 361	I Need Thee ..... 602	Marketfield ..... 157
Germany ..... 132, 370	Ingleside ..... 571	Marshall ..... 645
Gethsemane ..... 93	Innocents ..... 322, 476, 566	Martyn ..... 301, 335
Glastonbury ..... 247	Innsbruck ..... 184	Martyrdom ..... 92, 593, 660
God of our Fathers ..... 195	Invitation ..... 637	Materna ..... 403
Golden Sheaves ..... 191	Irby ..... 540	Mear ..... 453
Goodlife ..... 532	Italian Hymn ..... 327, 367, 388	Medway ..... 463
Goss ..... 298, 421, 458, 577	Intercession ..... 609	Meinhold ..... 140, 248
Gotha ..... 171		Melcombe ..... 137, 288, 379
Grace Church ..... 33, 308	Jerusalem ..... 237	Melita ..... 229, 276, 306
Grainthorpe ..... 151	Jewett ..... 277, 634	Mendelssohn ..... 51
Granberry ..... 650	Jordan ..... 676	Mendon ..... 136, 293, 307
Grant ..... 175, 314, 381, 658		Merton ..... 29
Greenville ..... 556	Kentucky ..... 153	Mertone ..... 301
Greenwood ..... 666	Kerr ..... 619	Mercy ..... 669
Greer ..... 554	Kimber ..... 592	Mercy Seat ..... 630
Grostete ..... 94	Kirke ..... 644	Merril ..... 535
	Kirkstall ..... 624	Merwin ..... 558
Hamburg ..... 21, 631	Kocher ..... 511	Migdol ..... 87
Hanford ..... 236, 496		Missionary Chant ..... 231, 263
Hanover ..... 459, 471	Laban ..... 352, 390	Missionary Hymn ..... 150, 254
Hart's ..... 599	La Mira ..... 144	Monk ..... 317
Harvest ..... 250	Lancashire ..... 363, 579	Monkland ..... 547
Harwell ..... 124	Laneton ..... 6	Monmouth ..... 37, 202, 416
vdn ..... 455	Langran ..... 82, 661	Monseil ..... 360
h ..... 675	Laudes Domini ..... 445	Moore ..... 635
hlands ..... 57		Morning Hymn ..... 1

# ALPHABETICAL INDEX.

	HYMN		HYMN		HYMN
Moseley .....	343	Princeton .....	541	Spanish Chant .....	80
Moultrie .....	179, 299, 387	Pruen .....	30	Spencer Lane .....	340
Mount Auburn .....	165	Purfleet .....	656	St. Agnes .....	55, 270, 346, 377, 640
Mount Vernon .....	303, 436, 574	Rapture .....	180	St. Alban .....	523, 531
Muhlenberg .....	555	Rathbun .....	63, 258, 359	St. Albina .....	122
Munich .....	284	Ratisbon .....	224, 312	St. Alphege .....	266, 401, 407
Naomi .....	267, 354, 670	Ravenshaw .....	262	St. Ann's .....	78, 392, 418
Nativity .....	493	Redhead .....	39	St. Anatolius .....	16
Neander .....	548	Redhead No. 76 .....	107, 384, 572	St. Andrew .....	81
Nettleton .....	414, 556	Regent Square .....	60, 386, 399, 483	St. Aubyn .....	138
Newton .....	617	Requiem .....	274	St. Austell .....	256
New Year (W. Ref.) .....	62, 522	Requiescat .....	242	St. Barnabas .....	161
Niagara .....	677	Rest .....	244	St. Bernard .....	456
Nicæa .....	383	Resurrexit .....	113	St. Bees .....	149, 347, 438
Norcott .....	50	Retreat .....	86, 423, 480	St. Boniface .....	523
Norfolk .....	275	Rex Gloriæ .....	126	St. Bride .....	351
North Coates .....	550	Richmond .....	651	St. Cecilia .....	329, 431, 484
Nun Danket .....	200, 466	Robbins .....	604	St. Colomb .....	205
Nuremberg .....	552, 581	Rockingham (Mason) .....	595	St. Columba .....	10
Nutfield .....	19	Rockingham (Miller) .....	101, 218, 287, 315	St. Cross .....	105, 494
Oakley .....	599	Rosefield .....	4	St. Cuthbert .....	35, 375
Old Hundred .....	214, 468	Roseville .....	676	St. Frances .....	129
Old 124th .....	280	Rothwell .....	297	St. Francis .....	300
Olive's Brow .....	237, 251, 236	Russia .....	17	St. George's, Windsor .....	193, 331, 489
Olivet .....	345, 446	Russian Hymn .....	198	St. Gertrude (W. Ref.) .....	516
Olmutz .....	27, 72	Ruth .....	518	St. Godric .....	152, 259
Onward (W. Ref.) .....	516	Rutherford .....	601	St. Hilda .....	357
O quanta qualia .....	397	San Remo .....	546	St. Hugh .....	665
Oriel .....	98, 321, 400	San Salvador .....	169, 598	St. John .....	223, 663
Orion .....	166	Santa Laura .....	66	St. John Baptist .....	567
Ortonville .....	326, 433	Sardis .....	325	St. John Damascene .....	395
Packington .....	153	Sarum .....	176	St. Kevin .....	110
Pæan .....	155, 174	Satterlee .....	487	St. Lambert .....	567
Paradise .....	394	Saunders .....	398	St. Lawrence .....	359
Park Street .....	472, 655	Sawley .....	238	St. Leonard .....	15
Pascal .....	84	Scholefield .....	542	St. Louis .....	58
Passion Chorale .....	74	Schumann .....	504	St. Luke .....	309
Pax Dei .....	194	Sefton .....	320	St. Mabyn .....	620
Pax Tecum .....	674	Seymour .....	475, 563	St. Matthias .....	190, 424
Pearshall .....	405	Shawmut .....	513	St. Michael .....	148
Penetentia .....	219	Sherman Square .....	521	St. Millicent .....	245
Penitence .....	14, 160	Shirland .....	70, 186, 569	St. Olave .....	154
Pentecost .....	505	Sicilian Mariners .....	34	St. Oswald .....	257
Perfect Love .....	298	Siloam .....	221, 269	St. Paul's .....	606
Pilgrims .....	398	Silver .....	290	St. Peter .....	337, 425
Pleyel's Hymn .....	236, 452	Silver Street .....	212, 300, 509	St. Philip .....	88, 222, 356, 378
Plymouth .....	511, 635	Sleepers, Wake .....	40	St. Raphael .....	264, 350
Potter .....	588	Smart .....	318	St. Sylvester .....	621
Potts .....	479	Solitude .....	549, 649	St. Theodolph .....	90, 510
Princethorpe .....	608	Southwell .....	402	St. Thomas .....	181, 369, 474, 618
				St. Ulrich .....	223
				St. Ursula .....	561
				St. Vincent .....	662

# ALPHABETICAL INDEX.

HYMN	HYMN	HYMN
Stabat Mater . . . . . 103	Trisagion . . . . . 170	Wavertree . . . . . 83
Staincliffe . . . . . 677	Troas . . . . . 625	Webb . . . . . 252, 404, 582, 585
State Street . . . . . 185, 376, 626	Troyte, No. 1 . . . . . 667	Wells . . . . . 199
Stannett . . . . . 517	Troyte, No. 2 . . . . . 461	Welton . . . . . 139
Stella . . . . . 22, 184	Truro . . . . . 181, 265, 468	Westlake . . . . . 59
Sterula . . . . . 77	Trust . . . . . 442	Weston . . . . . 207
Stephanos . . . . . 342		Whittaker . . . . . 142
Stockwell . . . . . 371, 415, 578, 642	Unde et Memores . . . . . 228	Whittingham . . . . . 607
Story of the Cross . . . . . 106	University College . . . . . 506	Wilkins . . . . . 3
Stuttgart . . . . . 48, 125	Unsel . . . . . 341	Wills . . . . . 143
Sullivan . . . . . 109	Unser Herrscher . . . . . 117, 449, 646	Wilmot . . . . . 41, 647
Sumner . . . . . 145	Uxbridge . . . . . 499	Wimborne . . . . . 167
Sunset Chant . . . . . 7		Winchester . . . . . 44, 313
Swabia . . . . . 28	Varina . . . . . 678	Windham . . . . . 197
Sweden . . . . . 641	Veni . . . . . 319	Wirtzburg . . . . . 114
Swiss Tune . . . . . 302	Veni Creator . . . . . 289	Woodchester . . . . . 537
	Veni Emmanuel . . . . . 45	Woodleigh . . . . . 310
Tallis' Canon . . . . . 575	Verona . . . . . 173	Woodworth . . . . . 272, 606
Tallis' Hymn . . . . . 18	Victory (with alleluia) . . . . . 121	Worgan's . . . . . 112
Tamworth . . . . . 573	Victor . . . . . 289	Work . . . . . 583
Ter Sanctus . . . . . 138	Vigils . . . . . 31	Wraysbury . . . . . 574
Tenderness . . . . . 411	Virginia . . . . . 495	Wrexford . . . . . 413
Thacher . . . . . 71, 210, 596	Vox Dilecti . . . . . 273, 673	
Thalberg . . . . . 102		Yorkshire . . . . . 56
Thanksgiving . . . . . 644		
Thorney . . . . . 366	Waltham . . . . . 253	Zephyr . . . . . 183, 330
Toplady . . . . . 312, 336	Ward . . . . . 5, 353, 627	Zerah . . . . . 54
Topping . . . . . 326	Wareham . . . . . 64, 95, 296, 448	Zoan . . . . . 393
Torrance . . . . . 610	Warrington . . . . . 275	Zuvernicht . . . . . 140

# Metrical Index.

Short Metre.		HYMN		HYMN	
Aitken	596	Geneva	129	Germany	182, 370
Boylston, 75, 486, 500, 594,	672	Greer	554	Grace Church	33, 308
Braden	334, 349	Heber	417	Grosetete	94
Brooks	569	Holy Trinity	882, 659	Hamburg	21, 631
Cambridge, 147, 163, 268,	410	Horsley	544	Hebron	146
Charity	181, 664	La Mira	144	Hesperus	80, 473
Dennis	419, 485, 614, 672	Liverpool	648	Humility	100
Dover	69, 498	Lucius	564	Hursley	11, 430
Emmaus	23	Maitland	447	Kirke	644
Greenwood	666	Manoah	85, 393, 554	Lindfield	253
Heath	675	Martyrdom	92, 593, 660	Medway	463
Huntington	513	Mear	453	Meilcombe	137, 288, 379
Kentucky	153	Merton	29	Mendon	136, 293, 307
Laban	352, 390	Mount Auburn	165	Migdol	87
Lisbon	158, 186	Naomi	267, 354, 670	Missionary Chant	231, 268
Lyte	333	Nativity	493	Morning Hymn	1
Marion (W. Ref.)	530	Ortonville	326, 433	Niagara	677
Marshall	645	Potter	588	Norfolk	275
Olmütz	27, 72	Potts	479	Old Hundred	214, 468
Packington	153	Sawley	233	Olive's Brow	227, 251, 256
Schumann	504	Siloam	221, 269	Park Street	472, 655
Shawmut	513	Southwell	402	Penitence	14, 160
Shirland	70, 186, 569	St. Agnes, 55, 270, 346, 377,	640	Pentecost	505
Silver Street	219, 300, 509	St. Ann's	78, 392, 418	Rest	244
State Street	185, 376, 626	St. Bernard	456	Retreat	86, 428, 480
Swabia	28	St. Frances	129	Rockingham (Mason)	595
St. Bride	351	St. Hugh	665	Rockingham (Miller)	101, 218, 287, 315
St. Michael	148	St. John	233, 663	Rothwell	297
St. Thomas, 181, 369, 474,	618	St. Peter	337, 425	San Salvador	169, 598
Thacher	71, 210, 536	Topping	326	Sefton	330
S. M. Double.		Vigils	31	Staincliffe	677
Chalvey	203, 373	Zerah	54	Samner	145
Diademata	374	C. M. Double.		St. Cross	105, 494
Granberry	650	Brattle Street	409, 671	St. Paul's	606
Holborn	520	Cutler's	507	St. Vincent	662
Common Metre.		Flensburg	38	Sweden	641
Allhallows	372	Jerusalem	237	Tallis's Canon	575
Arlington	506, 588	Materna	403	Tallis's Hymn	18
Beatitude	20	St. Leonard	15	Thanksgiving	644
Bedford	339	St. Ursula	561	Truro	181, 265, 488
Belmont	234	Varina	673	Uxbridge	499
Bemerton	393	Vox Dilecti	273, 673	Wakham	253
Brewster	559	Westlake	59	Ward	5, 358, 627
Bristol	391	Long Metre.		Wareham	64, 95, 296, 448
Burlington	667	Ames	699	Warrington	275
Cherith	668	Angelus	169	Wells	199
Chesterfield	47, 283, 324	Baker	536	Welton	139
Childhood	565	Bowen	295, 454	Wimborne	167
Christmas	506	Canonbury	591	Winchester	44, 313
Clark	453	Crassellus	91	Windham	197
Coronation	450	Dublin	291	Woodworth	272, 606
Cowper	429	Duke Street	119, 463	Zephyr	183, 380
Downs	235	Edna	281	L. M. Double.	
Dundas	108, 217, 281	Ely	173	Creation	464
Evans	189, 305, 429, 569	Ernan	261	Firmament	211
Exaltation	451	Federal Street		Haydn	455
Gear	209		279, 339, 575, 584, 597	He Leadeth Me	616

# METRICAL INDEX.

HYMN	HYMN	HYMN
Orion..... 166	Italian Hymn..... 327, 367, 388	Pæan..... 155, 174
Victor..... 239	Olivet..... 345, 446	Pearsall..... 405
5s, 6s, 5s Peculiar.	6. 6. 6. 4. 8. 8. 4.	Rutherford..... 601
Lyons..... 467	Bridges..... 96	St. Alphege..... 407
Purfleet..... 656	4-6s.	St. Hilda..... 357
5s, 6s, 5s.	Moseley..... 343	St. Kevin..... 110
Hanover..... 471	St. Cecilia..... 329, 481, 484	St. Theodolph..... 90, 510
5s, 8s, 5s.	4-6s Peculiar.	Thalberg..... 102
Bradley..... 420	Ravenshaw..... 232	Webb..... 353, 582, 585
6. 4. 6. 3.	6-6s.	Zoan..... 523
Story of the Cross..... 106	Goodlife..... 532	7s. 6s. Double.
6. 4. 6. 3. Double.	Ingleside..... 571	With Refrain.
Story of the Cross..... 106	Laudes Domini..... 445	Le Jeune..... 408
6. 4. 6. 4. 6. 6. 6. 4.	Robbins..... 604	7s. 6s. D. and 8.
Bethany..... 344	St. Olave..... 154	Merwin..... 558
Homeward..... 623, 654	6s Double.	7s. 6s. 7. 7. 7. 6.
6. 4. 6. 4. 7. 6. 7. 4.	Blessed Home..... 632, 679	Amsterdam..... 512
I Need Thee..... 603	Fayrfax..... 587	7s. 6s. 8s. 6s.
6. 4. 6. 6.	Jewett..... 277, 634	Passion Chorale..... 74
St. Columba..... 10	4-6s. 4-4s.	7. 6. 8. 6. D.
6. 5. 6. 5.	Children's Voices..... 570	Alford..... 396
Caswall..... 541	6. 6. 6. 6. 8. 8.	Webb..... 404
Claudia..... 576	Adoration..... 164	7s. 6s. 8. 6.
Merrial..... 535	Bevan..... 457	St. Colombo..... 205
North Coates..... 550	Beverley..... 187, 294	7s. 6s. 8. 8.
Princeton..... 541	Christchurch..... 330, 492	St. Anatolius..... 16
St. Lambert..... 567	Darwall..... 432	7. 7. 4.
St. John Baptist..... 567	Evening Hymn..... 568	Holden..... 245
6. 5. 6. 5. Double.	Immortal Praise..... 141	St. Millicent..... 245
Blessed Saviour..... 519	St. Godric..... 152, 259	7. 7. 6. Double.
Deva..... 35	6. 6. 8. 4. Double.	St. Ulric..... 223
Evelyns..... 518	Leoni..... 460	7s. 5. 7. 7. 7. 5.
Edina..... 519	7. 6. 7. 5. Double.	San Remo..... 546
Fance..... 363	Work..... 568	7. 7. 7.
Marketfield..... 157	7s. 6s.	St. Philip..... 88, 222, 356
Norcott..... 50	Chope..... 240	7. 7. 7. 5.
Princethorpe..... 606	Eden..... 159, 240	Capetown..... 76, 135, 389
Ruth..... 518	Kocher..... 511	Litany No. 4..... 527
Spencer Lane..... 340	Moore..... 635	Love..... 9
St. Andrew..... 81	Plymouth..... 511, 635	7. 7. 7. 6.
St. Aubyn..... 123	St. Alphege..... 266, 401	Litany No. 1..... 524
St. John Damascene..... 395	7s. 6s. Double.	Litany No. 2..... 525
6. 5. 6. 5. Double.	Angel's Story..... 444	Litany No. 3..... 526
With Refrain.	Aurelia..... 65, 278, 491	Litany No. 5..... 528
Brightly Gleams..... 515	Bentley..... 437	Litany No. 6..... 529
Hermas..... 522	Chenies..... 255	Litany No. 7..... 530
Low..... 545	Clare..... 364	4-7s.
New Year..... 62, 522	Eden Grove..... 235	Ancient Litany..... 309
Onward..... 516	Ewing..... 206, 406	Amelia..... 613
St. Alban..... 523, 531	Hodges..... 24	Essex..... 111
St. Boniface..... 523	Homeland..... 163, 590, 615	Evermore..... 216
St. Gertrude..... 516	Lancashire..... 363, 579	Hart's..... 599
6. 6. 4. 6. 6. 6. 4.	Lausanne..... 43, 115	Helmlein..... 79
1ca..... 196	Magdalena..... 533, 603	Holley..... 13, 304, 543
580	Missionary Hymn..... 150, 254	
	Monnell..... 360	
	Munich..... 284	

# METRICAL INDEX.

HYMN	HYMN	HYMN
Horton..... 551	7. 8. 7. 8. 7. 7.	8s. 7s. Peculiar
Innocents..... 322, 476, 566	Meinhold..... 140, 248	Anstin..... 156
Kimber..... 592	Zuversicht..... 140	Dominus Regit Me. .... 156, 412
Mant..... 97, 548	8. 8. 3. 6. D.	8s. 7s. 8. 3. 7.
Mercy..... 669	Bottoms..... 538	Even Me..... 589
Monkland..... 547	8. 4. 8. 4. 8. 4.	8s. 7s. 4. 7.
Nuremburg..... 553, 581	Kirkstall..... 624	Coronas..... 180
Oakley..... 599	8s. 4s. 8. 8. 8. 4.	Goss..... 458, 577
Pleyel's Hymn..... 226, 452	Nutfield..... 19	Harvest..... 250
Pruen..... 30	8. 5. 7. 5.	Hirst..... 46
Richmond..... 651	Woodchester..... 587	Neander..... 548
Seymour..... 475, 563	8. 5. 8. 8.	Newton..... 617
Solitude..... 549, 649	Stephanos..... 342	Redhead..... 39
St. Bees..... 149, 347, 438	8. 5. 8. 5.	Regent Square..... 60, 386, 483
St. Luke..... 309	Sterula..... 77	Sicilian Mariners..... 34
University College..... 506	8s. 5s. 8. 7.	St. Austell..... 256
4-7s with Alleluia.	Angel Voices..... 304	St. Raphael..... 264, 350
Ascension..... 128	8. 6. 8. 4.	Smart..... 318
Wurtemberg..... 114	St. Cuthbert..... 25, 375	Tamworth..... 573
Worgan's..... 112	Wreford..... 413	8s. 7s. 4s. 7.
6-7s.	8s. 6s. 4s. 8s.	Goss..... 421
Dix..... 65, 192, 332	Armstrong..... 668	8s. 7s. 7. 7.
Gethsemane..... 98	8s. 6s. 6s.	All Saints..... 178
Glastonbury..... 247	Paradise..... 394	Irby..... 540
Heathlands..... 57	8s. 6s. 8. 4.	Requiem..... 274
Maldstone..... 385	Gaudete..... 539	Unser Herrscher..... 117, 449, 646
Ratisbon..... 224, 312	8s. 6s. 7. 6. 8. 6.	8s. 7s. 7. 7. 7. 7.
Redhead No. 76..... 107, 384, 572	St. Louis..... 58	Gerhardt..... 361
Rosefield..... 4	8. 6. 7s. 6s.	8s. 7s. 6 lines.
St. Philipp..... 378	Eden Grove..... 568	Alleluia..... 73
Tenderness..... 411	8. 7. 8. 8.	Bamberg..... 215
Toplady..... 318, 336	Mansfield..... 243	Dismissal..... 99
7s Double.	Batty..... 104	Goss..... 298
Benevento..... 67, 246	Brookelsbury..... 465, 534	Grainthorpe..... 151
Blumenthal..... 118	Gotha..... 171	Muhlenberg..... 555
Frankfort..... 355	Hegeman..... 442	Oriel..... 98, 321, 400
Hollingside..... 241, 611	Holy Voices..... 61	Regent Square..... 399, 483
Lent..... 188	Mertone..... 201	Staunton..... 517
Martyn..... 301, 335	Mount Vernon..... 303, 436, 574	Verona..... 173
Rapture..... 180	Rathbun..... 63, 258, 359	8s. 7s. Double.
Spanish chant..... 89	Sardis..... 325	Austria..... 127, 292, 490
St. George's, Windsor..... 193, 331, 489	Stockwell..... 371, 415, 578, 642	Autumn..... 358, 365
Whittingham..... 607	Stuttgart..... 48, 125	Beecher..... 432
7s Double.	St. Lawrence..... 359	Eucharistica..... 368
With Refrain.	St. Mabyn..... 620	Everton..... 163, 260
Mendelssohn..... 51	St. Oswald..... 257	Golden Sheaves..... 191
10-7s.	St. Sylvester..... 621	Greenville..... 556
Silver..... 290	Trust..... 442	Harwell..... 124
7. 7. 7. 7. 4. 7.	Wills..... 143	Kerr..... 619
Arimathca..... 116	Willmot..... 41, 647	Love Divine..... 443
7. 7. 7. 7. 8. 8.	Wraysbury..... 574	Lux Eoi..... 123, 521
Requiescat..... 242	8s. 7s.	Moultrie..... 179, 399, 387
4-7s. 4-8s.	Batt..... 104	Nettleton..... 414, 556
Holy Offerings..... 478	Brookelsbury..... 465, 534	Rex Gloria..... 126
7s. 8s. with Alleluia.	Gotha..... 171	Russia..... 17
St. Albinus..... 132	Hegeman..... 442	Scholefield..... 542
	Holy Voices..... 61	Sherman Square..... 521
	Mertone..... 201	Weston..... 207
	Mount Vernon..... 303, 436, 574	
	Rathbun..... 63, 258, 359	
	Sardis..... 325	
	Stockwell..... 371, 415, 578, 642	
	Stuttgart..... 48, 125	
	St. Lawrence..... 359	
	St. Mabyn..... 620	
	St. Oswald..... 257	
	St. Sylvester..... 621	
	Trust..... 442	
	Wills..... 143	
	Willmot..... 41, 647	
	Wraysbury..... 574	

# METRICAL INDEX.

HYMN		HYMN		HYMN	
8s. 7s. 8. 7. 7.		Melita.....	229, 276, 306	11. 8. 12. 9.	
Corde Natus.....	52	Stella.....	22, 184	Luke.....	562
8s. 7s. 8. 8. 7.		St. Matthias.....	324	11. 10. 11. 9.	
Whittaker.....	142	Swiss Tune.....	302	Russian Hymn.....	108
8s. 7s. 8. 8. 7. Pec.		Tross.....	625	11s. 10s.	
Monmouth.....	27, 202, 416	Veni Emmanuel.....	45	Albany.....	311
8. 7. 8. 8. 7.		Wavertree.....	58	Berlin.....	177
Garden City.....	612	7-8s. 7.		Hoffman.....	629
8. 7. 8s. 7s.		Woodleigh.....	310	Invitation.....	687
Monk.....	317	8. 8. 8. 8. 7.		Perfect Love.....	228
8. 8. 6.		Baden.....	557	St. Barnabas.....	161
Chester.....	96	8. 8. 8. 8. 11.		11s. 10s. 9. 11.	
8. 8. 6. Double.		Hosanna.....	316	Angelic Songs.....	249
Innsbruck.....	134	10. 4. 10. 4.		Pilgrims.....	398
Magdalen College.....	182	Ad Lucem.....	683	Saunders.....	396
8. 8. 7. Double.		10s. 4s. 10. 10.		11s. 10s. 10. 10.	
Evangelists.....	497	Lux Benigna.....	423	Mercy Seat.....	630
Stabat Mater.....	103	10. 6. 10. 6.		11. 11. 11. 5.	
8. 8. 8.		Laneton.....	6	Oboists.....	496
Dies Iræ.....	36	10s. 6s. 8. 8. 4.		4-11s.	
Ter Sanctus.....	138	St. Francis.....	206	Adeste Fideles.....	636
Victory (with alleluia).....	121	10. 10.		Frederick.....	628
8. 8. 8. 4.		Cœna Domini.....	220	Santa Laura.....	66
Almsgiving.....	477	Pax Tecum.....	674	5-11s.	
Elliot.....	8, 190	10. 10. 7.		Sullivan.....	109
Eton.....	477	Alleluia Perenne.....	262, 462	11. 12. 12. 10.	
Hanford.....	236, 495	10. 10. 10. 4.		Nicaea.....	688
Mann.....	667	Sarum.....	176	13s. 14.	
Troyte No. 1.....	667	10. 10. 10. 10.		St. Colomb.....	205
Unsel.....	341	Cassidy.....	423	P. M.	
Virginia.....	495	Ellerton.....	82	Adeste Fideles.....	49
8. 8. 8. 6.		Eventide.....	12	Avison.....	53
Elmhurst.....	610	Langran.....	82, 661	Barnby.....	514
Erskine.....	271	Old 124th.....	280	Edson.....	560
Pascal.....	84	O Quanta qualia.....	397	Eucharistic Hymn.....	225
Torrance.....	610	Pax Dei.....	194	God of our Fathers.....	195
8. 8. 8. 6. Double.		Penitential.....	219	Intercession.....	609
With Alleluia.....		Satterlee.....	487	Jordan.....	676
Thorney.....	366	Trisagion.....	170	Luke.....	562
8. 8. 8. 8.		6-10s.		Nicaea.....	383
Devotion.....	643	Evening.....	230	Nun Danket.....	209, 466
8s. 4s. 8.		Evening Hymn.....	7	Resurrexit.....	113
St. Matthias.....	190	Sunset Chant.....	7	Roseville.....	676
8. 8. 8. 8. 8. 8.		Unde et Memores.....	223	Sarum.....	176
Brownell.....	683	Yorkshire.....	56	Sleepers, Wake.....	40
Carey.....	659	8. 10s. 8. 6.		Story of the Cross.....	106
Covenant.....	600, 622	Chorale.....	223	St. Louis.....	58
Eaton.....	42	10s. 11s.		Troyte No. 2 (Chant).....	491
Grant.....	175, 314, 381, 638	Hanover.....	459	Veni.....	319
				Veni Creator.....	229
				Wilkins.....	3

## Index to Canticles.

Venite exultemus Domino.....	537-539	Nunc Dimittis.....	568-569
Te Deum laudamus.....	540-553	Deus misereatur.....	570-571
Benedicite, omnia opera Domine.....	554-555	Benedic omnia mea.....	572-573
Benedictus.....	556-557	Easter Day.....	574
Jubilate Deo.....	558-561	Thanksgiving Day.....	575
Magnificat.....	562-563	Consecration of a Church.....	576
Cantate Domino.....	564-565	Burial of the Dead.....	577, 578
Bonum est.....	566-567		

## Index of Chants.

### SINGLE CHANTS.

Aldrich, H., 109, 120  
 Ancient Chant, 32  
 Anon., 100, 112, 133, 138  
 Aylward, T., 119  
 Ayrton, E., 85  
 Barnby, J., 71, 111, 123  
 Battishill, J., 21, 75, 147  
 Brown, A. H., 96  
 Bullinger, E. W., 107  
 Colborne, L., 29  
 Cooke, B., 45  
 Corfe, C. W., 97  
 Croft, W., 37  
 Crotch, W., 4, 14  
 Dean, A., 121  
 Downes, L. T., 156  
 Dyce, W., 76, 186  
 Elvey, G. J., 10, 63, 151  
 Elvey, S., 84  
 Farrant, B., 61, 93, 152  
 Felton, W., 155  
 Gibbons, C., 122  
 Goodson, R., 9, 57  
 Goss, J., 8, 59, 62, 110  
 Gregorian, 124  
 Hayea, W., 1, 5, 58, 86  
 Hervey, D. E., 106  
 Hervey, F. A. J., 144  
 Hopkins, E. J., 50, 72, 135  
 Humphrey, P., 11  
 Jones, J., 13, 20, 22  
 Lea, W., 98

Main, H. P., 132  
 Mason, L., 12  
 Medley, J., 73, 108  
 Monk, E. G., 46, 131, 134  
 Monk, W. H., 38, 39, 66  
 Nares, J., 94  
 Novello, V., 6, 60, 105  
 Ouseley, F. A. G., 3, 43, 115, 148  
 Oxford Chant, 31  
 Parisian Chant, 30  
 Parke, 36  
 Rimbault, E. F., 49, 83  
 Rowse, F. H., 114  
 Russell, W., 74  
 Savage, W., 143  
 Scotch Chant, 95  
 Tallis, T., 7  
 Turle, J., 47  
 Túrton, T., 2

### DOUBLE CHANTS.

Aldrich, H., 51  
 Anon., 56, 100, 104, 138  
 Barrow, I., 142  
 Battishill, J., 21, 35  
 Beethoven, L. v., 26, 33, 127, 157, 158  
 Bennett, A., 90, 103, 117  
 Boyce, W., 16, 67  
 Calah, J., 15  
 Cooke, B., 141

Cooke, B., 24, 43  
 Crotch, W., 25, 42, 137, 145, 150  
 Davy, J., 128  
 Dupuis, T., 54, 101, 102  
 Flintoft, J., 160  
 Goss, J., 19, 26, 40, 55, 157  
 Grantorez, H. W., 154  
 Handel, G. F., 70  
 Havergal, W. H., 34, 68  
 Hawes, W., 129  
 Hervey, D. E., 44  
 Higgins, E., 89, 146  
 Kettle, C. E., 73  
 Langdon, R., 81, 113  
 Lawes, H., 23, 87  
 Main, H. P., 80  
 Morley, T., 28, 159  
 Norris, T., 140, 153  
 Probert, W., 125  
 Randall, J., 18, 92  
 Robinson, J., 17, 126  
 Rowse, F. H., 77  
 Smart, H., 82  
 Smith, J. S., 52  
 Smyth, H., 27  
 Seaper, J., 130  
 Spohr, L., 118  
 Stainer, J., 118  
 Turle, J., 69, 99, 116  
 Welleley, G. C., 91, 149  
 Wesley, S., 41, 79, 139  
 Woodward, R., 53  
 York Chant, 83



## Index of Subjects.

- Adoration**—137, 138, 140, 141, 142, 367, 368, 369, 370, 371, 374, 385, 387, 444, 445, 447, 448, 450, 452, 455, 456, 457, 458, 460, 461, 462, 463.  
**Aspiration**—135, 338, 339, 343, 344, 345, 409, 411, 430, 431, 432, 439, 600, 607, 611, 612, 613, 614, 615, 653, 660, 666, 675.  
**Associations or Guilds**—161, 162, 163, 168, 268 at vs. 3, 274, 511, 580, 581, 584, 588.  
**Christ's Call**—143, 169, 437, 590, 596, 631, 673.  
**Church, Intercession for the**—259, 260, 326, 327, 328, 329, 496, 499, 525.  
**Church Militant**—485, 488, 490, 491, 516, 521, 580.  
**Church at Rest**—8, 179, 394, 396, 397, 679.  
**Church Triumphant**—74, 124, 399, 400, 401, 402, 403, 404, 407, 408.  
**Clergy, The**—182, 183, 184, 285, 286, 288, 497, 581.  
**Confession of Christ**—163, 164 at vs. 2, 216, 217, 342, 353, 359, 364, 582, 598, 600.  
**Consecration**—10, 101, 344, 345, 395, 429, 454, 507, 508, 510, 603, 666.  
**Country, Our**—187, 189, 194, 195, 196, 197, 198, 200.  
**Doubt**—144, 146, 420, 422, 424, 426, 427.  
**Faith**—7, 95, 326, 345, 355, 435, 446, 606, 610, 611, 623, 626, 636, 664, 668, 671, 675.  
**Fellowship with God**—12, 68, 312, 315, 344, 355, 410, 430, 436.  
**Following Christ**—68, 452, 507, 510, 571, 615.  
**Guidance**—326, 333, 341, 343, 379, 380, 411, 414, 417, 420, 421, 422, 423, 424, 611, 614, 615, 616.  
**Hope**—43, 318, 397, 404, 407, 512, 521, 523, 675, 676, 679.  
**Hospitals**—14, 272, 273, 274, 300.  
**House of God**—479, 482, 483, 484, 489.  
**Humility**—410, 603, 611, 632, 649.  
**Joy**—43, 47, 324, 457, 522, 579.  
**Judgment, Day of**—36, 37, 38.  
**Love of God**—100, 101, 431, 432, 433, 625, 627, 658.  
**Love to God**—75, 76, 77, 317, 443, 444, 563, 599, 600, 653, 654.  
**Love to Man**—268 at vs. 3, 269, 275, 580, 586.  
**Name of Jesus**—149, 321, 322, 433, 518.  
**Orphans**—276, 277.  
**Peace**—15, 32, 496, 613, 633, 674.  
**Penitence**—82, 85, 86, 87, 89, 347, 349, 350, 351, 354, 356, 360, 384, 529, 595.  
**Perseverance**—509, 510, 511, 549.  
**Praise**—23, 362, 366, 369, 433, 442, 443, 445, 452, 453, 455, 456, 458, 460, 461, 462, 463, 465, 468, 469, 471, 474, 617.  
**Preparation for Christ**—40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 46, 316, 405.  
**Progress**—393, 395, 503, 505, 506, 509, 510, 521, 522, 523, 620, 656.  
**Protection**—16, 17, 19, 415, 416, 417, 418, 435, 643, 648.  
**Providence**—139, 427, 435, 465.  
**Submission**—346, 610, 613, 616, 626, 632, 634, 666, 667, 668, 671.  
**Sympathy**—161, 162, 269, 271, 274, 275, 630.  
**Temperance**—273, 279.  
**Thanksgiving**—367, 368, 470, 624.  
**Triumph of Christ**—39, 127, 367, 370, 371, 457.  
**Trust**—84, 145, 335, 336, 340, 341, 363, 412, 413, 435, 436, 590, 606, 622, 626, 628, 642, 664.  
**Unity**—230, 492, 494, 495.  
**Watchfulness**—40, 186, 405, 501, 504.  
**Work**—511, 580, 581, 582, 583, 584, 619.  
**Cal**—393, 503, 623.

# Index of Authors and Composers.

## A.

ABELARD, Peter (1079-1142), *Hymn* 397.  
 Adam of S. Victor (—-1192), *Hy.* 497.  
 Adams, Sarah F. (1805-1848), *Hy.* 344.  
 Addison, Joseph (1672-1719), *Hy.* 464, 657, 659.  
 Ahle, Johann R. (1625-1673), *Tune* 552, 581.  
 Aitken, W. M. Hay (1836(?) —), *Tu.* 596.  
 Albert, H. R. H. Prince (1819-1861), *Tu.* 171.  
 Alexander, Cecil F. (1823-1895), *Hy.* 117, 129, 143, 160, 165, 256, 295, 409, 540, 542, 544, 575.  
 Alford, Henry (1810-1871), *Hy.* 77, 193, 209, 396, 426, 523, 557.  
 Allen, George N. (1812-1877), *Tu.* 447.  
 Allen, James (1734-1804), *Hy.* 387.  
 Allen, Oswald (1816-1878), *Hy.* 590.  
 Ambrose, R. S. (—-), *Tu.* 676.  
 Ambrose, S. (340-397), *Hy.* 21 (?).  
 Anatolius, S. (—-459), *Hy.* 16.  
 Andrew, S. (660-732), *Hy.* 81.  
 Aquinas, Thomas (1224-1274), *Hy.* 227.  
 Arne, Thomas Aug. (1710-1778), *Tu.* 508, 588.  
 Ash, John (1724-1779), *Hy.* 251, 279.  
 Auber, Harriet (1773-1862), *Hy.* 29, 375.  
 Avison, Charles (1710-1770), *Tu.* 53.

## B.

BACH, John Seb. (1685-1750), *Tu.* 74, 140, 215, 248.  
 Baker, Henry (1835 —), *Tu.* 80, 473.  
 Baker, Henry Wms. (1821-1877), *Hy.* 199, 234, 232, 349, 390, 412, 499, 640, 679. *Hy. tr.* 52, 99, 102. *Tu.* 343.  
 Bakewell, John (1721-1819), *Hy.* 365.  
 Baptist, Jean (1680), *Hy.* 171.  
 Barbauld, Anna L. (1743-1825), *Hy.* 192.  
 Barber, E. W. (—-), *Tu.* 546.  
 Barber, Mary A. L. (—-), *Hy.* 613.  
 Baring-Gould Sabine (1834 —), *Hy.* 243, 516, 535. *Tu.* 521.  
 Barker, Elizabeth (1829 —), *Tu.* 395.  
 Barnard, Charlotte A. (1830-1869), *Tu.* 465, 534.  
 Barnby, Joseph (1838-1896), *Tu.* 7, 23, 154, 176, 181, 238, 310, 332, 394, 445, 477, 496, 514, 535, 600, 622, 630, 633, 653, 664.  
 Barthelemon, Franco Hippolyto (1741-1808), *Tu.* 1, 358, 365.  
 Bartlett, Franklin W. (1843 —), *Hy.* 226.  
 Barton, Bernard (1784-1849), *Hy.* 231.  
 Barrett, Wm. Alex. (1834-1891), *Tu.* 66.  
 Bateman, Henry (1802-1872), *Hy.* 555.  
 Buxter, Richard (1615-1691), *Hy.* 665.  
 Baynes, Robert Hall (1831 —), *Hy.* 222, 548.

Beadon, Hyde Wyndham (1812-1891), *Hy.* 76, 71.  
 Beddome, Benj. (1717-1795), *Hy.* 217, 287.  
 Beethoven, Ludwig van (1770-1827), *Tu.* 132, 325, 370.  
 Bernard, S. (1091-1153), *Hy.* 102, 430, 494.  
 Bernard, of Cluny (1122? —), *Hy.* 406, 406, 407, 408.  
 Bezanaut, Abbé (1736), *Hy.* 148.  
 Bethune, Geo. Washn. (1805-1862), *Hy. tr.* 419.  
 Bickeratheth, Edward Henry (1825 —), *Hy.* 85, 210, 307, 579, 674.  
 Black, John (1817-1871), *Tu.* 153.  
 Blomfield, Dorothy F. (1858 —), *Hy.* 238.  
 Blumenthal, Jacques (1829 —), *Tu.* 118.  
 Bode, John Ernest (1816-1874), *Hy.* 615.  
 Bonar, Horatius (1808-1889), *Hy.* 203, 219, 431, 463, 534, 605, 609, 617, 632, 673.  
 Borthwick, Jane (1812 —), *Hy.* 255, 630. *Hy. tr.* 420, 634.  
 Bortniansky, Dimitri (1751-1828), *Tu.* 17, 22, 644.  
 Bottome, Francis (1823-1894), *Hy.* 607.  
 Bourdillon, Mary (1819-1870), *Hy.* 570.  
 Bourgeois, Louis (1500?-1565?), *Tu.* 214, 280, 463.  
 Bowring, John (1792-1872), *Hy.* 331, 359.  
 Boyd, William (1840 —), *Tu.* 505.  
 Bradbury, William B. (1816-1868), *Tu.* 144, 183, 227, 244, 251, 272, 296, 334, 349, 380, 589, 606, 616, 619.  
 Bradley, E. A. (—-), *Hy.* 595.  
 Brady, Nicholas (1659-1726), *Hy.* 112, 334, 351, 456, 469, 471, 472, 479, 480, 493, 500, 648, 655, 662 (Brady & Tate).  
 Bridges, Matthew (1800 —), *Hy.* 96, 374, 429.  
 Bright, William (1824 —), *Hy.* 228.  
 Brooks, Charles T. (1813-1883), *Hy.* 196.  
 Brooks, Phillips (1835-1893), *Hy.* 58.  
 Brown, Arthur Henry (1830 —), *Tu.* 16, 151, 223, 256, 620.  
 Browne, Simon (1605-1682), *Hy.* 379.  
 Brown-Borthwick, Robert (1840-1894), *Tu.* 232. *Hy.* 232.  
 Byrant, Wm. Cullen (1794-1878), *Hy.* 251, 279.  
 Buckoll, Henry James (1803-1871), *Hy. tr.* 3, 416.  
 Bullock, William (1798-1874), *Hy.* 484.  
 Bunnnett, Edward (1834 —), *Tu.* 157, 169.  
 Burgess, George (1809-1866), *Hy.* 308.  
 Burleigh, Wm. Henry (1812-1871), *Hy.* 422.  
 Burney, Charles (1726-1814), *Tu.* 131, 265, 488.  
 Burns, Jas. Drummond (1823-1864), *Hy.* 568.  
 Burrowes, John Freckleton (1787-1852), *Tu.* 657.  
 Byrom, John (1692-1763), *Hy.* 56.

# INDEX OF AUTHORS AND COMPOSERS.

## C.

- CALDBECK, G. T. (-----), *Tu.* 674.  
 Calkin, Jean Bapt. (1827-), *Tu.* 253, 320.  
 Campbell, Rob't (1814-1868), *Hy. tr.* 118, 497.  
 Canitz, Fried. R. C. (1654-1699), *Hy.* 3.  
 Carey, Henry (1685-1743), *Tu. adap.* 196, 659.  
 Cary, Phoebe (1824-1871), *Hy.* 676.  
 Carlyle, John Dacre (1759-1804), *Hy.* 354.  
 Carter, Edm. Sardinson (1845-), *Tu.* 413.  
 Caswall, Edward (1814-1878), *Hy.* 10, 621.  
*Hy. tr.* 41, 50, 63, 98, 103, 227, 362, 378, 380, 434, 444, 653.  
 Cawood, John (1775-1852), *Hy.* 61.  
 Cennick, John (1718-1755), *Hy.* 39, 452.  
 Chandler, John (1806-1876), *Hy. tr.* 44, 131, 294, 322.  
 Chatfield, Allen W. (1808-), *Hy.* 614.  
 Chester, Harriet M. (1837-), *Hy. tr.* 26.  
 Chester, W. S. (-----), *Tu.* 142.  
 Chope, Robert R. (1830-), *Tu.* 240.  
 Chorley, Henry F. (1898-1872), *Hy. tr.* 198.  
 Clark, Emily Vernon (-----), *Hy.* 275.  
 Clark, J. E. (-----), *Hy.* 550.  
 Clark, Thomas (1775-1869), *Tu.* 111.  
 Clarke, Samuel C. (1821-), *Hy.* 541.  
 Claude, de Santeul (1680-), *Hy.* 99.  
 Clement, of Alexandria (c. 200), *Hy.* 466.  
 Cobb, Gerard Francis (1838-), *Tu.* 179, 299, 387.  
 Codner, Elizabeth (1835-), *Hy.* 589.  
 Coffin, Charles (1676-1747), *Hy.* 44, 75, 120.  
 Ooghill, Annie L. (-----), *Hy.* 538.  
 Cole, John (1774-1855), *Tu.* 123.  
 Collins, Henry (1832?-), *Hy.* 600.  
 Collyer, William Bengo (1752-1854), *Hy.* 37.  
 Conder, Josiah (1789-1855), *Hy.* 224.  
 Conkey, Ithamar (1815-1867), *Tu.* 63, 258, 359.  
 Cooke, William (1821-), *Hy.* 74, 120, 367.  
 Cooper, Edward (1770-1833), *Hy.* 139.  
 Coote, Maud (1871), *Hy.* 162.  
 Coppée, Henry (1821-), *Hy.* 309.  
 Cosin, John (1594-1673), *Hy.* 259.  
 Cotterill, Jane (1790-1825), *Hy.* 428.  
 Cotterill Thomas (1779-1823), *Hy.* 37, 336.  
 Cowper, William (1731-1800), *Hy.* 236, 427, 593, 599, 660.  
 Cox, Frances E. (1818-), *Hy. tr.* 122, 178.  
 Coxe, Arthur Cleveland (1818-1896), *Hy.* 257, 314.  
 Crassell, Bart. (1667-1724), *Tu.* 44, 91, 313 (?).  
 Croft, William (1677-1727), *Tu.* 73, 392, 418, 459, 471.  
 Crowell, William (1804-1851), *Hy.* 270.  
 Orger, Johann (1598-1663), *Tu.* 140, 200, 466.  
 Cummins, James John (1795-1867), *Hy.* 350.  
 Cusins, William George (1833-), *Tu.* 138.  
 Outler, Henry Stephen (1824-), *Tu.* 507.

## D.

- DANIEL, R. B. (-----), *Tu.* 618.  
 Darby, John Nelson (1800-1869), *Hy.* 636.  
 Darwall, John (1731-1789), *Tu.* 482.  
 Davison, W. H. (1807-), *Hy.* 531.  
 Dayman, Edward A. (1807-1890), *Hy.* 395.  
 Deane, John North (1824-1886), *Tu.* 173.  
 Dearle, Edward (1806-1891), *Tu.* 219.

- Deck, James G. (1802-1883), *Hy.* 363.  
 Denton, Wm. (1815-1888), *Hy.* 367.  
 Dexter, Henry Martyn (1821-1890), *Hy. tr.* 446.  
 Dickson, David (1583-1663), *Hy.* 403 (?).  
 Dix, William Chatterton (1837-), *Hy.* 65, 191, 212, 363, 437, 539, 594.  
 Dixon, Robert William (1750-1825), *Tu.* 677.  
 Doane, George Washington (1799-1859), *Hy.* 13, 38, 253, 425.  
 Dnase, William, Grosvenor (1832-), *Hy.* 239, 311.  
 Dobree, Henrietta O. de L. (1831-), *Hy.* 246.  
 Doddridge, Philip (1702-1751), *Hy.* 47, 186, 318, 331, 362, 417, 488, 503.  
 Downes, Lewis Thomas (1827-), *Tu.* 549, 649.  
 Downton, Henry (1818-1885), *Hy.* 204, 260.  
 Draper, Bourne Hall (1775-1843), *Hy.* 263.  
 Drese, Adam (1620-1701), *Tu.* 420.  
 Drewett, Edwin D. (1850-), *Tu.* 610.  
 Dryden, John (1631-1700), *Hy.* 381.  
 Duffield George (1818-1888), *Hy.* 582.  
 Duncan, Mary (1814-1840), *Hy.* 534.  
 Dwight, John Sullivan (1818-1898), *Hy.* 196.  
 Dwight, Timothy (1753-1817), *Hy.* 485.  
 Dykes, John Bacchus (1823-1876), *Tu.* 8, 20, 25, 36, 55, 81, 96, 103, 105, 120, 149, 152, 156, 188, 194, 229, 241, 242, 247, 257, 259, 270, 273, 275, 306, 316, 346, 347, 375, 377, 383, 396, 412, 428, 438, 477, 494, 569, 611, 621, 640, 673.

## E.

- EASTBURN, James Wallis (1797-1819), *Hy.* 137.  
 Eddis, Edward Wilton (-----), *Hy. tr.* 6.  
 Edmeston, James (1791-1867), *Hy.* 17, 267, 421.  
 Edwards, Peter C. Jr. (1854-), *Tu.* 521.  
 Ellerton, John (1826-1893), *Hy.* 21, 23, 32, 150, 154, 155, 161, 163, 173, 208, 242, 292, 299, 302, 517, 587, *Hy. tr.* 109, 462.  
 Elliott, Charlotte (1789-1871), *Hy.* 84, 341, 606, 610, 631, 667.  
 Elliott, Emily E. S. (-----), *Hy.* 319, *Tu.* 319.  
 Elliott, James William (1833-), *Tu.* 363.  
 Elven, Cornelius (1797-1873), *Hy.* 87.  
 Elvey, George Job (1816-1893), *Tu.* 193, 331, 374, 489.  
 Evans, Albert E. (1845?-), *Hy.* 608.  
 Evans, Caleb (1845?-), *Hy. all.* 379.  
 Ewing, Alexander (1850-1895), *Tu.* 203, 406.

## F.

- FABER, Frederick William (1814-1863), *Hy.* 22, 105, 394, 398, 441, 554, 576.  
 Fawcett, John (1740-1817), *Hy.* 34, 672.  
 Fielden, Oswald M. (1837-), *Tu.* 567.  
 Filby, William Charles (1836-), *Tu.* 636.  
 Filitz, Friedrich (1804-1876), *Tu.* 76, 135, 339, 541.  
 Findlater, Sarah (1823-1886), *Hy. tr.* 43.  
 Francis, Benjamin (1734-1799), *Hy.* 492.  
 Franck, Johann (1618-1677), *Hy.* 300.

# INDEX OF AUTHORS AND COMPOSERS.

## G.

GADSBY, Henry R. (1842—), *Tu.* 523.  
 Gardner, William (1770-1853), *Tu.* 234.  
 Garrett, George Mursell (1824-1897), *Tu.* 571.  
 Gauntlett, Henry John (1835-1876), *Tu.* 123, 216, 260, 401, 407, 506, 516, 540. *arr.* 48, 123.  
 Geer, George Jarvis (1821-1885), *Tu.* 61, 326, 559, 569, 645.  
 Gellert, Christian F. (1715-1769), *Hy.* 122.  
 Gerhardt, Paulus (1607-1676), *Hy.* 538, 625.  
 German, *Tu.* 26, 28, 43, 104, 115, 136, 178, 262, 284, 293, 307, 360, 361, 406, 416, 497, 537.  
 Giardini, Felice (1716-1796), *Tu.* 227, 687, 368.  
 Gibbons, Thomas (1730-1735), *Hy.* 116.  
 Gilbert, Walter Bond (1829—), *Tu.* 50, 385.  
 Gilmore, Joseph Henry (1834—), *Hy.* 616.  
 Gismorne, Thomas (c. 1760), *Hy.* 641.  
 Gladstone, William H. (—), *Tu.* 271.  
 Godscalcous (— - 950) *Hy.* 461.  
 Goss, John (1800-1880), *Tu.* 298, 421, 457, 468, 577.  
 Gottschalk, Louis Moreau (1829-1869), *Tu.* 669.  
 Grant, Robert (1779-1888), *Hy.* 89, 459.  
 Greatorex, Henry W. (1811-1856), *Tu.* 94, 145, 224, 393.  
 Gregory, George (1754-1698), *Hy.* tr. 661.  
 Grey, F. R. (—), *Tu.* 9.  
 Grigg, Joseph (c. 1720-1768), *Hy.* 597.  
 Griswold, Alex. V. (1766-1843), *Hy.* 886.  
 Gurney, Archer Thomas (1820-1867), *Hy.* 113.  
 Gurney, John Hampden (1802-1862), *Hy.* 190, 346, 369.

## H.

HALL, B. H. (—), *Hy.* 301.  
 Halsted, Newberry O. (1859—), *Tu.* arr. 558.  
 Hamilton, James (1819—), *Hy.* 202, 360.  
 Hammond, William (1719-1783), *Hy.* 369.  
 Handel, George Frederic (1685-1759), *Tu.* 71, 181, 210, 369, 474, 503, 520, 536, 618.  
 Harbaugh, Henry (1817-1867), *Hy.* 188, 676.  
 Harland, Edward (1810—), *Hy.* 153.  
 Harrison, Ralph (1748-1810), *Tu.* 147, 163, 268, 275, 410.  
 Hart, Joseph (1712-1768), *Hy.* 376.  
 Hastings, Thomas (1784-1872), *Tu.* 86, 213, 326, 336, 428, 433, 480. *Hy.* 611, 637.  
 Hatton, John (— - 1788), *Tu.* 119, 463.  
 Havergal, Frances R. (1836-1879), *Hy.* 134, 205, 317, 444, 545, 578, 586, 608, 604. *Tu.* 161, 522, 576.  
 Havergal, William Henry (1793-1870), *Tu.* 139, 305, 323, 439, 479, 559. *Tu.* arr. 224, 312.  
 Hawes, Thomas (1734-1820), *Tu.* 47, 233, 324, 668.  
 Hawkins, Ernest (1802-1866), *Hy.* 253.  
 Hawks, Annie S. (1835—), *Hy.* 603.  
 Haydn, Franz Josef (1732-1809), *Tu.* 3, 85, 127, 180, 222, 295, 323, 454, 455, 464, 467, 490, 531, 584, 636.  
 Haydn, Joh. Michael (1737-1806), *Tu.* 73.  
 Haynes, William (1706-1777), *Tu.* 182.  
 Hayne, Leighton G. (1836-1863), *Tu.* 268, 329, 373, 431, 494.

Heath, George (1781-1822), *Hy.* 504.  
 Heber, Reginald (1783-1826), *Hy.* 19, 66, 146, 225, 254, 318, 383, 517, 521, 565.  
 Heinlein, Paul (1826-1866), *Tu.* 79.  
 Hemy, Henri Frederick (1818—), *Tu.* 164, 565.  
 Hensley, Lewis (1827—), *Hy.* 329.  
 Herniman, Mrs. C. F. (1838—), *Hy.* 78.  
 Hervey Daniel E. (1845—), *Chants*, 44, 106.  
 Hervey, Fred. Alfred John (1846—), *Tu.* 526, 528, 529, 541.  
 Hews, George (1808-1878), *Tu.* 13, 204, 543.  
 Hiles, Henry (1826—), *Tu.* 16, 253, 641.  
 Hirst, G. (—), *Tu.* 46.  
 Hodges, Edward (1796-1867), *Tu.* 391.  
 Hodges, George Samuel (1827—), *Hy.* 560.  
 Hodges, John Seb. Bach (1830—), *Tu.* 24, 225.  
 Holden, Oliver (1765-1844), *Tu.* 450.  
 Holdroyd, Israel (1690-1754), *Tu.* 199.  
 Holme, James (1801-1862), *Hy.* 284.  
 Holmes, Oliver W. (1809-1894), *Hy.* 197, 313, 627.  
 Homburg, Ernest C. (1659), *Hy.* 361.  
 Hopkins, Edward John (1818—), *Tu.* 32, 35, 84, 264, 350, 442, 570, 574, 666, 668.  
 Hopkins, John Henry (1820-1891), *Hy.* 64, 127, 195. *Tu.* 195, 264, 487.  
 Horeley, William (1774-1858), *Tu.* 544.  
 How, William Walsham (1823-1897), *Hy.* 5, 68, 95, 149, 152, 156, 159, 164, 169, 176, 187, 268, 272, 264, 357, 583, 572, 598.  
 Howard, Samuel (1710-1782), *Tu.* 275, 351.  
 Hoyte, William Stevenson (1844—), *Tu.* 205, 525.  
 Hullah, John Pyke (1812-1884), *Tu.* 291, 437.  
 Hurn, William (1764-1829), *Hy.* 259.  
 Husband, Edward (1843—), *Tu.* 357.  
 Hutton, Frances A. (—), *Hy.* 340.

## I.

INGALLS, Jeremiah (1770-1828), *Tu.* 153.  
 Ingemann, Bernhard S. (1789-1862), *Hy.* 521.  
 Irons, Herbert Stephen (1834—), *Tu.* 10, 402.  
 Irons, William Josiah (1812-1884), *Hy.* tr. 36, 124, 310.  
 Isaak, R. H. (—), *Tu.* 134.

## J.

JACKSON, Robert (1842—), *Tu.* 366, 527, 677.  
 Jeffery, J. Arthur (—), *Tu.* 311.  
 John, S. (8th century), *Hy.* 396.  
 Johnson, James A. (1820-1884), *Tu.* 643?  
 Johnson, Samuel (1822-1882), *Hy.* 620.  
 Jones, Darius Eliot (1816-1851), *Tu.* 371, 41, 573, 642.  
 Joseph, S. (— - 889), *Hy.* 17, 71.  
 Julian, John (1839—), *Hy.* 35, 455.

## K.

KEBLE, John (1792-1866), *Hy.* 1, 11, 189, 214, 240, 410.  
 Keene, R. (?) (1787), *Hy.* 636.

# INDEX OF AUTHORS AND COMPOSERS.

Kelly, Thomas (1769-1854), *Hy.* 100, 126, 180, 264, 372, 449, 646.  
 Ken, Thomas (1637-1711), *Hy.* 2, 18.  
 Kethe, William (1510-1590), *Hy.* 470.  
 Key Francis Scott (1779-1848), *Hy.* 443.  
 King, John (1788-1858), *Hy.* 558.  
 Kingsley, George (1811-1884), *Tu.* 165, 417, 564, 628.  
 Knapp, Albert (1798-1864), *Hy.* 206.  
 Knapp, William (1698-1768), *Tu.* 64, 95, 296, 448.  
 Knecht, Justin H. (1752-1817), *Tu.* 357, 511.  
 Kocher, Conrad (1786-1872), *Tu.* 65, 192, 352.  
 Kofler, Leo (1837-—), *Tu.* 606.

## L.

LAHÉE, Henry (1826—), *Tu.* 239, 493.  
 Lane, Spencer (—), *Tu.* 340.  
 Langran, James (1835—), *Tu.* 82, 661.  
 Laurentius, Laurentius (1660-1722), *Hy.* 43.  
 Leeson, Jane Elizabeth (1807-1882), *Hy.* 552, 563.  
 LeJeune, George Fitz-Curwood (1842—), *Tu.* 403, 443.  
 Leland, John (1754-1841), *Hy.* 645.  
 Littledale, Richard Frederick (1833-1890), *Hy.* 524, 528, 635. *Hy. tr.* 245.  
 Lloyd, William Freeman (1791-1853), *Hy.* 626.  
 Lockhart, Charles (1744-1814), *Tu.* 572.  
 Lohr, George August (1821-1897), *Tu.* 129.  
 Lomas, George (1834-1884), *Tu.* 604.  
 Longhurst, William Henry (1819—), *Tu.* 211.  
 Lvoff, Alexis F. (1799-1870), *Tu.* 198.  
 Lowenstein, M. A. (1594-1648), *Hy.* 496.  
 Lowry, Robert (1826—), *Tu.* 602.  
 Lowth, Robert (1710-1787), *Hy.* 661.  
 Luke, Jemima (1813—) *Hy.* 562.  
 Luther, Martin (1483-1546), *Hy.* 320, 416, *Tu. and adap.* 37, 202.  
 Lyte, Henry Francis (1793-1847), *Hy.* 12, 266, 332, 333, 358, 458, 489, 573, 591, 664.

## M.

MACKAY, Margaret (1802-1887), *Hy.* 244.  
 MacKellar, Thomas (1812—), *Hy.* 577.  
 MacLagan, William D. (1826—), *Hy.* 172, 175, 213, 625.  
 MacLeod, Lily (—), *Hy.* 532.  
 Madan, Martin (1726-1790), *Hy.* 39, 365.  
 Main, Hubert P. (1839—), *Tu.* 142, 156, 245, 290, 341, 364, 393, 411, 422, 451, 453, 495, 513, 517, 532, 538, 676. *Arr.* 85, 112, 198, 520, 539, 599, 634, 637, 669, 676.  
 Maker, Frederick C. (1844—), *Tu.* 77.  
 Malan, Henri A. C. (1787-1864), *Hy.* 419. *Tu.* 139.  
 Mann, Arthur Henry (1850—), *Tu.* 62, 444, 522, 587, 667.  
 Mant, Richard (1776-1848), *Hy.* 97, 181, 387, 465. *Hy. tr.* 103.  
 Marriott, John (1780-1825), *Hy.* 327.  
 Marsh, Simeon Buckley (1798-1875), *Tu.* 304, 335.

Martin, Henry Arthur (1831—), *Hy.* 142, 163.  
 Mason, John (1630?-1694), *Hy.* 20, 31.  
 Mason, Lowell (1792-1872), *Tu.* 6, 54, 75, 87, 124, 146, 150, 235, 254, 261, 267, 303, 344, 345, 352, 354, 390, 429, 436, 446, 486, 499, 500, 513, 574, 580, 583, 593, 595, 670, 672. *Arr.* 4, 5, 21, 27, 72, 353, 627, 631.  
 Mason, Timothy Battle (1801-1861), *Tu.* 231.  
 Matthews, Timothy Richard (1826—), *Tu.* 255, 550.  
 Mande, Mary F. (1819—), *Hy.* 216.  
 Maxwell, Mary (—), *Hy.* 250.  
 Mehul, Etienne N. (1763-1817), *Tu.* 558.  
 Meinhold, Johann W. (1797-1851), *Hy.* 248.  
 Mendelssohn, Felix (1809-1847), *Tu.* 51, 177, 355, 442.  
 Merrick, James (1720-1769), *Hy.* 435.  
 Messier, Arthur Henry (1831—), *Tu.* 520.  
 Midlane, Albert (1825—), *Hy.* 553, 618.  
 Milgrove, Benjamin (1731-1810), *Tu.* 599.  
 Miller, Edward (1731-1807), *Tu.* 101, 218, 287, 315.  
 Milman, Henry H. (1791-1868), *Hy.* 91, 337, 348.  
 Mitchell, Elizabeth H. (1833—), *Hy.* 549.  
 Monk, Edwin George (1819—), *Tu.* 304.  
 Monk, William Henry (1823-1889), *Tu.* 12, 19, 88, 98, 128, 130, 164, 190, 201, 222, 228, 230, 262, 317, 356, 378, 400, 424, 462, 518, 530. *Arr.* 114, 117, 321, 449, 548, 646.  
 Monod, Theodor (—), *Hy.* 612.  
 Monroe, Edward (1815-1866), *Hy.* 106.  
 Monsell, John S. B. (1811-1875), *Hy.* 46, 285, 343, 347, 436, 478, 505, 522.  
 Montgomery, James (1771-1854), *Hy.* 30, 60, 93, 180, 183, 233, 288, 323, 340, 415, 443, 474, 475, 476, 518, 547, 561, 649, 675. *Hy. tr.* 402.  
 Moore, Thomas (1779-1852), *Hy.* 627.  
 Morley, Thomas (1845-1891), *Tu.* 524.  
 Mote, Edward (1797-1874), *Hy.* 622.  
 Moultrie, Gerard (1829-1885), *Hy.* 514.  
 Mountain, J. (—), *Tu.* 612.  
 Mühlenberg, William Augustus (1796-1877), *Hy.* 53, 207, 486, *Tu.* 555, 588.  
 Müller, Robert (1815-1855), *Tu.* 159, 240.  
 Murray, — (—), *Hy. arr.* 391.

## N.

NAGELI, Joh. Georg (1768-1836), *Tu.* 419, 485, 614, 672.  
 Napleton, J. (—), *Tu.* 537.  
 Nares, James (1715-1783), *Tu.* 512.  
 Neale, John Mason (1818-1866), *Hy.* 92, 291, 326, 342, 483. *Hy. tr.* 16, 21, 45, 52, 73, 81, 90, 94, 110, 115, 167, 170, 220, 321 336, 397, 399, 400, 405, 408, 407, 461, 511.  
 Neele, Henry (1798-1828), *Hy.* 551.  
 Nelson, Horatio (1823—), *Hy.* 174.  
 Neukomm, Sigismund (1778-1858), *Tu.* 639.  
 Newman, John Henry (1801-1890), *Hy.* 423, 453.  
 Newton, John (1725-1807), *Hy.* 352, 433, 490, 651, 652, 677.  
 Nicolai, Philipp (1556-1608), *Hy.* 40. *Tu.* 40.  
 Noel, Caroline M. (1817-1877), *Hy.* 518.  
 Notker, S. (—1912), *Hy.* 461.

# INDEX OF AUTHORS AND COMPOSERS.

## O.

- OAKLEY, Frederick (1802-1880), *Hy. tr.* 49.  
 Oakeley, Herbert S. (1830—), *Tu.* 519.  
 Oliver, Henry Kemble (1800-1885), *Tu.* 29, 279, 575, 584, 597.  
 Olivers, Thomas (1725-1799), *Hy.* 460.  
 Onderdonk, Henry Ustick, (1789-1858), *Hy.* 467, 502, 596.  
 Osler, Edward (1798-1863), *Hy.* 182, 221, 269.  
 Ouseley, Fred. A. G. (1825-1889), *Tu.* 30

## P.

- PALESTRINA, Giov. P. A. (1524-1594), *Tu.* 121.  
 Palmer, Ray (1808-1887), *Hy.* 297, 345, 430.  
 Parr, Harriet (1828—), *Hy.* 647.  
 Pergolesi, Giov. Batt. (1710-1736), *Tu.* 463.  
 Perronet, Edward (1721-1792), *Hy.* 450.  
 Phillimore, Greville (1821-1884), *Hy.* 4.  
 Pieraccini, Emilio (1828—), *Tu.* 169, 598.  
 Pitta, William (1820—), *Tu.* 608.  
 Pleyel, Ignaz Josef (1757-1831), *Tu.* 33, 226, 308, 409, 452, 671.  
 Plumptre, Edward Hayes (1821-1891), *Hy.* 273, 424, 520.  
 Pollock, Thomas Benson (1836—), *Hy.* 525, 526, 529, 530, 546.  
 Pope, Alexander (1688-1744), *Hy.* 487.  
 Portogallo, Marcantoine (1762-1820), *Tu.* 34, 49, 636.  
 Pott, Francis Ker (1832—), *Hy.* 304.  
*Hy. tr.* 121.  
 Potter, Thomas Joseph (1827-1878), *Hy.* 515.  
 Potta, Gardner Stacy (1858—), *Tu.* 586.  
 Powell, Thomas Edward (1823—), *Hy.* 286.  
 Prentiss, Elizabeth P. (1818-1878), *Hy.* 654.  
 Prince Albert (1819-1861), *Tu.* 171.  
 Procter, Adelaide A. (1825-1864), *Hy.* 15, 624, 633.  
 Prynne, George Rundle (1818—), *Hy.* 567.  
 Prudentius, A. C. (348-413), *Hy.* 52, 63.  
 Pusey, Philip (1799-1855), *Hy. tr.* 496.  
 Pye, Henry John (1825?—), *Hy.* 151.

## R.

- RAWSON, George (1807-1889), *Hy.* 135, 236, 413.  
 Read, Daniel (1757-1836), *Tu.* 158, 196, 197.  
 Read, Frederick J. (—), *Tu.* 624.  
 Redhead, Alfred (1845—), *Tu.* 106.  
 Redhead, Richard (1830—), *Tu.* 39, 97, 107, 133, 348, 384, 478, 530, 572.  
 Redner, Lewis H. (1831—), *Tu.* 58.  
 Reed, Andrew (1787-1862), *Hy.* 332.  
 Reinagle, Alex. Robert (1799-1877), *Tu.* 337, 426.  
 Richardson, John (1816-1879), *Tu.* 456.  
 Rinck, Joh. Chr. Hein. (1770-1846), *Tu.* 567.  
 Rinkart, Martin (1556-1649), *Hy.* 466.  
 Ritter, Peter (1760-1846), *Tu.* 11, 430.  
 Roberts, Daniel C. (1841—), *Hy.* 194.  
 Robilliard, H. W. (—), *Hy.* 298.  
 Robinson, George (—), *Hy.* 492.  
 Robinson, P. (—), *Hy.* 442.  
 Robinson, Richard H. (1842—), *Hy.* 9.

- Rodigast, Samuel (1649-1706), *Hy.* 688.  
 Roe, John Edward (1831-1871), *Tu.* 207.  
 Root, George Frederick (1820-1896), *Tu.* 678.  
 Roper, Charles F. (1843—), *Tu.* 116.  
 Rorison, Gilbert (1821-1869), *Hy.* 339.  
 Rousseau, Jean Jac. (1712-1778), *Tu.* 556.  
 Rowse Fred. Herbert (1859—), *Chants*, 77, 114.  
 Russell, Arthur T. (1806-1874), *Hy.* 133, 364, 366.  
 Ryland, John (1753-1825), *Hy.* 669.

## S.

- SCHAFF, Philip (1819-1893), *Hy.* 223.  
 Schenck, Heinrich T. (1656-1727), *Hy.* 178.  
 Schmolck, Benjamin (1672-1737), *Hy.* 634.  
 Schnyder, Xavier (1786-1868), *Tu.* 551.  
 Scholefield, Clement C. (1859—), *Tu.* 529, 542.  
 Schulthes, Wilhelm (1816-1879), *Tu.* 274.  
 Schumann, Robert A. (1810-1856), *Tu.* 504, 591, 676.  
 Scott, Thomas (1700-1776), *Hy.* 116.  
 Seagrave, Robert (1693-1763?), *Hy.* 512.  
 Sears, Edmund H. (1810-1876), *Hy.* 55, 59.  
 Shipton, Anna (—), *Hy.* 619.  
 Shirley, Walter (1725-1786), *Hy.* 104.  
 Shore, William (1791-1877), *Tu.* 83.  
 Shrubsole, William (1759-1829), *Hy.* 638.  
 Shrubsole, William (1758-1806), *Hy.* 265.  
 Shrewsbury, J. C. M. (1871—), *Hy.* 599.  
 Silesius, A. (1624-1677), *Tu.* 169.  
 Smart, Henry (1813-1879), *Tu.* 52, 57, 60, 126, 168, 170, 260, 318, 343, 363, 386, 398, 399, 483, 515, 579, 650.  
 Smith, Charlie Lees (1841—), *Hy.* 642.  
 Smith, Isaac (1735-1800), *Tu.* 212, 310, 509.  
 Smith, Joseph Denham (1816—), *Hy.* 592.  
 Smith, Samuel (1821—), *Tu.* 275, 518, 529, 553.  
 Smith, Samuel F. (1808-1895), *Hy.* 196, 252.  
 Smith, Wharton B. (1848—), *Hy.* 303.  
 Smytten, George H. (1825-1870), *Hy.* 79.  
 Spohr, Louis (1784-1869), *Tu.* 88, 237, 652.  
 Stainer, John (1840—), *Tu.* 175, 314, 391, 511, 529, 533, 603, 682, 635, 658, 679.  
 Stammers, Joseph (1801-1886), *Hy.* 656.  
 Stanley, Arthur P. (1815-1881), *Hy.* 166.  
 Stanley, Samuel (1767-1822), *Tu.* 70, 186, 569.  
 Statham, Francis R. (1844—), *Tu.* 644.  
 Steele, Anne (1716-1778), *Hy.* 283, 338, 451, 644, 670.  
 Stegwall, Charles (1826—), *Tu.* 141, 329, 492.  
 Stevens, Charles Edward (1821—), *Tu.* 651.  
 Stone, Samuel John (1839—), *Hy.* 82, 262, 491, 585.  
 Stowell, Hugh (1799-1865), *Hy.* 328, 481.  
 Stubbs, George Edward (1857—), *Tu.* 519.  
 Sullivan, Arthur S. (1842—), *Tu.* 109, 110, 113, 123, 162, 191, 206, 220, 236, 245, 495, 516, 521, 529, 568, 590, 615, 623, 654.  
 Sweetser, Joseph B. (1825-1873), *Tu.* 666.  
 Synesius (—) (410), *Hy.* 614.

## T.

- TALLIS, Thomas (1520-1585), *Tu.* 18, 575.  
 Tansur, William (1700-1763), *Tu.* 297.

# INDEX OF AUTHORS AND COMPOSERS.

Tate, Nahum (1662-1715), *Hy.* 54, 112, 384, 381, 456, 469, 471, 472, 479, 480, 493, 500, 648, 656, 692. (Brady & Tate.)  
 Taylor, John (1750-1828), *Hy.* 457.  
 Taylor, Thomas Rawson (1807-1835), *Hy.* 628.  
 Tersteegen, Gerhard (1697-1769), *Hy.* 558.  
 Teschner, Melchior (1580?—), *Tu.* 90, 510.  
 Thalberg, Sigismund (1812-1871), *Tu.* 102.  
 Theodulph S. (— 521), *Hy.* 90.  
 Thibaut IV. (1201-1254), *Tu.* 322, 476, 567.  
 Thompson, Mary A. (— — —), *Hy.* 157, 177, 247, 249.  
 Thring, Godfrey (1823—), *Hy.* 8, 25, 62, 133, 271, 274, 276, 290, 310, 318, 340, 356, 404, 519, 574.  
 Thrupp, Adelaide (— — —), *Hy.* 337, 573?  
 Thrupp, Dorothy A. (1799-1847), *Hy.* 554.  
 Thrupp, Joseph Francis (1827-1867), *Hy.* 80, 146.  
 Tipton, J. Benton (1854—), *Tu.* 607.  
 Toke, Emma L. (1812-1878), *Hy.* 144, 147, 373.  
 Toplady, Augustus M. (1740-1778), *Hy.* 386, 355, 365, 376, 643.  
 Torrance, George William (1835—), *Tu.* 610.  
 Tozer, Ferris (1857—), *Tu.* 359.  
 Troyte, Arthur H. D. (1811-1867), *Chants.* 461, 667.  
 Tuckerman, Samuel P. (1819-1890), *Tu.* 100.  
 Turle, James (1802-1882), *Tu.* 233, 663.  
 Turpin, Edmund Hart (1835—), *Tu.* 539.  
 Tynon, Thomas (1780-1864), *Tu.* 172.  
 Turton, W. H. (— — —), *Hy.* 230.  
 Tuttle, Lawrence (1825—), *Hy.* 42, 510.  
 Twells, Henry (1823—), *Hy.* 14.  
 Tye, Christopher (1508-1580), *Tu.* 98.

## U.

UGLOW, James (1810?—), *Tu.* 662.  
 Unknown, *Hymns.* 31, 33, 119, 136, 158, 184, 201, 315, 398, 411, 438, 536, 537, 571.  
 Unknown, *Tunes.* 14, 45, 69, 89, 108, 112, 147, 160, 187, 217, 250, 251, 294, 302, 309, 340, 362, 453, 460, 498, 562, 609.  
 Unseid, Benjamin C. (1843—), *Tu.* 554.  
 Urhan, Chrétien (1790-1845), *Tu.* 601.

## V.

VENANTIUS, F. (— — —), *Hy.* 94, 97, 98, 109.  
 Venua, Frederick M. A. (1758-1872), *Tu.* 472, 655.  
 Viner, William Litton (1790-1867), *Tu.* 99.  
 Vulpius, Melchior (1560-1616), *Tu.* 635.

## W.

WAINWRIGHT, John (1723-1768), *Tu.* 56.  
 Wainwright, Robert (1747-1782), *Tu.* 648.  
 Walch, James (1837—), *Tu.* 249, 283.  
 Walker, Annie L. (— — —), *Hy.* 583.  
 Walter, William Henry (1825-1893), *Tu.* 357.  
 Walworth Clarence A. (1820—), *Hy. tr.* 140.  
 Ward, Samuel Aug. (1847—), *Tu.* 493.  
 Ware, Henry (1794-1843), *Hy.* 293.

Warner, Anna B. (1821—), *Hy.* 639.  
 Warren, John (— — —), *Tu.* 372.  
 Waterbury, J. A. (— — —), *Hy.* 581.  
 Watts, Isaac (1674-1748), *Hy.* 27, 86, 101, 141, 261, 324, 353, 377, 392, 418, 447, 466, 473, 493, 508, 673.  
 Weale, William (1690-1745), *Tu.* 338.  
 Webb, George James (1803-1867), *Tu.* 252, 404, 581, 585.  
 Webbe, Samuel (1740-1816), *Tu.* 67, 137, 246, 283, 379, 637.  
 Weber, Carl M. von (1786-1826), *Tu.* 41, 277, 475, 563, 634, 647.  
 Weber, Franz (1806-1876), *Tu.* 155, 174.  
 Weiss, Michael (c 1480-1540), *Hy.* 114.  
 Weissel Georg (1590-1635), *Hy.* 454.  
 Weeley, Charles (1708-1788), *Hy.* 39, 48, 51, 83, 111, 126, 132, 165, 229, 241, 312, 324, 330, 335, 358, 39, 432, 439, 440, 457, 501, 509, 566, 588, 639, 650.  
 Wesley, John (1703-1791), *Hy. tr.* 339, 625, 658.  
 Wesley, Samuel Sebastian (1810-1876), *Tu.* 68, 279, 491, 605.  
 Westlake, Frederick (1840—), *Tu.* 59, 561.  
 Whateley, Richard (1787-1863), *Hy.* 19.  
 Whitaker, John (1776-1847), *Tu.* 167.  
 White, Henry Kirke (1785-1806), *Hy.* 506.  
 White, William A. (— — —), *Hy.* 300.  
 Whitfield, Frederick (1829—), *Hy.* 601.  
 Whiting, William (1825-1878), *Hy.* 306.  
 Wiglesworth, Esther (1827—), *Hy.* 277.  
 Wilkes, John P. (— — —), *Tu.* 833, *Arr.* 547.  
 Willcox, John H. (1827-1875), *Tu.* 309, 617.  
 Williams, Helen M. (1762-1827), *Hy.* 671.  
 Williams, Isaac (1802-1865), *Hy.* 88, 494, *Hy. tr.* 171, 401.  
 Williams, Peter (1722-1796), *Hy. tr.* 414.  
 Williams, William (1717-1791), *Hy.* 414.  
 Wilson, Hugh (1764-1824), *Tu.* 92, 593, 660.  
 Winkworth Catharine (1829-1878), *Hy. tr.* 114, 200, 206, 248, 361, 466, 538, 668.  
 Wolcott, Samuel (1813-1886), *Hy.* 550.  
 Woodbury, Isaac B. (1819-1858), *Tu.* 221, 260.  
 Woodford, James R. (1820-1886), *Hy.* 69, 72, 75, 543, *Hy. tr.* 371.  
 Woodhouse, Charles G. (1835-1876), *Hy.* 290.  
 Woodman Jonathan C. (1813-1894), *Tu.* 185, 376, 636.  
 Woodward, William W. (1822-1882), *Tu.* 592.  
 Wordsworth, Christopher (1807-1886), *Hy.* 7, 24, 57, 75, 103, 123, 126, 179, 211, 278, 385, 477, 495, 556.  
 Wortman, Denis (1835—), *Hy.* 280.  
 Wyeth, John (1792-1855), *Tu.* 414, 556.  
 Wyvill, Zernbbabel (1762-1867), *Tu.* 42.

## X.

XAVIER, S. Francis (1506-1552), *Hy.* 653.?

## Z.

ZEUNER, Hein. Chris. (1795-1857), *Tu.* 281, 263.  
 Zinzendorf N. L. von (1700-1760), *Hy.* 339, 420.  
 Zundel, John (1815-1862), *Tu.* 166, 422.





Princeton University Library



32101 065102558

DATE ISSUED

DATE DUE



